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THE
FRONTIERSMEN OF NEW YORK

SHOWING

CUSTOMS OF THE INDIANS, VICISSITUDES OF
THE PIONEER WHITE SETTLERS.

AND

BORDER STRIFE

IN TWO WARS.

WITH A GREAT VARIETY OF ROMANTIC AND THRILLING
STORIES NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

By JEPHTHA R. SIMMS,

AUTHOR OF THE "HISTORY OF SCHOHARIE COUNTY AND BORDER WARS OF
NEW YORK," "TRAPPERS OF NEW YORK," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES, ILLUSTRATED.

VOLUME II.

* * * * *
Not so Leonidas and Washington,
Whose every battlefield is holy ground,
Which breathes of nations saved not worlds undone.—BYRON.



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THE AUTHOR.

THE FRONTIERSMEN OF NEW YORK.

PRINCIPAL EVENTS OF 1777.

Organization of the State Government of New York.—At the commencement of hostilities committees of vigilance were organized in towns and counties, and in place of a State Legislature, a Provincial Committee was chosen in the several counties of New York, to serve its general welfare. This inaugurated condition of things began in the summer of 1774 and continued until April 20, 1777, when a State Constitution was adopted. Brig. Gen. George Clinton, a very zealous patriot, was chosen the first Governor, and was sworn into office July 30, 1777, at the now city of Kingston. Thus it chanced that "Old Esopus" witnessed the birth of the State, or the change of its territory from a chrysalis to a winged condition. The body representing a Legislative Assembly before, continued to discharge those duties until January 14, 1778.

During the greater part of the time this representative body acted in a double capacity ; part of their proceedings being recorded as a *Journal of the Provincial Congress*, while another part was entitled a *Journal of the Committee of Safety*, and thus their assemblings were diversely characterized until January 14, 1778. There seems much sameness in the character of the doings of these representative men, in the meetings under different names, some of which members were men of great talents, filling important positions in the government of the State

and nation after the war. To show the reader that the two bodies thus distinguished were composed of the same men, I may remark that on Saturday, Oct. 5, 1776, the then four delegates from Tryon county, viz.: Moore, Wm. Harper, Newkirk and Paris, were members of a meeting of the Provincial Convention, and on Monday, Oct. 7, they were members of a session of the Committee of Safety.

Our Coat of Arms.—Emblems, distinguishing nations and peoples from each other, have been in use for a long period of time, and such emblems are often significant, containing characteristic figures, embracing a pithy motto, at times—like our own—in a single word, as *EXCELSIOR*—meaning more elevated or ever rising.



Colonial Coat of Arms of New York.
The Latin quotation said to signify "Civil Seal of New York."



State Coat of Arms of New York. at first subserved for *court* purposes until October 17, 1743, when a new court house and jail was completed, a view of which is here given.

In this building, the State Legislature held its sessions, from 1797 until 1808. Of the former building, said the distinguished Sweede, Peter Kaln, who visited it in 1749: "The town hall

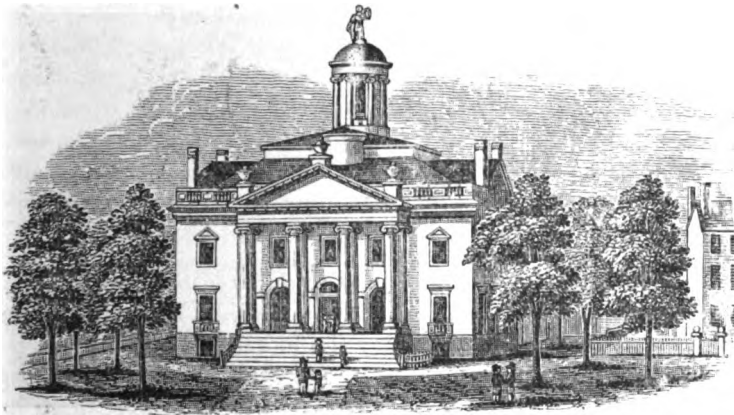
I have, in the first volume, shown the reader a view of the State House at New York, when we were a Dutch colony. The early sessions of our State Legislature were held in an old stone building in Kingston, alternating in its sessions between that village and Poughkeepsie, and the cities of New York and Albany, until 1797, when they became permanently established at the latter city. That reputable gleaner of history, from musty documents and dusty pigeon holes, Mr. W. W. Crannell, in the *Albany Evening Journal* of August 19, 1882, gave an interesting account of the court buildings early occupied in Albany. An ordinary wooden structure, which stood within the inclosure of Fort Orange,

lies to the southwestward of the Dutch church, close by the river side. It is a fine building of stone, three stories high. It has a small tower or steeple, with a bell and a gilt ball, and a



Old Court House at Albany.

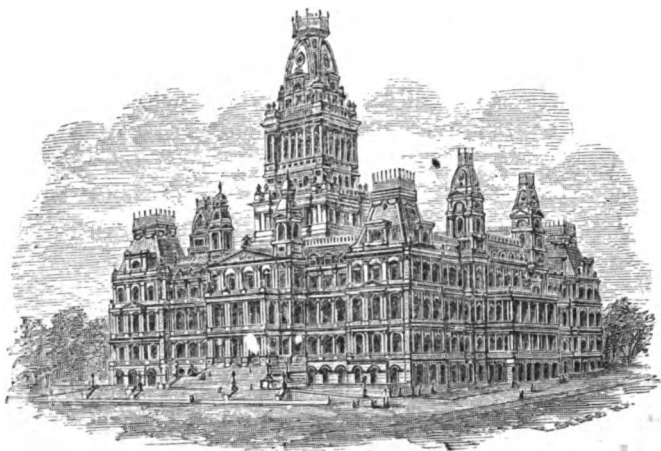
vane at the top of it." After a new hall was completed, or came into use, the old one was sold at auction, for \$35,000, and after having several times escaped destruction by fire, vandal speculation destroyed it. It would have been well if the city had retained and cherished it, for its historic associations—but alas, too few are interested in preserving old landmarks, which tend to keep in memory the deeds of an honored ancestry.



State Capitol at Albany, Erected in 1804-1814.

This edifice stood at the head of State street, 130 feet above the level of the Hudson. It was constructed of brown sand-

stone, from the valley of the Hudson. A bill for its erection, passed the Legislature, April 6, 1804, and it was completed in 1814, at a cost of nearly \$120,000, and was pronounced a fine structure. A new capitol to be made worthy of the Empire State, was proposed in 1866; in 1867 an appropriation of \$250,000 was made to start the enterprise, and plans were submitted for it. July 7, 1869, the first foundation was laid; July 24, 1871 the corner stone was laid, with great ceremony, and July 7, 1879 the building was formally occupied by the Legislature. The estimated cost of the structure, by engineers at the outset, was \$4,125,000. The work is not yet completed—1882—but its cost thus far is over *ten and one-half millions of dollars*. The destruction of the Old Capitol was authorized by the Legislature in 1881, but it is still standing.



New State Capitol at Albany as represented at the outset, its turrets having since undergone some changes.

Lord Pitt on the Employment of Indians to Subdue America.
—When it was proposed early in this year, by Lord Suffolk, in the British Parliament to employ the Indians against the Americans; observing in the debate, "*That they had a right to use all the means that God and nature had put into their hands to conquer America:*" Lord Pitt, who had struggled so manfully to bring about a reconciliation between England and her colonies, delivered against such a project one of his most sensible

and indignant speeches ;* which I think the American reader should possess—said he:

“My Lords, I am astonished to hear such principles confessed! I am shocked to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country! Principles, equally unconstitutional, inhuman and unchristian !

“My Lords, I did not intend to have encroached again on your attention ; but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled by every duty. My Lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions, standing near the throne polluting the ear of Majesty. “That God and nature put into our hands !” I know not what ideas that Lord may entertain of God and nature, but I know, that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity.

“What! to attribute the sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, roasting and eating ; literally, my lords, eating the mangled victims of his barbarous battles! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, and every generous feeling of humanity. And, my lords, they shock every sentiment of honor ; they shock me, as a lover of honorable war and a detester of murderous barbarity.

“These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend bench, those holy ministers of the gospel and pious pastors of the church ; I conjure them to join in the holy work and vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this *learned bench* to defend and support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their *lawn* ; upon the learned judges to interpose the purity of their *ermine* to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. Invoke the genius of the Constitution.

“From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the dis-

* For this speech, see Niles' Principles of the Revolution, page 276.

grace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleet against the boasted armada of Spain, in vain he defended and established the honor, the liberties, the religion, the protestant religion of this country, against the arbitrary cruelties of popery and the inquisition, if these more than popish cruelties and inquisitional practices are let loose among us to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connections, friends and relatives, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman and child ! to send forth the infidel savage—against whom ? against your protestant brethren ; to lay waste their country ; to desolate their dwellings and extirpate their race and name, with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war !

“Spain armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of America, and we improve on the inhuman example even of Spanish cruelty. We turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties and religion, endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity.

“My lords, this awful subject, so important to our honor, our constitution and our religion, demands the most solemn and effectual enquiry. And I again call upon your lordships and the united powers of the State, to examine it thoroughly and decisively, and to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore those holy prelates of our religion to do away these iniquities from among us. Let them perform a lustration, let them purify this house and this country from this sin.

“My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more, but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles.”

Let Americans revere and ever hold dear the memory of the great English statesman, Pitt, who dared to speak so nobly for humanity and the sacred rights of our country in her bloody struggle for liberty of conscience and simple justice.

The Tryon County Committee.—Among its members, honored as its chairman, was Samuel Clyde of Cherry Valley, afterwards known as Colonel Clyde, as is shown by the following paper :

TRYON COUNTY COMMITTEE CHAMBER, April " 2d, 1777.

SIR.—You are hereby requested to meet and appear on Saturday next, at ten o'clock, at the house of Phillip W. Fox, with your rangers, in order to sign and swear to the new association, then and there to be laid before them.

"By order,

"SAM'L CLYDE, *Chairman.*

"TO CAPT. CHRISTIAN GETTMAN."

Designs of the Foe.—The enemy having matured his plans during the winter, began to move early in the summer of 1777, and expected to make an easy conquest of the whole colony of New York. Gen. Burgoyne left Crown Point with such an army as he had vauntingly declared in the British Parliament, he could lead from Maine to Georgia, and with it one of the best trains of artillery ever yet seen in America. He was to push his way to Albany along the Hudson. Col. St. Leger, with a large body of British, tories and Indians, left Oswego at the same time, intending to pillage the beautiful valley of the Mohawk, and rest himself after his work of destruction, at Albany. Sir Henry Clinton, whose well fed troops had been basking in some of the smiles and some of the frowns of the New York *fair*, after doing what mischief he pleased along the romantic shores of the Hudson, was to offer his services and compliments in person to the citizens of Albany. And lastly, Capt. McDonald, a noted tory leader—a Scotchman who had been living for a time on Charlotte river, with a body of royalists and Indians, was making his way down through the Schoharie settlements, intending to meet the trio already named, and revel with them in "the beauty and booty" of Albany.

This was a most trying time for New York. To meet and repel the several attacks, appeared to some of the most patriotic a matter of impossibility—but with a firm reliance on the God of battles for success, they buckled on their armor, and resolved to try. Most of the published accounts erroneously make the irruption of McDonald and his legions at a latter date.

The Schoharie Settlements.—Let us look at the condition of things at that period in those settlements, then mostly situated in Albany county. Some of the Schoharie militia were called into service on several occasions in the latter part of the year

1776, and early part of 1777. Mattice Ball said he was under Capt. Hager in the enterprise which Judge Swart alludes to, as having taken place in the spring of 1777. The party were volunteers, and proceeded to Loonenburg, now Athens, to arrest Col. James Huetson, who was marshaling tories. They were in search of him for thirteen days, a part of which time they levied a tax upon his poultry yard, and ate up his chickens. After securing him and some twenty genial spirits, they delivered them to the military department at Albany for safe keeping. Huetson was afterwards hung.

At the suggestion of the State committee, Col. Harper, accompanied by a white man and an Indian, February 17, 1777, visited Oquago to look after Indian affairs. The object of his mission was, to keep the Indians in a neutral condition in the coming contest. March 10, from Cherry Valley, he reported his success to that committee. He distributed some presents, purchased an ox to feast them on; incurring altogether an expense of £29.01.6, which bill was ordered canceled.*

Brant and Tice Wanted by State Committee.—The State Committee of Safety, looked upon the Indian, Joseph Brant, acting in the interest of the loyalists of Central New York, as being a dangerous man, owing to the influence he was exerting upon the Orange Indians; and on February 9, 1777, that body passed the following resolution.†

“*Resolved*, That it is the opinion of the Committee, that it will be of great service to the American cause, to apprehend the said Joseph Brant, and also one Gilbert Tice (Tice).‡ who this committee are informed, accompanies him—that no cost or labor should be spared to obtain that end—and that Mr. John Harper, of the county of Tryon, be recommended to Gen. Schuyler, as a proper person to be immediately supplied with a sufficient party, if necessary, for that service, he being according to good information, well acquainted at the Oncoghquage castle, and strongly attached to the American cause.”

In the next day's proceedings of the State committee, is the following entry: “The committee appointed to confer with

* Prov. Jour., vol. 1, p. 880.

† Journal of New York Committee of Safety, p. 800.

‡ Gilbert Tice, was a former prominent citizen of Johnstown, and was a witness to the will of Sir William Johnson. He left that place and went to Canada with the Johnson family.

Mr. John Harper, messenger from the chiefs of the Oncoghquaga Indians, on the subject of the message from those Indians to convention, reported," by an address, which assured them they should not be defrauded of their lands by Croghan or any one else, and with the following resolution, which shows that they also demanded gun-powder :

Resolved, That 100 weight of gun-powder be presented to the Indians residing at Oncoghquaga and its neighborhood, in the county of Tryon, and that Mr. John R. Livingston be required to deliver that quantity to Mr. John Harper, out of the powder at his works belonging to the State." *

Brant and Tice were not arrested, but it is quite probable the Indians got the powder and used it in the interest of the enemy. Thus we see every pains were taken to keep the Indians from espousing the British interest, but without avail.

I have remarked briefly, that members of families in Schoharie were found entertaining different opinions respecting the beligerent attitude of England and her colonies, and consequently in hostile array. Capt. Jacob Ball, mentioned as the brother of Johannes Ball, raised a company of 63 royalists at the Beaverdam and in Duaneburg, and went to Canada, accompanied by several relatives. George Mann, another captain of militia to whom we have alluded, on being ordered out with his company to oppose the enemy, openly declared himself friendly to the royal power. Adam Crysler and his brother, with several other individuals of influence, residing in the south part of the Schoharie settlement, also sided with royalty. The example of several respectable officers and other individuals of reputation, augured no good for the welfare of the community, as the prudent knew full well that a "*house divided against itself*," like Franklin's empty bag, "*could not stand alone*."

Oneida Indians Visit Boston.—In March 1777, a deputation of six Oneidas with Rev. Samuel Kirkland, a missionary to their nation—who was, no doubt, mainly instrumental to their remaining in the interest of the colonies—visited the New England States, going as far as Boston ; on their return they also visited Gen. Washington at his camp, after which five of the Indians went on to their homes. *Kayendalongwea*, one of the principal

* Journal of New York Committee, p. 808.

chiefs, and Mr. Kirkland stopping at Kingston, N. Y., where the Provincial Convention was in session. This enterprise was originated, to have those men see and carry back to their people, some evidence of the relative strength of the young republic and its preparation for war; the greater part of the Six Nations having already been made to believe that the Americans could be subdued very easily. They went east with a passport from Gen. Schuyler, Douw and Edwards, three of the commissioners for Indian affairs, and returned home with a passport from Gen. Washington. Gen. Tenbroeck, then president of the convention, addressed the sachem through Mr. Kirkland, as interpreter, and here is a part of his address:

"Brother, we commend the wisdom of your nation in deputing you to repair to our Chief Warrior, and see the situation of affairs. We hope you will now be enabled to contradict those false reports concerning the enemy's strength and our weakness, which their wicked emissaries have artfully attempted to diffuse through the Indian nations.

"Brother, we wish you a good journey. Assure our brothers, the Oneidas, and the rest of the Six Nations, of our friendship, and accept this acknowledgment of the regard we have for you and our brethren of your company." The convention had given them \$100 to defray their expenses.

An Indian Speech.—*Cayendalongwea*, replied in a pretty speech of some length. Indian speeches are usually in short paragraphs. After rounding several sentences, in one of which he said: "We are all well pleased with what we have seen, particularly the Chief Warrior (Washington), whom we look on as our brother." He closed as follows:

"Brothers, In all our travels the voice of my party has been, that the King of Great Britain has spread lies through the Six Nations. Your people, or the superintendent of Albany, have not told us one lie. They told us he had possessed the whole sea coast. We find it not true. We are well pleased with what we have seen. We have not seen ~~one~~ spot on which he has set his foot. We have seen many places you have taken from him. Our country is in a different situation. There is an enemy to the westward; it is therefore necessary for me to return home without delay, and inform the Six Nations of what we have seen and know.

"Brothers, you have given us assistance to travel on the road ; we thank you, brethren, for your kindness. We must inform you that we have, in our journey, been everywhere well treated. We have lived in plenty, and been frequently carried above ground, which is not so common to us warriors. We shall faithfully represent to the Six Nations, the state of affairs as we have seen and heard them."

Joseph Brant was not only not arrested, but continued to exert all his energies to keep the Schoharie, Susquehanna and other Indians, clans of the Mohawks, in the British interest, and as appears by an affidavit of William Johnston, Jr., made July 16, 1777, which I find on the journal of the New York council of safety, he had, as early as June 2d, with some 80 warriors, commenced marauding on the settlements at Unadilla, by appropriating their cattle, sheep and swine to his own benefit.

Gen. Herkimer goes to Unadilla.—To obtain satisfaction for those cattle, and, if possible, get the Indians to remain neutral in the approaching contest, in the latter part of June, 1777, Gen. Herkimer, with a body of the Tryon county militia, proceeded to Unadilla, an Indian settlement on the Susquehanna, to hold an interview with Brant. That celebrated chief, then at Oquago, was sent for by Gen. Herkimer, and arrived on the 7th, after the Americans had been there about eight days in waiting.

On the same day that Johnston made his affidavit, two letters were received by the council from Tryon county, one from the committee at Harpersfield, one of the extreme S. W. settlements of Tryon, dated the 4th instant, and the other from Wm. Harper, Esq., dated four days after, informing that body of their apprehensions of the Indians and praying for protection.

Colonel John Harper, who attended Gen. Herkimer at this time, also made an affidavit on the 16th of July following the interview, showing the principal grievances of which the Indians complained, as also the fact that *they were in covenant with the king, whose belts were yet lodged among them*, and whose service they intended to enter. The instrument farther testified, that Brant, instead of returning to Oswego, as he informed Gen. Herkimer was his intention ; had remained in the neighborhood, on the withdrawal of the American militia, and was preparing to destroy the frontier settlements.

Harper's Statement.—As this sworn statement of Col. Harper gives the most circumstantial account of this attempt, one of the last of our State authorities, to wean the Indians from the British interest into a state of neutrality ; it may be well here to give a synopsis of it, as Gen. Herkimer was mortally wounded only 21 days after Harper's account of this meeting was given in. Said Col. Harper, the interview between Herkimer and Brant took place in his presence June 27, 1777. Gen. Herkimer had with him about 380 militiamen of the county, and met Joseph Brant at a place called Unadilla, on the Susquehanna, to demand the reason why he had taken cattle from the people of that place—of course surreptitiously. Brant had several chief warriors with him. Herkimer delivered his speech tending to peace with all the Indian nations. Brant replied he was thankful the General was peaceably disposed, but as they were hungry they could not speak until they had eaten. He and his chiefs then went away to refresh themselves, and returned with about 137 warriors. He thought by the numbers attending Herkimer, he was disposed for war, and if so, he was ready for him—said there were some things which kept the Six Nations uneasy.

A facsimile of Joseph Brant's autograph signature, written in a cursive script. The signature reads "Jos. Brant" and is followed by a large, decorative flourish that loops back under the name.

Fac Simile of his Autograph.

Brant's reasons assigned for this, were—*first*, that the Mohawks were confined, and had not the liberty of passing back and forth as formerly ; *second*, their minister, Mr. Stewart, had not liberty to pass and repass, as formerly, to carry on their religious worship : *third*, that forts were built in Indian territory and on their lands ; that these were the only matters of consequence which made the minds of the Six Nations uneasy, and appeared as if designed against them, and that if these were rectified it would give their minds ease. These were flimsy reasons, for they had placed themselves in the category complained of, by leaving the Mohawk valley with the loyal Johnson party. If Mr. Stewart had gone to the Canajoharie Castle to preach, there were few Indians remaining there to hear him.

The statement continued : Gen. Herkimer asked if they would be peaceable, and do nothing against the country, if these things were rectified ? Brant threw off his disguise, and replied : That the Indians were already in covenant with the King, as their fathers had been ; that the King's belts were lodged among them, that they could not be such great scoundrels as to falsify their pledges of trust ; that the General and his party had joined the Boston people against the King, and that although the Boston people were resolute, the King would humble them ; that Gen. Schuyler had been very smart on the Indians at the treaty at the German Flats, and threatened them if they should join the King's party, and, at the same time, could not put linen shirts on their backs ; that the Indians were not to be scared by Mr. Schuyler's threats ; that the Indians had formerly made war with the white people, when both the King and country were together, and since they were opposed to each other, the Indians were not to be frightened.

After Brant had declared they would adhere faithfully to the King, Col. Cox said if that was their resolution, there need be no further inquiry, as the matter was settled. Brant then turned and spoke to his warriors, and they shouted and ran to their camp for their arms ; that in their camp, a mile away, they fired a number of guns, and gave the war whoop ; that Gen. Herkimer told Brant he did not come there to fight, and he must keep his warriors at their camp ; that Brant's speaker arose, and, in a threatening posture told Herkimer they were ready to come to action ; that he proposed Mr. Stewart should have leave to go to the Upper Mohawk Castle ; that the people of Unadilla should be permitted to remain at home as subjects of the King ; that they had been obliged to take an oath of allegiance to the States, contrary to their consciences ; that Gen. Herkimer told him his party came after tories and deserters, and required Brant to give up those under his protection ; that he refused to give up either, and insisted they should remain in possession of their places, and subject only to their King ; that Gen. Herkimer agreed to his proposals ; that Brant then said his warriors would go away, and he must go to Oswego to meet Col. Butler ; that Brant next day put the tories in possession of their places ; that Herkimer and his party then came away. He further stated that he had since been informed

by an Indian that Brant was still recruiting at Oquago, and was joined daily by recruits from different nations—intending to fall unexpectedly upon the white people. Thus will the reader observe that this mission, with a humane and Christian motive, was nearly an abortive one, but the object was worth its trial.

Statement of Joseph Wagner.—The following account of the interview between Gen. Herkimer and Brant, which I first published in 1845, I obtained several years before of the old patriot Joseph Wagner, of Fort Plain. He stated to me that at the first meeting of Gen. Herkimer with Brant, the latter was attended by three other chiefs; William Johnson, a reputed son of Sir William Johnson, who is mentioned in his will as a Canajoharie Indian, and who was killed at the battle of Oriskany the same year; Pool, a smart-looking fellow with curly hair, supposed part Indian and part Negro, and a short dark-skinned Indian, the four encircled by a body-guard of some twenty noble-looking warriors.

When in his presence, Brant rather haughtily asked Gen. Herkimer, the object of his visit, which was readily made known; but seeing many attendants, the chief suspected the interview was sought for another purpose. Said Brant to Herkimer, *I have five hundred warriors at my command, and can in an instant destroy you and your party; but we are old neighbors and friends, and I will not do it.* Col. Cox, a smart officer who accompanied Gen. Herkimer, exchanged several sarcastic expressions with Brant, which served not a little to irritate him and his followers. The two had had a quarrel a few years previous, about lands around the Upper Indian castle. Provoked to anger, Brant asked Cox *if he was not the son-in-law of old George Klock?* Yes! replied Cox in a tone of malignity, *and what is that to you, you d—d Indian?* At the close of this dialogue Brant's guard ran off to their camp, firing several guns, and making the hills echo back their savage yells. Gen. Herkimer then assured Brant that he intended his visit for one of a pacific nature, and urged him to prevent their moving to hostilities. A word from that chief hushed the tempest of human passion, which but an instant before had threatened to deluge the valley with blood; the parties, however, were too heated to proceed with the business which convened them.

Said Brant, addressing Gen. Herkimer, *is it needless to multiply words at this time, I will meet you here at precisely 9 o'clock to morrow morning.* The parties then separated to occupy their former position in camp.

Precaution of Gen. Herkimer.—From what had transpired, I presume Gen. Herkimer did not feel wholly secure in his person; for early on the following morning he called on Mr. Wagner, then an active young soldier of his party and taking him aside, asked him *if he could keep a secret.* When assured in the affirmative, he informed Wagner that he wished him to select three other persons, who, with himself should be in readiness at a given signal, to shoot Brant and the other three chiefs, *if the interview about to take place did not end amicably.* In case of the least hostile movement on their part, the chiefs were to be sacrificed. Wagner selected Abraham and Geo. Herkimer, nephews of Gen. Herkimer, and a third person name now forgotten. Col. Stone, speaking of this transaction in the *Life of Brant*, not aware of its having been caused by the circumstances as an arrangement of *caution*, reflecting credibly on the prudence of Gen. Herkimer, thus comments on it: "There is something so revolting—so rank and foul—in this project of meditated treachery, that it is difficult to reconcile it with the known character of Gen. Herkimer." In another place he adds, "A betrayal of his (Herkimer's) confidence, under those circumstances, would have brought a stain upon the character of the provincials, which all the waters of the Mohawk could not have washed away." Difficult indeed would it be *if necessary*, to reconcile this affair with the honorable life of the brave Herkimer, but such is not the case, and I have presented this whole matter solely to correct an impression conveyed in the life of Brant, which reflects ignobly on the character of that officer. The whole proceeding was only one of *precaution*, and had it been otherwise would have been executed, as ample opportunity was afforded Wagner and his accomplices, to assassinate the chiefs. Col. Stone quotes the manuscript of my informant as authority for what he states, but there is some mistake in the matter, as Wagner assured the writer he never had furnished a manuscript account of the affair to any one.*

* This account of the second interview between Gen. Herkimer and Brant, was corroborated by the late Gen. Chas. Gray, of Herkimer village, who had the story from his father, a soldier there under Gen. Herkimer.

With the arrangement of Gen. Herkimer, as stated above, the parties held their interview on the 28th of June. Brant was the first to speak : said he—“*Gen. Herkimer, I now fully comprehend the object of your visit, but you are too late, I am already engaged to serve the king. We are old friends and I can do no less than let you return home unmolested, although you are entirely within my power.*” After a little more conversation, in which the parties agreed to separate amicably, the conference ended, at which time Gen. Herkimer presented to Brant seven or eight fat cattle that had but just arrived, owing to obstructions on the outlet of Otsego Lake, down which stream they were driven. For three days previous to the arrival of the cattle, the Americans were on very short allowance.

Whether Brant had 500 men at his command is doubted ; Col. Harper has given their number as about 137—possibly there were foes in concealment unknown to that officer. The Americans retraced their steps to the Mohawk valley, and scarcely had they set out, when the Indians began to repeat their depredations on the patriotic citizens in the neighborhood. Brant soon after fell back to Oquago, to strengthen his numbers, and prepare to act in concert with St. Leger.

After the war Brant visited the Mohawk valley, at which time Mr. Wagner conversed with him about the treaty at Unadilla. On being assured by the latter that he was in readiness at the second interview to shoot him down, that chief expressed much surprise that Gen. Herkimer had taken such precaution.

Important paper of Chairman Ball : “Schoharie, July 7th, 1777, in Committee Chamber first *Resolved*, that all the persons between the ages of sixteen and fifty years, from the dwelling house of Christian Shaffer and to northward in Schoharie, are to bring their arms and accoutrements when they come to the meeting at either of the two churches in Fountain Town and Foxes Town,* on Sunday or any other day when kept ; and if any of them shall neglect in bringing their arms and accoutrements to either of the churches, shall forfeit and pay the sum of *three shillings*, New York currency, into the hands of Mr.

* The former a Lutheran church then standing on the present site of the Lutheran cemetery, a little distance east of the Court House, and the latter the stone edifice erected by the Dutch church, and still standing one mile north of the Court House, now familiarly known as the Old Fort. It was for a time used as an Arsenal. The State has since given it to the town of Schoharie for preservation.

Johannes Ball, for the use of paying the costs for the district of Schoharie ; or if any person shall not pay the said sum as aforesaid, it shall be lawful for Mr. Johannes Ball to give a warrant directed to a sergeant or corporal, and levy the same on the offender's goods and chattels, and also the costs thereof.

"And the persons inhabiting from the dwelling of Baltus Kryslar to the said Christian Shaffer, are to bring their arms, &c., to the church in Weiser's Town [now Middleburgh], as they are ordered to [in] Foxes town ; and, if neglected, to pay the same to Mr. Johannes Becker, and be put in execution by him as ordered by Mr. Ball aforesaid.

"And persons southward from Baltus Kryslar's are to be armed when [they] come to any meeting that may be kept in Brakabeen, and, if neglected, to pay the fines to Mr. William Zimmer, and to be put by him in execution as before mentioned, and for the use as aforesaid.

"N. B.—Their resolve in Fountain Town Church is to be paid to Mr. Johannes Lawyer, and to be put by him in execution as within mentioned, and for the use as aforesaid ; and George Warner is appointed to see [that] the inhabitants of Cobelskill bring their arms when [they] come to meeting there, and put this resolve in execution as within mentioned, and for the use aforesaid.

"Secondly, Resolved, That four watches are to be kept in Schoharie every night from this time constant : the first is to be kept at the dwelling house of Capt. George Mann, and under his command, and in his absence the next in command ; the inhabitants from Christian Shaffer's dwelling house and to northward, are to be under Capt. Mann's command for the watch to consist of *eight men*. The second is to be kept at the dwelling house of Mr. Hendrick P. Becker, and under command of Capt. George Richtmyer, and in his absence the next officer in command : the inhabitants from Hendrick Tansen's house and so northward to Christian Shaffer's, are under the command of the second watch, and to consist of *six men*. The third is to be kept at the dwelling house of Mr. Johannes Feak, and under the command of Lieut. Martynus Van Slyck, and in his absence the next officer in command ; the inhabitants from Baltus Kryslar's dwelling house* and so northward to Hendrick Tansen's are un-

* This was situated where now stands the residence of the late Samuel Lawyer, in the town of Fulton.

der the command of this third watch, and to consist of *six men*. And the fourth is to be at the dwelling house of Mr. Hendrick Hager and under the command of Capt. Jacob Hager, in his absence the next officer in command ; and this watch is to consist of *six men*. Every person or persons neglecting to serve on such or either of such watches aforementioned, shall for every neglect pay and forfeit the sum of *twelve shillings* for the use of the district of Schoharie."

Harpersfield.—At an early stage of difficulties, the little settlement at Harpersfield, which was greatly exposed to savage inroads, organized a committee of vigilance, of which Isaac Patchin was chairman. This settlement was within the limits of Tryon county. In view of the enemy's proximity, Mr. Patchin wrote to the State Council of Safety, on the 4th of July, 1777, as follows :

"GENTLEMEN—The late irruptions and hostilities committed at Tunadilla, by Joseph Brandt, with a party of Indians and Tories, have so alarmed the well-affected inhabitants of this and the neighboring settlements, who are now the entire frontier of this State, that except your honors doth afford us immediate protection, we shall be obliged to leave our settlements to save our lives and families ; especially as there is not a man on the outside of us, but such as have taken protection of Brant, and many of them have threatened our destruction in a short time, the particular circumstances of which Col. Harper, (who will wait on your honors,) can give you a full account of, by whom we hope for your protection, in what manner to conduct ourselves."

Earliest prisoners.—In a letter from Col. Guy Johnson to Lord Geo. Germain, dated at New York, July 7, 1777, he says, that Joseph (meaning Brant) had stated to him, that his friends had already cut off a sergeant and twelve men near Fort Stanwix. This, which seems an unrecorded event in our annals, was no doubt one of the earliest movements of the enemy in the capture of American prisoners ; which, as we may suppose, were taken to Canada.

On the 8th July, William Harper wrote the Albany council from Cherry Valley, also within Tryon county, stating the ex-

posed condition of that place, and the rumor of the enemy's nearness under Brant. The committee to which was referred the correspondence of Isaac Patchin and Wm. Harper, introduced several resolutions to the council of safety on the 17th of July; in which they recommended raising two companies of rangers, to serve on the frontiers of Tryon, Ulster, and Albany counties, under the command of John Harper and James Cyle, as captains, and Alexander Harper and John Campbell as lieutenants. Lt. Harper, as soon as twenty-five men were enlisted by Col. John Harper, a recruiting officer, was to take charge of them and repair to a post of danger.

In the *correspondence of the Provincial Congress of New York*, I find the following :

"SCHOHARIE COMMITTEE CHAMBER, July 17, 1777.

"GENTLEMEN—The late advantage gained over us by the enemy, has such effect upon numbers here, that many we thought steady friends to the State seem to draw back; our state therefore, is deplorable; all our frontiers (frontier settlers) except those that are to take protection from the enemy, are gone, so that we are entirely open to the Indians and tories, which we expect every hour to come to this settlement: part of our militia is at Fort Edward; the few that are here many of them, are unwilling to take up arms to defend themselves, as they are not able to stand against so great a number of declared enemies, who speak openly without any reserve. Therefore, if your honors do not grant us immediate relief, of about 500 men to help defend us, we must either fall a prey to the enemy, or take protection also. For further particulars we refer you to the bearer, Col. Willet, in whom we confide to give you a true account of our state and situation, and of the back settlements, as he is well acquainted with them. We beg that your honors will be pleased to send us an answer by the bearer. We remain,

"Your honors' most obed't humble servant.

"Signed by order of the committee,

"JOHANNES BALL, *Chairman*."

The above letter was read in council, at their afternoon session, on Saturday, July 19th, and after some discussion it was referred to Messrs. J. Platt, and R. R. Livingston. On the 22d, the council wrote as follows :

"To the Chairman of the Committee of Schoharie :

"KINGSTON, July 22, 1777.

"GENTLEMEN—It greatly astonishes this council that the settlement of Schoharie, which has always been considered as firmly and spiritedly attached to the American cause, should be panic struck upon the least appearance of danger. Can you conceive that our liberties can possibly be redeemed from that vassalage which our implacable foes are, with unrelenting cruelty, framing for us, without some danger and some vigorous efforts on our part? To expect that Providence, however righteous our cause, will, without a vigorous use of those means which it has put in our power, interpose in our behalf, is truly to expect that God will work miracles for us, when those means, well improved, will afford sufficient security to our inestimable rights. It is your bounden duty, if you wish for the smiles of heaven in favor of the public cause in which you are so deeply interested, to acquit yourselves like men. A few worthless Indians, and a set of villains, who have basely deserted their country, are all the enemies you have to fear.

"We have good reason to believe that the greatest and most deserving part of the Six Nations are well disposed towards us. This council is exerting itself to secure you against danger, and only wish you would second their efforts. Tryon county is a frontier to your settlement; in that county Fort Schuyler is a respectable fortress, properly garrisoned. Maj.-Gen. Schuyler has sent up a part of a regiment as a further reinforcement. We have authorized Col. Harper to raise and embody 200 men for covering and protecting the inhabitants, and have formed such a disposition of the militia of the county of Tryon for alternate relieves as we hope will tend effectually to secure you.

"If any proclamations or protections should be offered you by the enemy, by all means reject them. From the woful experience of those who have fallen within their influence in other parts of the country we have the highest reason to believe that your acceptance of those tenders of friendship, should they be made, will render your misery and slavery unavoidable.

"In further attention to the cause of your settlement and Tryon county, we have this morning sent Mr. Robert Livingston to Gen. Washington. He is authorized to concert with his

Excellency the most effectual measures for putting the western frontiers of this State in all possible security.

"In the meantime we expect much from your public virtue ; that it will induce you to apprehend and send to us the disaffected among you ; that it will lead you to the most effectual means of securing your property from the depredations of a weak but insidious foe ; and that it will teach you the impropriety of deserting your habitations, and keep you in continual readiness to repel the assaults of the enemies of the liberty of your country. We write to the general committee of the county of Albany, to give you all the countenance, assistance and support in their power."

The following is part of a letter from the same body, under the same date, to the Albany committee.

"*Gentlemen*—The great depression of spirits of the inhabitants of Tryon county, and settlers of Schoharie, give this council much uneasiness, as it exposes them to the depredations of an enemy whom they might otherwise despise.

"We hope that your committee will not be wanting to support the drooping spirits of the western inhabitants in general, and particularly of those within your county. We have great reason to fear the breaking up of the settlement of Schoharie, unless our exertions be seconded by your efforts. You well know that such an event on the frontiers will not only be attended with infinite mischief to the inhabitants, but will furnish cause for discouragement to the country in general. Every means should therefore be tried to prevent it.

"This Council are earnestly solicitous to put the western frontiers of this State in a situation as respectable as possible ; and though they conceive the enemy's strength to consist principally in those exaggerations which result from the threats of our internal foes, and the fears of our friends, yet as those may be productive of real mischief, they would endeavor by every means in their power to prevent the evil. Your known exertions in the public cause will not permit them to doubt of your straining every nerve to second their endeavors, etc., etc."

The Above Correspondence Shows a False Estimate of Danger.—The reader will observe that in the letter to the Schoharie committee, the State council, in speaking of the foe to which the Schoharie settlement was exposed, consisted only of a few

worthless Indians and Tories ; and that they believed the Six Nations, as a whole, were well affected towards the republicans. This, however, as the result showed, was not the fact—as the principal warriors of four of the Six Nations had already taken up the British hatchet, and were led on by a formidable number of *royalists*. They also spoke of Tryon county as the *frontier* of Schoharie—the whole being well protected by the garrison of *Fort Schuyler*, better known as Fort Stanwix. This part of the letter discovers the ignorance of the council of the true geography of the frontier settlements ; as that fort was situated at least 100 miles northwest of Schoharie, while the enemies of the latter were expected from a southwest direction, from whence they usually approached. In that direction were the settlements of Unadilla, Harpersfield and Wyoming, either of which could be avoided ; but the two former were early broken up and their well disposed inhabitants driven in upon less exposed communities—while the fate of the latter is well known. The truth is, that, as an old soldier, *James Williamson* of Fort Schuyler, once observed to the writer, that fortresses did not answer the purposes for which it was intended in the Revolution, after the year 1777, as the enemy could, and did pass round it in every direction to the frontier settlements—the unbroken forest concealing their approach, until, as if by magic, they appeared at the very dwellings of the pioneers. Indeed, those entering the lower part of the valley, often came by the Sacondaga route and Johnstown settlements, making their appearance over 50 miles below Fort Stanwix. Williamson said that when he was at that post, and the enemy made raids upon communities so distant from them, the soldiers often wished themselves within striking distance, so as to punish their cruel audacity.

On the 22d of July, the chairman of the Albany committee wrote to Gen. Schuyler as follows :

“HON. SIR—Colo. Vrooman and two other gentlemen from Schoharie, are now with us, and represent the distress their part of the country is driven to.

“Threats, they hourly receive ; their persons and property are exposed to imminent danger ; nearly one half of the people heretofore well disposed, have laid down their arms, and propose to side with the enemy. All which change has taken its

origin from the desertion of Ticonderoga, the unprecedented loss of which, we are afraid, will be followed by a revolt of more than one half of the northern part of this county. We therefore beg leave to suggest whether it would not be advisable to detain one or two companies of continental troops, which are expected here, to be sent that way for a few days, which we suppose might bring the greater part again to a sense of their duty."

On the 24th of July, the chairman of the Albany committee wrote to the Council of Safety as follows :

GENTLEMEN—Yours of the 22d instant is now before us, recommending us to use our utmost influence to revive the drooping spirits of the inhabitants of this and Tryon county. A duty so essential as this, has long since been our principal object, by following the example you have recommended to us ; but upon the whole, gentlemen, they are only words upon which we have long played, and we earnestly hope they may be realized in such a manner as that the usual confidence the people of this and Tryon county have in our board, may not depreciate in the eyes of the public, on which head we beg leave to remark, that *your sanguine expectations of Col. Harper's rangers will by no means answer the purpose.* The gentleman undoubtedly has abilities, and will exert himself ; but when this matter is held up in a more clear view, it will appear that every man, almost, in this and Tryon county, adapted for the ranging service, is engaged in the continental, occasioned by the amazing bounty that has been given ; and on the other hand, the necessary men employed in various branches attending an army, together with the constant drain of militia, though but few in number, occasioned by the above circumstance, are still necessitated to discharge their duty to their country, all which point out to you the impracticability of the plan. After considering these particulars, which we believe have not been sufficiently suggested by the honorable the council, we conceive it will be impossible to collect any more men on the proposed plan, by reason that their pay and encouragement is not adequate to the times. If the foregoing difficulties have any weight, you may judge that no essential service can be expected from the rangers, nor can have any weight, with the people to the westward.

"We enclose you a copy of a letter by us sent to Gen. Schuy-

ler, from which you will perceive the distressed situation the people of Schoharie are in."

The reader will see by the tone of the above letter, that it was easier to talk about Col. Harper's troops for covering Schoharie, than to raise them.

On the 25th of July, Mr. Livingston returned from his conference with the Commander-in-chief, and reported that his Excellency had already ordered Gen. Glover's division of the army to march to the relief of Tryon county; and a letter was immediately dispatched to the committee of that county, informing them that Glover's brigade had marched to Albany, there to receive directions from Gen. Schuyler, then in command of the northern army. The latter officer, in a letter to the Albany committee, dated Moses Creek, four miles below Fort Edward, July 24th, after speaking of the gloomy aspect of military affairs in that quarter, the desertion of New England troops, etc., thus adds:

"Happy I should be, in some degree, if I could close the melancholly tale here; but every letter I receive from the county of Tryon, advises me that the inhabitants of it will lay down their arms, unless I support them with continental troops. From what I have said you will see the impossibility of my complying with their request. The district of Schoharie has also pointedly intimated, that unless continental troops are sent there, they will also submit to the enemy. Should it be asked what line of conduct I mean to hold amidst this variety of difficulties and distress, I would answer, *to dispute every inch of ground with Gen. Burgoyne, and retard his descent into the country as long as possible*, without the least hopes of being able to prevent his ultimately reaching Albany, unless I am reinforced from Gen. Washington, or by a respectable body of militia. The former I am advised I am not to have, and whence to procure the latter I know not. I must therefore look up to you; but though I am under the fullest conviction that you will afford me every aid in your power, yet I fear it cannot be much.

"In this situation you will be pleased to permit me to observe, that I think the Council of Safety ought to press Gen. Washington for an immediate reinforcement of at least fifteen hundred good continental troops. Those of our own State, if possible, if not from any of the southern colonies; one thousand to reinforce me, the remainder to be sent to Tryon county."

In the same letter Gen. Schuyler expressed his fears that should Burgoyne be able to penetrate to Albany, the force approaching the Mohawk under Col. St. Ledger would be able to meet him there; in which case if Gen. Howe pressed up the river, Gen. Washington would either be put between two fires, or compelled to file off into New England. He however trusted such a result might not be realized, and hoped the freedom of his sentiments *would not be thought to rise from a principle which would disgrace a soldier*. He added: "I assure you they do not; and I hope my countrymen will never have occasion to blush for me, whatever may be the event of this campaign."

A Further misconception of Frontier Danger.—The Council of Safety, in reply to the Albany committee's letter of the 24th, responded on the 27th of July as follows:

"GENTLEMEN—Your letter of the 24th inst, has just been received and laid before the council. It was not by words alone that the council expects the drooping spirits of the inhabitants of Tryon county should be revived, nor do they know any other way of realizing those expectations than by vigorous exertions.

"It is highly unreasonable to expect that the militia of other states or additional detachments from the continental army should be sent to Tryon county or Schoharie, when their own exertions, with the aid already afforded, would secure them. Harper's rangers are not the only measures taken for their support; a third part of the militia is ordered to be embodied, and the council will provide for their pay. But if when their all is at stake, they should think the wages too little, and from such degenerate, mercenary principles refuse to march, they will merit the distinction to which their want of courage and public spirit will expose them.

"It is by example, not speeches, that the council wish they may be encouraged. They expect the county of Albany will exert itself; that their leading men on other occasions, will not be backward now; that they will march with the militia, and animate the body of the people by their perseverance, spirit and patriotism. If the salvation of such a cause be not sufficient to induce us to such actions, future generations may, with propriety, say that we did not deserve to be free. If malcontents among you are fomenting divisions or encouraging a revolt, they ought to be immediately apprehended, and it is presumed you

have sufficient strength at least for the purpose of internal government. If a few dispirited people are permitted to lay down their arms, and with impunity, not only to disobey orders, but to say they will side with the enemy, government has become base and feeble indeed. Your powers are equal to all these exigences, and the council hope you will exert them. *That large drafts, of men have been made from the militia is a fact not to be denied*; but it is equally true that their number is still very respectable, and if they please, very formidable. In short, there is reason to fear that the panic and irresolution which seems to prevail in the western district will, by being introduced into the history of the present glorious contest, injure the reputation which this State has justly acquired by its strenuous and noble exertions in the common cause of America.

"P. S. We have the best assurances that Gen. Glover, with his brigade, is sent up to reinforce the northern department; and we flatter ourselves that Maj.-Gen. Schuyler will, as he finds himself reinforced, cause troops to file off for the defense of the western frontiers. To facilitate this, we have written pressinglly to the Governor of Connecticut for aid."

Girls Shot near Fort Stanwix.—The following extract of a letter from Col. Gansevoort to Col. Van Schaick, dated Fort Schuyler, old Fort Stanwix, July 28, will show one of the earliest of those tragedies which crimsoned the frontier forest of New York.

"DEAR SIR—Yesterday, at three o'clock in the afternoon, our garrison was alarmed with the firing of four guns. A party of men were instantly dispatched to the place where the guns were fired, which was in the edge of the woods, about five hundred yards from the fort, but they were too late. The villains were fled, after having shot three girls who were out picking raspberries, two of whom were lying scalped and tomahawked; one dead and the other expiring, who died in about half an hour after she was brought home. The third had two balls through the shoulder, but made out to make her escape. Her wounds are not thought dangerous: by the best discoveries we have made, there were four Indians who perpetrated these murders.

"I had four men with arms just past that place, but these mercenaries of Britain came not to fight, but to lie in wait to murder;

and it is equally the same to them, if they can get a scalp, whether it is from a soldier or an innocent babe."*

Instead of Gen. Schuyler's affording the western settlements any relief after having been reinforced by Glover's brigade, we find him, under date of August 1st, writing from Saratoga to the New York council as follows :

"I have desired Col. Van Schaick to apply for all the militia of Schoharie, Duaneburg, Schenectada and Tryon county, that can be collected ; but I foresee that nothing will be effected, unless a committee of your body is deputed to repair to Albany." [Those militia were intended to reinforce the northern army].

A Glance at the Doings of the Enemy.—Let us take a hasty glance at the progress of the enemy's campaign in the summer of 1777, when he hoped with one energetic blow, to separate the New England from the Middle States. Col. St. Leger, checked in his progress down the Mohawk, by a bloody battle with the Tryon county militia, at Oriskany, on the morning of August 6th, under the brave old Herkimer, in which some of his men performed prodigies of valor ; and a timely sortie from Fort Stanwix by troops under Col. Willet—finding his Indians deserting him—Col. Gansevoort unwilling to surrender—and a body of troops under Gen. Arnold advancing to raise the siege of that fortress—was obliged to make good his retreat to Canada. Gen. Burgoyne, after contesting the ground for some time, and meeting with repeated defeats—seeing his Indian allies deserting him from a dislike to Morgan's rifle-men, and his own retreat cut off, surrendered his army to Gen. Gates, who had succeeded Schuyler, as prisoners of war. Sir. Henry Clinton, after ascending the Hudson with a body of troops, as far as Kingston, and reducing that flourishing village to ashes, learning that Gov. Clinton was marching to oppose him, fell back down the river.

It remains for us to follow the footsteps of McDonald. At this unsettled period *when no forts had been erected in the Schoharie settlements to which the timid might flee for safety*, con-

* One of the girls killed was Caty Steers, then 20 years old, and a daughter of a pioneer settler. She was living at the time in the family of Johannes Roof, not far from the fort

fusion, for want of union, was manifested among the courageous.*

Under date of August 9th, the Albany committee wrote to the Council of Safety as follows :

"We inclose you a copy of a letter just now received from the committee of Schenectada. You will perceive by its contents, that a reinforcement is called for in that quarter. It gives us pain to inform you that it is out of the power of this county to send them any. The depredations committed by the Tories is of the worst consequences, as it effectually prevents the militia from joining the army pursuant to Gen. Ten Broeck's request ; each part calls for more help to assist themselves. A Captain Mann, of the militia of Schoharie has collected a number of Indians and Tories ; declares himself a friend to King George, and threatens destruction to all who do not lay down their arms or take protection from our enemies. In order to support our friends in that quarter, a force should be sent to them. This is needless to attempt, as a reason is assigned why no force can be had.

"In yours of the 27th ult., you desire that every nerve may be exerted ; this has been done, though without the desired effect. Our army to the northward, we have already informed you, does not appear adequate to repel the force supposed to be coming against them," etc., etc.

The above letter, and one from Gen. Schuyler, dated at Stillwater, August 6th, were received by the State council on the 11th ; from the latter, I take the following extract :

"General Ten Broeck has ordered out the whole of the militia ; but I fear very few will march, and that most of them will behave as the Schoharie and Schenectada militia have done. How that is, you will see by the inclosed, which are copies of letters I have this morning received." [What the conduct alluded to was, does not appear on the journal of the council, but we may suppose they refused to march until some provision was made for the protection of their own families against the common foe.]

On the afternoon of Monday, the 11th, Benjamin Bartholo-

* In the *Annals of Tryon County*, the invasion of McDonald is erroneously set down as having occurred in 1778. Campbell also states that three forts had been erected in Schoharie the fall before. The forts were erected at the time he states ; but not, however, until after McDonald's visit.

mew, from Schoharie, was admitted to the council chamber, and informed the council in substance :

"That a certain man at Schoharie was collecting a party in favor of the enemy, which had dispirited the inhabitants ; that the few resolutely well affected were escaping from thence privately." [That body then drafted the following letter to Gov. Clinton :] "SIR—The Council have received advice, that one Captain Mann is collecting a force in Schoharie, and has prevailed upon the inhabitants, through fear, to take part with him, and even to take up arms against us. As this must expose the frontiers of Ulster and Albany counties, the flame may possibly extend further, if not instantly checked.

"They would suggest to your Excellency the propriety of sending a party under the command of an active and intelligent officer, by the way of Woodstock or Catskill, who may fall upon the party, arouse the spirits of our friends, and give the Indians such an impression of our activity, as will render them cautious of opposing us. Perhaps about two hundred men might be spared for this purpose from the garrison in the Highlands, and, if necessary, they might again be reinstated by other militia. The council submit this plan to your Excellency, and if it should be approved, doubt not but that it will be carried instantly into execution, since secrecy and expedition will ensure its success."

On the 11th, the Albany committee, in a letter to the council, speaking of their apprehensions for the northern army and the ultimate fate of Albany, and the meritorious conduct of Gen. Herkimer, after he was severely wounded, in refusing for hours to leave the Oriskany battle field, thus observe :

"The people of Schoharie have informed us that they will be obliged to lay down their arms. *The militia that could be collected in this county have been sent to the army* : they have been long in service, and seeing no prospect of relief, intend soon to return and remove their families to a place of greater safety."

A Movement in the Right Direction.—Gov. Clinton addressed the president of the council from New Windsor, on the 11th of August, as follows :

"SIR—I wrote this morning to Colo. Pawling, advising him of the conduct of Capt. Mann, of the Schoharie militia, mentioned in the letter of the committee of Albany, a copy of which

you sent me. I am apprehensive, that unless he and his party are speedily routed they will become formidable and dangerous neighbors to our western frontiers. I therefore proposed to Colo. Pawling, in the letter I addressed to him this morning, the propriety of embodying a party of men out of his regiment, under an active officer, for this purpose, and directed him to call on your Honorable House for their advice and assistance on this occasion, which, should they agree with me in sentiment, they will please to afford him.

“It is certainly my opinion, that it is essential to the public safety to have this business executed with dispatch and effectually. That fellow, without doubt, acts under the encouragement and by the advice of the enemy; and even though he should not attempt to commit hostilities on the inhabitants of the western frontiers, the very deterring of the militia from marching to the aid of the northern army alone is a capital mischief; besides suffering such an atrocious and open offender to pass with immunity, would, in point of example, be extremely impolitic. It may be necessary to exercise a good deal of prudence with respect to the Indians who are with Capt. Mann, the management of which I must submit to the Council.”

The council do not seem at this date to have been aware of the fact, that Capt. McDonald and Lieut. Adam Cryslar then had a body of Tories and Indians in the upper part of the Schoharie valley, acting in concert with Capt. Mann, a dozen miles below. The next day, his Excellency again addressed the president of the council, as follows:

“NEW WINDSOR, 12th Aug't, 1777.

“DEAR SIR—On the receipt of a letter yesterday morning from General Scott, enclosing a copy of a letter from the committee of Albany, to your honorable board, containing the same intelligence respecting Capt. Mann, mentioned in your letter of the 11th inst., just now delivered me, I immediately wrote to Col. Pawling on that subject, pointing out the propriety of destroying Mann and his party by a sudden exertion, with a detachment of the militia under an active officer, and desiring him, if he thought it practicable, to set about it immediately; and in that case to call upon the council for their advice and aid. This morning I addressed a letter to your honorable

board on the same subject, by which you will observe my sentiments coincide exactly with the council's on this occasion. I dare not however, at present, venture to take any of the continental troops from the garrison in the Highlands for the business.

"The designs of the enemy under General Howe, are yet uncertain ; the garrison not over strong ; and should any unlucky accident happen in that quarter, in the absence of troops, which might be drawn from thence for this expedition, I would be greatly and perhaps deservedly censured. If the militia are to be employed, they can be much easier and more expeditiously had in the neighborhood of Kingston and Marblatown, than by marching them up from the fort.

"Major Pawling was charged with my letter to council, and left my house this morning for Kingston. I mentioned this scheme to him, and he expressed a strong desire to command the party, to which I consented, provided a party proper for him to command should be ordered out on the occasion. I know him to be possessed of prudence as well as spirit."

Troops Finally sent to Schoharie.—The reader will perceive by the preceding correspondence, that provision had been made, although tardily, to succor Schoharie. Many well disposed citizens in McDonald's descent through the southern settlements, seeing no assistance at hand, anxious for the safety of their families and property, accepted his offered protection of royalty—while not a few joined in the wake of the tory chief, to swell his already formidable numbers. In his approach to the more thickly settled parts of Schoharie, he could have numbered 150 followers—Indians and royalists—armed with various weapons, which number, rumor, with her many tongues, greatly multiplied. It is not surprising that the comparatively small body of militia assembled at the house of John Becker, a part of which house is now standing, felt themselves too weak to oppose their enemies unaided. They, however, began barricading the windows and doors of this stone dwelling ; and deputed two of their number, Vrooman and Swart, to go to Albany for assistance.

Information, how Conveyed in the War.—I have elsewhere stated that messages were communicated along the frontiers, by white men and Indians, on foot or on horseback ; and often

such persons were exposed to great dangers. I may also add that, for long distances, relays of horses were established. Here is a notice of one, found in a letter of Washington to Nathaniel Shaw, a wealthy merchant of New London, Ct. Gen. W. stated that he had posted relays of dragoons at every 15 miles distance, from his head quarters at the Robinson house, near the Hudson river, to New London. He wished Mr. Shaw to extend the line from New London to Tower Hill ; posting three relays at every 15 miles, with orders to ride by night or day, whenever dispatches arrived at their quarters. He would be answerable for the charges ; the relays to be continued as long as the British fleet and army were off Rhode Island. He also wanted a constant watch kept out upon the Sound, intelligence of any movement to be communicated in the same manner. Washington's letter was dated 31 July, 1780, and is found in Dawson's *His. Magazine* for 1866, page 301.

Manuscript of Judge Hager.—Henry Hager, of North Blenheim, late a judge of Schoharie county, very kindly furnished the author with a manuscript of some facts relating to Schoharie. He states that McDonald reached the river above Brakabeen, on Sunday the 10th of August, and “marched up and down the road, stationing guards, etc.” As the enemy were overrunning the valley, Henry Hager, grandfather of my informant, then over 70 years old, was anxious to inform the *patriot* party below of the invader's progress and espionage along the valley. There was no whig near, with whom he could consult ; indeed, the Hager family was the only one, for a distance of several miles, that had not already joined the enemy's standard, or accepted of his proffered protection ; he therefore started to do the errand himself, a distance of nearly nine miles. Leaving home about sun-down, he had proceeded but a short distance when he was brought to a stand by an emissary of royalty, who demanded where he was going, his business, etc. His good judgment readily prompting a reply, he feigned business with a blacksmith living below. The sprig of his majesty informed him that the man he wished to see was in a house near by. He was permitted to enter and do his errand, which was to order some small job. Vulcan told him he would do his work, and that he might call for it as early as he pleased next morning. Leaving the infected house, Hager again encountered the man

endowed with brief authority, who granted him permission to return home.

It was nearly dark when the aged patriot left the tory sentinel. Proceeding a few hundred yards on his way home, until out of sight of the enemy, he went down a bank of the river which he forded, and by a circuitous route, reached the Stone House in safety and communicated the approach of the invaders. Capt. Jacob Hager, his son, was there at the time. He had returned with a party of Schoharie militia from the northern army but a few days before, where he had distinguished himself in several hazardous enterprises, transporting cannon to Fort Edward, etc. On Monday morning Col. Vrooman, fearing Swart and his comrade might not reach Albany, in season to obtain assistance, sent Capt. Hager and Henry Becker on the same errand; with instructions to keep the woods whenever there was danger of meeting with detention.

Col. Harper Starts for Albany.—At this juncture of the proceedings, in the afternoon of the day on which Hager and Becker had left, Col. John Harper—whose duty the reader will remember, required him to look to the protection of Schoharie—arrived, to consult with Col. Vrooman and the whigs there assembled, on the best course to be adopted under the circumstances. It was readily agreed that the friends of equal rights assembled, or likely to be in season, were too few to oppose successfully McDonald's progress. No time was to be lost, as it was expected the band of outlaws would reach that vicinity on the following day: in order, therefore, to get aid in season to be of service, it was thought advisable for a messenger to proceed immediately to Albany on horseback. Col. Harper volunteered his services, and although the day was far spent, he mounted and set forward. Knowing that it would be extremely hazardous to pursue his journey in the night, he rode about five miles and put up at a public house then kept by John I. Lawyer, mentioned elsewhere in this work. In the latter part of the war his son, Jacob Lawyer, Jr., was its host. This ancient inn stood near the old Lutheran parsonage. The building in 1855 was yet standing on the premises of Chester Lasell*—*Mrs. W. G. Michaels*, who was of this Lawyer family.

* It was occupied as a tenant house, when in about 1857, it took fire and burned down.

On the night Col. Harper staid at Lawyer's there was a gathering of tories and Indians, at the tavern known in those days as, *The Brick House at the Forks of the Road*,* distant from the former inn about a mile and a quarter. The object of this meeting of genial spirits, was, no doubt, to receive and communicate intelligence from and to the *royalist* party above, and also to learn tidings from such as kept an eye on the movements at Lawyer's tavern. A whig (George Warner, Jr., of Cobelskill) who was a watchman secreted with others that night, along the fences south of the *Brick House*, to note the motions of the enemy, assured the author that he saw individuals all night passing and repassing—whom he supposed communicating with the McDonald party.

Col. Harper, having secured his horse and taken supper, retired early to an upper room, and locked the door, but did not think it prudent to undress. Some time in the evening, a party from the *Brick House* arrived at Lawyer's. The object of their visit being made known to the landlord, which was to get Harper to accompany them to their rendezvous, he expostulated with them for intruding upon the rest of his guest, but to no purpose, for *see him they would*. Knowing that he was near an infected district, Col. Harper had taken the precaution to leave a light burning. Hearing an unusual noise below, he seized his pistols and stepped to the door, and while listening to learn the cause of his disturbance, he overheard the suppressed but earnest voice of the landlord on the stairs, urging the intruders not to ascend. Said he: "*For God's sake, gentlemen, desist! for I tell you he is a soldier, terribly armed, and some of you must die before he will be taken!*" Expostulation was in vain, and the landlord was thrust aside by the tory party, which rapped at the door of his guest. With pistol in hand he opened it, *threatening death to the first man who should step over its threshold*. The intruders then made known to him the object of the visit, and the intrepid Harper, with a pistol in each hand, replied, "*I will be there in the morning, but attempt to take me there to-night at your peril!*" Seeing him thus

* This house, then a tavern kept by Capt. Geo. Mann, stood in the forks of the old Albany and Schoenectada roads. It was a two story dwelling at the period of which I am speaking. Mrs. Col. Peter Dietz, subsequently erected a two story brick house on or near its site, it having long before been cut down to a one story building.

armed, and knowing from the flash of his eye that his threat would be executed, the party quailed before him and withdrew. He again locked his door, and was not afterward disturbed.

Col. Harper Pursued by Indians.—Col Harper started next morning, about eight o'clock, armed as on the night previous, with a sword and brace of pistols. Crossing Foxescreek bridge, without any opposition (some writer has erroneously stated that a tory sentinel was on the bridge), he rode up to *Mann's tavern*, as I have been credibly informed by an eye-witness,* fastened his horse, and went in. He was in the house but a few minutes, came out, remounted, and started off on the Schenectada road, via. Duaneburgh, for Albany. He rode a small black mare, with a white stripe in the forehead, which started from the inn upon a pace, and struck a gallop near the top of the hill, and soon bore the rider out of sight. He had disappeared but a few minutes, before *five Indians* arrived at Mann's, and entered the cellar kitchen, followed by the boys, who were still at play in the street. Within half an hour, two of Capt. Mann's horses, a black and a roan, were brought before the door, and two Indians, Seth's Henry,† a tall, dark Schoharie chief, sometimes familiarly called Set, or Sethen Henry, and David, a small Indian, before noticed, mounted them, and started at a full gallop on the road Col. Harper had taken. The Indians, in pursuit were armed only with knives and tomahawks.

For a distance of several miles, at that period, there was scarcely a house on the old Duaneburgh road. As Col. Harper drew near Righter's place, he discovered that he was pursued. Passing over a knoll which hid him from his followers, he dismounted, drew his sword and stuck the point of it in a dry stump before him, and holding a pistol in each hand, ready cocked, he leaned against his horse, and awaited the approach of the Indians, the tallest of whom he had already recognized.

* David Warner, a brother of George, of Cobeskill. At the time alluded to, he stated to the writer, that he was a lad about ten years of age; that he then boarded with Capt. Mann's father, and went to school near Foxescreek; that several boys, himself with the rest, had assembled after breakfast near the tavern to go to school. The morning was remarkably pleasant. It was not usual, at that period, to see a stranger, with holsters, upon his saddle. Mr. W. also saw Col. Harper return next day with cavalry.

† The name of this Indian's father was Seth, and his own Henry. He was known in the war by the name in the context.

Riding at a rapid rate, and before they were aware of their proximity, they drew very near the object of their pursuit. The instant they saw him, they reined up, within reach of his pistols. Not choosing to risk a shot, he exclaimed in a voice and manner that carried terror to their savage breasts—"Stop you villains—face about and be off this instant, or these bullets



Colonel Harper Confronting the Indians

shall whistle through your hearts." The Indians, seeing him thus armed, dared not advance, and wheeling, sullenly withdrew. It is said, however, that Seth dogged him, at a distance, a good part of the way to Albany. I have been enabled to be thus circumstantial, from having conversed with several individuals who received from Col. Harper's own mouth the account of his pursuit soon after its occurrence.

Col. Harper in Albany.—Col. Harper's arrival in Albany, on Tuesday, August 12th, is thus noticed in the Journal of the Council of Safety the following day. Christopher Fiero stated to that body that one Du Boise, who left Albany the evening before, reported "that every road from Schoharie is obstructed

and filled up by the Tories there; that Col. John Harper had escaped from thence, and that Col. Vrooman, with about 25 whigs, had fortified themselves in a house there." Under the same date on the Council's Journal, I find the copy of a letter written by that body, to Col. Pawling, on the subject of Gov. Clinton's letters, previously inserted, which reads as follows:

"SIR—We enclose two letters received from the Governor, by which it appears that he is very anxious to have the party detached for Schoharie. We have received information that Col. Vrooman, with a party of whigs, is besieged there by the Tories.

"It is necessary that he should be relieved immediately. You will therefore be pleased to issue your orders this night for two hundred drafts to be made from your regiment; after which you will, agreeably to the Governor's directions, repair to this place, and confer with the Council about the most practicable means of executing your plan.

"We are extremely sorry that so much precious time has already been lost by the miscarriage of your letter." [The above letter was signed by the president and forwarded by a light-horseman; after which the Council] "Resolved that Gen. Scott, R. R. Livingston, and Maj. Tappan, be a committee to assist Col. Pawling in executing the secret expedition."

Who Commanded Troops Going to Schoharie.—Col. Harper, unadvised of the proceedings of Gov. Clinton and the Council, on his arrival in Albany, applied either to the Albany committee, or Col. Van Schaick, then in command of that military station—or, what is quite likely, to both—for assistance; and a small body of cavalry was granted him. The company consisted in rank and file of 28 stout looking men.* They were well clad, wore caps, and made a fine military appearance. By whom they were commanded, the author has been unable satisfactorily to learn. The old citizens of Schoharie all assert that he was a Frenchman, and spoke imperfect English. The party, conducted by Col. Harper, left Albany in the evening, and riding a good part of the night, arrived in Schoharie early on

* Col. Stone, who, in the *Life of Brant*, adopted Campbell's erroneous date of this transaction, placing it in 1778, gave the name of Capt. Woodbake as the commanding officer of the party. The Schoharie people said that was not the commandant's name. Stone also puts down their number at 200; but six or eight persons living in different parts of the county, who counted them, stated their number to have been only 28. It had been suggested by the Albany committee to send 200.

Wednesday. One of the party had a trumpet, the first, probably, ever heard echoing among the mountains of Schoharie ; an occasional blast of which is said to have carried terror to the hearts of the *evil doers*, and produced an effect equal to that of *an army with banners*. After I published this statement in 1845, I met David L. Degolier, a son of Joseph Degolier, of Perth, Fulton county, who assured me that his grandfather, James Degolier, was a French captain in the Revolution, who, the family tradition said, accompanied Col. Harper to Schoharie, and I have no doubt he was the man. As subsequently appears the troop belonged to Maj. Wynkoop's corps.

On arriving at the *brick house*, a halt was ordered. Mine host, hearing the warlike sound of the trumpet a little way off, fled to a barrack* of wheat on his premises, where he snugly ensconced himself beneath its sheaves ; thinking, that—

"The man who lives to run away,
May live to fight another day."

The commandant of the little squadron assumed a terrifying aspect, as, half drawing his sword, and rising in his stirrups, he demanded of Mrs. Mann, who had been summoned to the door for the purpose, in imperfect English, the whereabouts of her husband. The good woman, who should not just then have been so frightened, assured the speaker she could not inform him. In fact she did not know. The premises of the tory were then strictly searched for his person, even to the barrack in which he was concealed : and several troopers ran their swords down into the wheat sheaves beneath which he lay, without discovering him.

The Effect of a Few Cavalry in Schoharie.—A small number of men who were found at the brick house, with some excep-

* The word 'barrack' is both German and Dutch. In the Schoharie and Mohawk valleys, much hay and grain were formerly deposited in barracks—indeed, such depôts are used there at the present day. They are commonly made by erecting four upright posts, so as to form a square, firmly set in the ground, or held at equal distances by timbers framed into them above the ground. The upper part of the posts is perforated with holes, and a roof, made of quadrangular form, terminating in a vertex, rests upon wood or iron pins thrust through those holes. The roof is usually constructed by framing two timbers, crossing at right angles, and secured by side pieces, into which are framed four upright poles, firmly secured at the apex above. The roof is sometimes boarded and shingled, but usually thatched. When a barrack is to be filled, the roof is raised to the top of the corner posts, and the hay or grain in the sheaf is stacked beneath it; and as the contents are removed the roof is let down. Some barracks have a floor, and are so constructed as to last many years. Soldiers' huts are, by the French, also called barracks.

tions, submitted to the authority of the American officers, and destroyed their *royal protections*, with the promise of pardon for accepting them. A few who had been very active among the tories, were however, arrested, among whom was the malicious Indian, David, who had gained notoriety by his attempt on the life of Chairmam Ball—his pursuit of Col. Harper, and the aid he had rendered the British cause in the capacity of messenger—he having just arrived from the camp of McDonald, when arrested. The troop then proceeded to the public house of Snyder, a whig living a little distance east of Mann's to obtain refreshments; in the meantime the news of Col. Harper's arrival from Albany with troops having *wonderful music*, spread up and down the valleys of Foxescreek and Schoharie, with almost lightning rapidity. Leaving their work unfinished, the friends of *liberty* began to assemble, and many good citizens who had only been waiting to see a prospect of succor in case they espoused their country's cause, now did so cheerily. Stone's account of there having been a large body of tories, with scarlet patches on their hats assembled at Capt. Mann's, to whom that officer was making a speech on the arrival of Col. Harper and his party, needs authentication.

On the evening of the day on which Col. Harper left the *Stone House* in Middleburgh, to obtain assistance, McDonald and his followers descended the river to the residence of Swart, as stated in his diary, where they encamped over night; taking possession of the premises, and helping themselves bountifully.

As soon as the cavalry steeds were rested, and the troops refreshed, quite a party of militia variously armed having assembled, preparations were made to advance on the enemy, eight miles distant. The militia, some mounted and others not, were officered by Col. Harper for the occasion, and accompanied the cavalry. David, the Indian captive, was fastened by a cord around his wrist, to a fellow prisoner. The little army now moved up the river, at the inspiring sound of the trumpet, which laughed among the *encrinital* and *trilobital* hills—and echoed far in the distance. Those who had been the most boisterous for King George, were, as if by magic, converted into *Congress-men*; after hearing the voice of the vociferous Frenchman, and that of his musician speaking to his distant auditors with a *brazen tongue*. No musician ever rendered his

country more *evident* essential service, unless perchance he was rivaled by Anthony Van Corlear, of Knickerbocker memory. At times the militia who were on foot, were obliged to take a dog trot to keep up with the excited commander of cavalry.

First Person Killed in Schoharie.—After proceeding five miles, as the troops were passing a swamp in Hartman's dorf, the prisoner David, watching an opportunity, slipped the cord from his arm and ran into it. The party were halted, ordered to surround the marsh, and shoot down the captive if he attempted to escape. The mounted militia who knew the ground, led the cavalry round the swamp; and the Indian being observed skulking from tree to tree, and just ready to emerge in the direction of the river, was instantly brought down by a pistol shot in the back, with the exclamation, "*Ganno! ganno!*" The commanding officer, impatient at the delay, ordered one of the militia men to advance and shoot him. He was then lying partly upon his side, his head was resting upon his hand, and his elbow upon the ground, while his eye calmly surveyed his foes. George Shell, of Foxescreek (who sometime after bravely assisted in the defense of Major Becker's house), advanced from the ranks, presented his old fire-lock and *attempted* to fire. *Click, click, click*, said the old rusty lock—while its antiquated cylinder remained silent. "*Tam te Meleshee guns!*" exclaimed the officer; as, riding forward, he snapped one of his own pistols, which missed fire, and ordered his troopers to shoot him. A pistol snapped by the man next the captain also missed fire, but that in the hand of his follower exploded sending a bullet through the Indian's head. As those pistols were snapped, the Indian turned round to avoid seeing them. He was left in his gore, and the party resumed their march. This Indian was the first person killed in the Schoharie settlements in the Revolution; and I have been thus particular in detailing the circumstances attending his death, because the manner of it as related in the *Life of Brant*, where he is misnamed *Peter Nickus*, is so very far from the truth as stated by eye witnesses; Jacob Becker, Jacob Enders and George Warner, militia men present.

David Ogeonda, although a notorious offender, would not have been slain had he not attempted to escape while a prisoner. The story of his having been "inhumanly hacked to pieces" by the cavalry, *is not true*. It is a well known characteristic of the

Indian, that whoever does an injury to one of his blood, incurs his hatred and revenge. This same Indian had several sons, who, knowing all the circumstances attending their father's death, not only remained friendly to the American cause, but Yon, probably the oldest, rendered the citizens of Schoharie no little service during the war.

On arriving at the Stone House, a ladder was raised against the wing, and the prisoners taken at Mann's were compelled to mount upon the roof, which was not very steep, when the ladder was removed, and they were placed in temporary and somewhat novel confinement. A squaw among them, is said to have rendered the situation of a prisoner, named Weaver, so uncomfortable, that he requested Jacob Enders to remove her.

A Strange Messenger.—The party had been at Middleburgh but a short time, when a woman by the name of Staats, known in the valley by the unpoetic cognomen of *Ryu's Pup*—called also the *She Bear*, a tall, large, masculine creature, and a *rara avis* of the valley—was seen approaching the Stone House in the direction of the river, nearly half a mile distant. She halted soon after being discovered as if hesitating about advancing, when the officer of cavalry beckoned to her to come forward; upon which she faced about and ran the other way. Two troopers were sent in pursuit, and captured her while fording the river; and each seizing a hand they turned their horses and rode back to the house, to the great amusement of its inmates, and discomfiture of the prisoner, who was almost—*out of breath*. After panting a while, she was enabled to answer the interrogatories of the American officers. She said she had just come from the camp of McDonald; that his numbers were very great, and that he was preparing to march down and capture the Stone House and its inmates.—*George Warner, Jacob Enders and Miss Sally Hotchkiss*, a grand daughter of Col. John Harper.

Battle at the Flockey.—On receiving this information, the troops were sent to collect several fences to aid in throwing up a temporary breastwork around the house, that they might the better repel an attack. After waiting some time, however, for the enemy, it was thought advisable by the Americans, now respectable in numbers, to proceed to meet him. On arriving near Swart's place, two miles distant from the Stone House, it

was ascertained that the foes were on the retreat up the valley; and it was only by a rapid movement of the mounted troops that they were overtaken at the Flockey.* At this place Adam Crysler resided before the war—the residence of the late Samuel Lawyer. The house, which is situated at the upper end of Vrooman's land, is pleasantly located upon a bank which slopes to the road. A brook runs at the base of the bank near the road, between which and the river was formerly a small swamp. As the Americans drew near, they found McDonald had made a stand on the lawn in front of the house, prepared to give them a warm reception. A few shots only were exchanged, when the cavalry, at a long and terrifying blast of the trumpet, dashed impetuously among the Indians and Tories; who, panic struck, fled up the river. They were pursued but a short distance as the ground above was unfavorable for cavalry; besides, it was nearly dark, and the latter were much fatigued, having rode about forty-five miles since the evening before. David Wirt, lieutenant of the cavalry, was killed in this encounter, and two privates wounded, one Rose, mortally—who died three days after. Angelica, a daughter of Col. Vrooman, assured the writer in 1837, that she furnished the winding sheet for Lieut. Wirt, *who was the first man that fell in Schoharie defending the principles of a free government.* Wirt was shot, as was afterwards learned, by one Shafer, a royalist. What loss the enemy sustained in this brush is unknown; few chose to stay long enough to be killed. The cavalry returned to the Stone House and encamped for the night. As it was then supposed that Madam Staats had been sent down by McDonald to afford him an opportunity to escape, she was sought for on the return of the Americans, but had "stept out."—*Mattice Ball, Jacob Van Dyck and others.*

Since the above was published, I have learned the fact that the horse of Lieut. Wirt, after its rider fell, wounded and frightened, ran back half a mile toward Middleburgh, to the well of Isaac Vrooman, drank freely from a watering trough, and died there. This well is now covered up. At an early period the road ran near the centre of the flats, with woods where the road is now situated.

*The name for this spot as known among the old inhabitants, and signified a swamp, or ground near one.

The enemy retreated up the river through Brakabeen, and by way of the Susquehanna laid their course for Niagara. Judge Hager states, that upwards of twenty male citizens went off from Vrooman's land, Brakabeen, and Clyberg (Clay hill), with the enemy; among whom were Adam Crysler, Joseph Brown, several of the Boucks, Beckers, Keyzers, Matrices, Freemires, William Zimmer, one of the Schoharie committee, one Shafer and one Kneiskern. He added, that while the enemy remained in Schoharie, *they doubtless lived well, as they were in a land of plenty.*

On the return of the light horse, as nothing appeared to criminate the father of Capt. Mann, who was inoffensive and considerably advanced in life, he was suffered to remain at liberty—and as the title to the *brick house* and valuable farm adjoining, is said to have been vested in *him* and not his son, it was never confiscated to the republic.

The Concealment of Capt. Mann, who Became a Prisoner.—Not long after the cavalry and militia had proceeded up the valley, Capt. Mann came down from his hiding place, crossed the river below the mouth of Foxescreek, and secreted himself under the Karighondontee mountain, at a place where a small stream of water has cut a ravine. The next day, David Warner, the lad before mentioned, and John Snyder, with a basket of food, went in pursuit of him. They crossed the river and followed up the ravine before named, just above which, seated in a cavity of the rock, they found the object of search, *smoking* a pipe and *fasting*; with an apology for a fire, a few brands smoldering in the recess. Mann had very wisely taken with him from home a tinder box and matches, as the chosen place of secretion was infested by *rattle snakes*; and it being usually damp, was a cold place at night even in midsummer. The little nook in which Mann was found by his friends, is a familiar one to *geologists*, who have been there to obtain *strontian*, especially if they ever chanced to be there, as the writer once did, in a very heavy shower. The ravine alluded to, affords the geologist some of the most beautiful deposits of *fossil moss* found in Schoharie county.

When Capt. Mann heard his friends approaching, his fearful apprehension was aroused, but on hearing their familiar voices calling him by name, he readily discovered himself. From his

mountain retreat, he shortly after went to Kneiskern's dorf, several miles further down the river, where he was concealed by friends until fall ; at which time, he surrendered himself to the military authority established in the valley, by which he was transfered to Albany for trial. The following paper will show the time when Capt. Mann became a prisoner.

"SCHOHARIE, *Dec. 8th, 1777.*

GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE—We have taken it upon us to let George Mann come in, by a sufficient bail-bond, which we thought he could not get ; but since he did, we would not affront the people, and took it ; and if you think it not sufficient, let me know it, for I am ready now to act against the *tories* to the utmost point which is in my power, if the other committee are willing to join : if not, I will no longer be a committee man.

"Gentlemen, I beg one favor of you, which is, to give me intelligence in what form we are to act with the *tories* now: so no more at present.

"I remain, sirs,

"Your friend and well wisher,

"JOHANNES BALL."

Capt. Mann Becomes a Good Citizen.—Owing to the influence and respectability of his whig relatives and neighbors, Mann's trial was kept off until the war closed—when, a very liberal policy having been adopted toward those who had committed no very flagrant act, he was set at liberty, and returned home to the bosom of his family and the quiet possession of his property. From the fact that he surrendered himself a prisoner, instead of trying to flee to Canada, there can remain no doubt but that his views had undergone a change in regard to what course he should from the beginning have adopted. He had early been warmly solicited by the friends of royalty, and the most flattering inducements, to advance their cause. But a life of repentance showed his error in judgment to have been of the *head* and not the *heart*—while his firm and willing support ever after of the newly established order of things, fully atoned for his single offense.

From an acquaintance with the descendants and other relatives of Capt. George Mann, I express an opinion without fear

of contradiction, that they are as patriotic and consistent supporters of the federal constitution, as an equal number of men in any part of the American union.

The command of Capt. Mann's company, after his disaffection and disappearance, was given to his lieutenant, Christian Stubrach.

Some individuals in the Schoharie settlements who had been persuaded to accept of kingly protection under McDonald, when the prospects of the colonies looked to them most gloomy, soon after his defeat and hasty flight, found means, in the confusion that ensued, to return home and become the supporters of the federal compact, while others followed his fortunes to Canada to wait the speedy triumph of the British arms, when they expected to return and enjoy not only their own, but the confiscated property of their whig neighbors.

Letters from Colonels Harper and Vrooman, dated August 20, 1777, were received by the Council of Safety, as appears by the journal of that body, and transmitted on the 29th to his Excellency, the Governor, recommending him to provide 500 troops—100 of whom to be riflemen—to protect the frontiers of Albany and Tryon counties: and under the date of August 30th, I found entered upon the council's journal, the following letter:

“SCHOHARIE, *August 28th*, 1777.

“GENTLEMEN—Since we put Capt. McDonald and his army to flight, I proceeded with some volunteers to Harpersfield, where we met many that had been forced by McDonald, and some of them much abused. Many others were in the woods, who were volunteers; and as we could not get hands on those that were active in the matter, I gave orders to all to make their appearance, when called on, at Schoharie, in order to give satisfaction to the authority for what they have done; and if they do not, that they are to be proclaimed traitors to the United States of America; which they readily agreed to, and further declare that they will use their best endeavors to bring in those that have been the cause of the present disturbance. I would, therefore beg the honorable Council of Safety, that they would appoint proper persons to try those people, as

there will be many that can witness to the proceedings of our enemy, and are not in ability to go abroad.

"From your most obedient, humble servant,

"JOHN HARPER, *Colo.*

"P. S. The people here are so confused that they do not know how to proceed. I therefore would beg the favor of your honorable body to appoint such men as are strangers in these parts.

"*To the honorable, the Council of Safety, at Kingston.*"

The above letter was referred to a committee who reported on the same, September 1st, and the council ordered the following letter written to Col. Harper in reply, under that date :

"SIR—Your favor of the 28th of August last, was received and communicated to the council. They congratulate you on the success of our arms in that quarter, which must be doubly grateful to the above inhabitants of Tryon county, whose virtuous exertions have so greatly contributed to it.

"The trial and punishment of those inhuman wretches who have combined with a savage foe to imbrue their hands in the blood of the innocent, demands a speedy attention. But while the council agree with you in the impropriety of removing them to any distance from the witnesses of their guilt, they can not consent, nor indeed are they empowered to institute any new court for the trial of such offences. These wicked parricides, however detestable, are nevertheless, by our free constitution, entitled to the inestimable privilege of a trial by their peers. A court of oyer and terminer will be held in your county (Albany county meant—Col. Harper was then a resident of Tryon county) as soon as the present storm hath a little subsided. In the mean time the public officers of the county will exert themselves to detect, apprehend and secure the rebels.

"You will be pleased to communicate this letter to the committee of Schoharie, and to such other persons as may be concerned in it."

Sequestration.—The following letter directed to "*The Commissioners for Sequestrings for Tryon County,*" and found among the papers of Col. Visscher, one of those commissioners, was from a member of the New York Council of Safety.

KINGSTON, 31st, August, 1777.

"GENT.—The enclosed resolution was thought necessary, that you may have it in your power to remove the women and children to such place (if even it should be to the enemy) as you, with Gen. Gates, may think proper. Should you want anything farther, you will please to let the House know. I wish you health and spirits in these trying times—which we will all get over; and that it may be soon, is the prayer of, Gent, your most hum'e serv't.

"ABM. YATES, Jr."

(The resolution above alluded to)—"*Resolved*, That the commissioners for sequestrating the effects of persons gone over to, or who are with the enemy, be directed immediately to seize the effects of all such of the inhabitants of the counties of Albany and Tryon, as are gone over unto and joined the enemy, and to dispose thereof, agreeably to the resolutions in that case made and provided. That the said commissioners be empowered to remove the wives and children of such disaffected persons aforesaid from their habitations, to such place or places as they shall conceive best for the security of the State. That the said commissioners, if Gen. Gates shall think it advisable, be empowered to send all or any part of the said women and children to their said husbands."

An Order to Remove Tory Families.—Zepheniah Batchelor, Esq., an acting Justice of the Peace at Johnstown during the greater part of the war; executed an order for the removal of a large number of the families of royalists in the settlements around that place at one period of the war, the husbands and heads of which families were then in Canada, in the enemy's service. I have one of his orders for such removal, with the number and ages of children in each. The order was commissioned at an inclement season of the year, and at a later period of the contest. It is amusing to read the constable's memoranda of service, accompanying the names, with the reasons some of the wives gave for non-compliance. Many said they were too poor and could not go so far, while others said "they would not stir a step," as their husbands had illy used them. If a man had been in the habit of abusing his wife, it would seem to be a good reason why a decent woman should not go far on his trail. Not a few of those families are still

represented there ; some of those husbands returning after the war, while others never returned.

The reader is ready to ask, why such a seemingly unfeeling requisition ? There had also been a resolve that no intercourse or fellowship should be kept up between whig and tory families ; and the consequence was, that where the latter lived in isolated or secluded places, the enemy would come down and there find a place of rest, hold an espionage upon the action of the patriots ; not unfrequently, on such occasions, taking back to Canada the scalps of former neighbors. Nor was this all ; many such families were poor and had to be fed by the very men the heads of those families were seeking to destroy. Their sympathy was often rewarded like that of the hunter, who took the frozen snake into his hut and warmed it into life only to be bitten by it.

Prisoners from Schoharie.—On the Council's journal under date of September 5th, I find the following entry :

"The committee, to whom was referred the petition of William Cameron and the other six prisoners brought by Maj. Wynkoop's party from Schoharie, delivered in their report, which was read, amended and agreed to, and is in the words following, to wit : ' That it appears from the said petition of William Cameron and the six prisoners brought with him as aforesaid, that they have, contrary to the resolutions of this State, aided and assisted the enemies thereof, by taking up arms against it, and therefore that they be confined in irons in one of the jail rooms at Kingston.' "

Remarks of Domine Gros.—The above refers to prisoners captured by the cavalry which accompanied Col. Harper to Schoharie. In alluding to this transaction, the Rev. John Daniel Gros, in a work on Moral Philosophy, published about the year 1806, thus observes :

"Neither must it be forgotten that Lieut. Wallace, Wm. Wills and John Harper, who at that time of general distress on our western frontiers, when two hundred royalists and Indians had advanced into the heart of Schoharie, where treachery, assisted by the panic with which the inhabitants had been struck, had almost accomplished a total defection among them, with forty men, collected in a strong brick house (stone house), braved the enemy hindered the defection from taking the in-

tended effect ; and afforded time for succor, by which the whole design of the enemy was defeated, and a valuable part of the frontier preserved."*

On the 13th of August, the same day on which Col. Harper so opportunely led troops to Schoharie, Lt. Col. Schemerhorn proceeded to Norman's kill with a body of Schenectada militia, and forty Rhode Island troops—in all about one hundred men—to root up a tory gathering at that place. The expedition was very successful ; David Springer, a noted royalist, was killed, thirteen of his comrades captured, the remainder dispersed, and confidence again restored, where all was doubt and disaffection, without the loss of a single man on the part of the Americans.—*John J. Schemerhorn, son of Col. S. named in the context.*

Not to Sell to disaffected.—In the fall of this year the following resolution was made public :

"ADVERTISEMENT—This is to give notice to all persons, that the Committee of Schoharie has *Resolved* that nobody shall sell any thing to disaffected persons, and especially to such persons as buy and send it to the Scotch settlements [on the Charlotte and Susquehanna rivers ;] and if any person does it, we shall seize it.

"By order of the committee,

JOHANNES BALI, *Ch'n.*

"SCHOHARIE, *Nov. 24th, 1777.*"

Flour for the Army.—The citizens of Schoharie were engaged in the fall in transporting provisions to the army under Gen. Gates, as the following will show :

"HALF MOON, *18th Oct. 1777.*

"Received of Jacob Cuyler, Esq., D. C. G. of P., (deputy commissary general of provisions) sixty-six barrels and two tierces of flour, containing 131c. 3qr. 8lb.—tare 1471, in seventeen wagons, which I promise to deliver to Dirk Swart, D. B. of P., at Stillwater, having signed two receipts of the same tenor and date.

JOHANNES BALL."

* It cannot now be known whether Domine Gros meant to name Lieut. Wallace as in command of the cavalry corps or not. Either his Wallace or his Wills, was the man, no doubt, who, on the spot, was called Wirt. Newspapers were few at that time, and names of actors on the frontiers seldom found their way into printed reports.

About twenty of Mr. Ball's neighbors were engaged with their teams in conveying the flour mentioned, as appears by another certificate in possession of the writer.

A Reward for Good Deeds.—The following anecdote will serve to show the patriotism of the late patroon, Stephen Van Rensselaer. When the troops under Gen. Gates were opposing Burgoyne near Saratoga, Gen. Ten Broeck, who was the guardian of the patroon, then in his minority, visited some of his nephew's tenants near the Helleberg, and requested them to take all the provisions and grain they could spare, reserving a bare competency for their families, to the American army. Several emptied their granaries, pork-barrels, cattle-stalls and pig-styes, and delivered their effects to the commissary department at Saratoga; not expecting any unusual reward for so doing. Some time after, to their surprise, the young patroon invited those tenants to Albany and presented them with valid titles to their lands. Such was one of the many acts of that good man, distinguished through life for his generosity and benevolence.*

Provisions for Fort Dayton.—Here are two receipts for cash for army stores, delivered by Maj. Jelles Fonda, of Caughnawaga—a commissary in the Mohawk valley—at Fort Dayton, about a month before the Oriskany battle. They are in the hand writing of Maj. Fonda. There are many similar ones extant.

GERMAN FLATS, 1777, *June 5th.*

"Rec'd of Jelles Fonda the sum of ten pounds, nine shillings, in full for 8c. 2qr. 15lb. flour, and riding the same two miles (at the carrying place around the falls), for public use.

"AUGUSTINUS HESS."

"Rec'd German Flats, 1777, June, 5th day, of Jelles Fonda, the sum of two pounds, twelve shillings, in full for twenty-six schep'l (skipple, a German measure, equaling three pecks) potatoes.

"JOHN JOST HARCHYMARE.

Bennington.—When news first reached Schoharie that the

* Frederick Vogel, to whom the facts were communicated after the war, by Frederick Crounse, one of the tenants alluded to in the context.

British had been defeated at Bennington, the tories believed it a falsehood, told to excite their fear.

In the Revolution, that part of Sharon contained in the town of Seward, was called New Dorlach. It was a settlement of twenty-five or thirty families, only four of which, those of Jacob Hynds, William Hynds, Bastian France and William Spurnheyser were active whigs. An old man named Hoffman, who took no part on either side, was, with his whig neighbors, made an object of savage cupidity. When St. Leger was besieging Fort Schuyler, about thirty individuals went from this settlement and united with his forces. When the siege was raised, they would gladly have returned to their homes, but were compelled to go to Canada; only two came back at that time, and they deserted in the night.—*Henry France, son of Bastian France.*

Col. John Harper and his Oquago Prisoners.—Campbell in his *Annals*, gives a romantic story of Col. Harper's surprising and binding a party of Indians, *man for man*. The old veteran, Nicholas Warner, at our interview, pronounced the story very emphatically untrue; since, in all his intimacy with him, during and after the war, he had never heard the story until it appeared in that book, which was so related as to make it incredible. In 1847, I learned from the Hotchkiss family of Harpersfield, who were grandchildren of Col. Harper, and of Col. Wm. Harper, then 80 years old, and who was a stepson of Col. John Harper, a true version of this story. The mother of this Wm. Harper was before marriage, Miss Isabel, a daughter of Robert McKnight, of Tyrone, Ireland. Her first husband, was Joseph Harper, a cousin of Col. John, her second, who resided at Cherry Valley before the war, and probably died there. Not only Warner, but other compatriots of his, failed to recognize the narrative as an event of their time. No given number of men could overpower and bind an equal number of strong men in such a manner as was made to appear in Campbell's narrative. I found with the Hotchkiss family, a record of the Harper family, and learned from the two branches of the family, not a few interesting facts. But here is the story.

Not long after the interview between Gen. Herkimer and Brant, at Unadilla, and before the inhabitants had abandoned the settlement, Col. John Harper, in a citizen's dress, left his

home on horseback to go to Cherry Valley, then a neighboring village, though many miles distant. At this time a Johnston family, and many others of whig proclivities, were residing at Sidney, at the junction of the Unadilla and Susquehanna rivers. As Harper neared the Schenevas creek, in the present town of Decatur, he saw a party of ten Indians approaching, and as he could not well avoid it, he confidently met them. The printed account states that his *regimentals* were concealed by an overcoat; but he would hardly be clad in a military suit traveling alone in the wilderness, where he might reasonably look for a foe. He at once recognized the leader of the party, as Peter, an Oquago chieftain. He met them in a friendly manner, calling them *brothers*, and they, supposing him to be a King's man, were thrown off their guard, and the colonel drew from them the fact, that they were on a secret expedition to destroy the Sidney settlement, and also their intended resting place for the night, a mile or two above the mouth of the Schenevas. Shaking hands with the party, he bade them good-bye.

As soon as he had passed out of their sight, by a detour he hastily returned, secured three men on the Charlotte river, named Bartholomew, and at Harpersfeld, that of his brothers Joseph and Alexander, and other settlers in that neighborhood, until his party was 18 strong. Well armed, and with ropes with which to bind the foemen, they set forward, and before reaching the place sought, the enemy's camp-fire betrayed its locality. They fortunately reached the Indian's camp just before daylight, found them all asleep, secured their arms, and then with eight of their number standing ready with guns at their shoulders to enforce obedience; a man with a rope approached each of the sleepers, and the colonel taking his stand beside the leader, broke the silence of the circle by shouting in his ear: "*Peter! it is time for business men to be up!*" The party all started to their feet, but finding their own arms had been secured, and so many rifles were ready to shoot down the first one who should attempt to escape, they all submitted to be bound without any struggle, and were soon on their march as prisoners, toward Albany. They were taken to Cherry Valley, and from thence, were delivered by Col. Harper, to the authorities of Albany. Soon after daylight, Peter recognized his captor, and exclaimed: "*Ah! Col. Harper, why me not*

know you yesterday?" "There is policy in war, Peter." "O yes, me find em so now."

The account of this affair as published by Mr. Campbell and accredited to the Rev. Mr. Fenn, stated the number of the Indians at 15, and their captors at 15, who each bound his man "after a most severe struggle;" but Col. Wm. Harper, ten years old when the event transpired, gave the number of Indians as ten, and Harper's party 18, which makes the story still a good one as well as plausible and truthful. The Johnston settlement, in the Old England District of Tryon county thus fortunately saved, consisted of a few scotch adventurers, supposed to have been whigs. Outnumbering them as he did, Col. Harper had it in his power to have destroyed every man of this Indian party, but the white man's was not the red man's mode of warfare. Those are believed to have been the first Indian captives made in our Revolutionary contest.

Nicholas Warner Shoots an Indian.—Here is an adventure of Nicholas Warner, of Cobleskill, told the writer in 1847, by Calvin Covell, of Stamford, N. Y., who said he had it from the lips of Mr. Warner. The latter was cutting wheat on his farm with a scythe, in what year is not known, but probably it was early in the war. When he commenced, he left his rifle and canteen of water at a stump, a little distance from which was a log fence. He mowed out some distace from the stump and back to it, and as he did so, his keen eye detected some object between the logs of the fence, which he believed to be the body of an Indian. Raising his canteen to his mouth with his eye still fixed upon the fence, he saw the head of an Indian peer over it and again disappear. As soon as the Indian resumed his former position, Warner lifted his rifle and with his wonted precision, sent a bullet between the logs and crashing through the first object that had arrested his attention. Not knowing but other foes were near by, he made a hasty flight down the valley to a place of security. Going there the next day with a party of friends, the Indian lay behind the fence dead, while his rifle and its ammunition became a lawful prey to the vigilant husbandman.

The Harper Family.—As this was one of the most conspicuous and active in the partisan warfare of western New York in the Revolution, and one of the earliest to locate in Delaware

county ; as I have it at hand, perhaps I should give its genealogy and some of its vicissitudes in a wilderness home ; since that will prove a mirror in many respects to other pioneer homes.

James Harper, the paternal ancestor of this family, came to this country from Kerry county, Ireland, and landed at Casco Bay, in New England, in October, 1720. He married Jennett Lewis, in the land of his nativity, by whom he had five children, Anne, Joseph, William, Sarah and John ; the last named was born in 1705. Anne married James Miller in Ireland ; Joseph married Marran Thompson ; William died in America, unmarried ; Sarah married John Montgomery, and John married Abigail Montgomery. Soon after they arrived at Casco, an Indian war broke out, and the family, except John, removed to Boston ; but he remained three years and eight months, to aid in defence of the country. When discharged from military service, he removed to Hopkinton, Mass., where he married Miss Montgomery, as stated. The bridal knot was tied by Rev. Samuel Barrett, Nov. 8, 1728. Mr. Barrett was pastor of the first church gathered in Hopkinton, 30 miles south of Boston, and was ordained in 1724.

Soon after his marriage, John Harper, from which branch of James Harper's family sprang the settlers of Harpersfield, went to reside at Noddell's Island, near Boston, where his son William was born, Sept. 14, 1729, and was baptized by Rev. Mr. Clarke. After a short residence at this place, Mr. Harper removed to Boston, where the following children were born : James, March 26, 1731 ; Mary, Jan. 23, 1733 ; John, May 31, 1734 ; Margaret, a child that died in her second year, time of birth and death unknown ; and Margaret, born Feb. 7, 1740. These children were all baptized by Rev. John Morehead. From Boston, John Harper removed to Middletown, Ct., in 1741. At the latter place he had three children : Joseph, born Feb. 1, 1742 ; Alexander, date of birth unknown ; and Abigail, July —, 1745. All three were baptized by Rev. William Russell. In 1747 this Harper family removed to Windsor, Ct., where Mirriam, a fifth daughter, was born, and was baptized by Rev. Timothy Edwards. In October, 1754, the family removed from Windsor to Cherry Valley, then Albany Co., N. Y. James Harper died of small-pox, at Cherry Valley,

March 22, 1760; and Abigail, his mother, died of consumption at that place, Dec. 28, 1767, in her 59th year.

Dec. 8, 1769, John Harper, Sr., with his four sons, John, Joseph, William and Alexander, Joseph Harper, Jr., and James Harper, with Andries Rebar, William Galt, Thomas Henry, John Wells, Robert Campbell, James Scott, John Wells, Jr., John Thompson, Robert Thompson, John Thompson, Jr., James Moore, Robert Wells, Timothy McIlvaine, John Rebar and Johannes Walrad, took a patent for 22,000 acres of land in the present county of Delaware. It comprises the township of Harpersfield, and was originally divided into 220 lots of 1,000 acres each. John, who was perhaps the most enterprising of the Harper brothers, went to Harpersfield—so called after him—in July, 1771, with a party of surveyors, and having determined on a permanent settlement, his wife accompanied him to his wilderness tent, with a child only a few months old. She is said to have been the first white woman who set her foot in Harpersfield. Her maiden name, as stated, was Mirriam Thompson, a daughter of James and Janet Thompson, of East Windsor, Ct. In the absence of her husband she selected a site for a dwelling, and a rain storm coming on to interrupt the labor of the surveyors, she got them to erect a log house. It was a small pioneer wigwam, and was located in what is now an apple orchard, on the west side of the road near a brook, and just below the present burying ground—perhaps half a mile southerly from the village church.

John Harper, Jr., who received a Colonel's commission at the beginning of the Revolution, and whom I shall hereafter call Colonel, had framed and nearly completed a dwelling at the time the hirelings of Britain commenced depredations on the frontiers of New York. It stood upon the site of the house since occupied by Jacob Foote. He also built a small grist-mill on the stream known as Harpersfield creek. In the course of two or three years, several other families located in Colonel Harper's vicinity. His brother Alexander, afterwards a Colonel, married Elizabeth Bartholomew, a daughter of an early settler on Charlotte river, and went into the settlement not long after his brother, erecting a small stone house just back of the church site. Other families kept coming in, so that at the outbreak of hostilities a thriving settlement had begun. Among the earliest adventurers

here, were the Thomas, Lamb and Patchin families ; all in a circuit of a couple of miles. David S. Patchin, a descendant of the latter family, was residing, in 1847, where his ancestors located ; and on this place, at the close of the Revolution, Gen. Freegift Patchin erected a small tannery, the first in the township. Stoddard Stevens, Esq., kept a public house on this Patchin place, in 1847 ; on the turnpike, two miles eastward of "The Centre." The Thomas Henry family settled on what was known subsequently as the Hoaglan place. Not long after Col. Harper settled at Harpersfield, this Henry family removed thither from Cherry Valley. William Harper, who was a man of prominence in the war, married Miss Margaret Williams of Albany, April 13, 1760. Rev. J. Ogilvie performed the ceremony. Joseph Harper, subsequent to the war, married Catharine, a daughter of James Douglas of Harpersfield. He was wounded in the Mohawk valley, and drew a pension after the war. Soon after Col. Harper located in Harpersfield, his father removed thither with the members of his family still remaining with him, and died there April 20, 1786, aged nearly 80 years.

A Providential Sleigh Ride.—The settlers of this isolated place, before Col. Harper erected his mill, had to go to Breakabeen, in the Schoharie valley, for their milling ; most of the way by an Indian footpath. The first or second winter of Col. Harper's forest life, the following incident occurred : The snow was deep, the weather piercing cold, and the family were out of provisions. Mrs. Harper had baked the last of her flour, which made but a small loaf ; a scanty meal for so many, but it must, as she believed, serve the family for several days. On entering his dwelling, the Colonel found his children crying and his wife in tears. His sensibilities were severely tested, on being told that his children were "crying for bread." The little loaf, agreeably to his orders, was instantly distributed. Said the Colonel to his distressed wife : "Cheer up ! for Providence will provide food when this is gone." He had intended, early the next morning, to start for the nearest Schoharie settlement, on snow shoes, and return as soon as possible with food. Reader, judge the surprise of the family, if you can, when, a few hours after the last morsel of food had been consumed, two sleighs reined up at the door.

The weather having been severe for some time, the people of

Brakabeen, possibly with a forecast that the Harpers must look for food in that direction, came to the conclusion that the people in the Bush must suffer. Accordingly, on such premises, two sleighs, that they might take turns in breaking a path, were partially laden with provisions and driven into the wilderness. Two neighbors, Hager and Becker, thus opportunely drove to Col. Harper's door. It was too near night to think of recrossing the Jefferson hills until morning, and those "friends in need" were comfortably housed, and the social evening told them how much better it was "to give than to receive." As the reader may well imagine, this timely arrival of food did not lessen the confidence of Col. Harper in Him who feeds the ravens when they cry.

Harpersfield, How Saved From Vandalism.—Nearly all of the Harpersfield settlers took up arms for their country, and foremost among them were the Harper family, the most conspicuous of which was Col. John Harper.

On the 17th of July, 1777, the New York Council of Safety resolved, as before hinted, to raise two companies of rangers for the counties of Tryon, Ulster and Albany, one of which was to be commanded by Col. Harper; and among a series of accompanying resolutions was the following: "*Resolved, That Col. Harper be cautious of making any attack upon the savages, or pursuing any measure that may bring on an Indian war, unless absolutely necessary for the defense of the inhabitants, and rendered unavoidable by previous hostilities committed on their part.*" Thus we see, to the very last, the State authorities tried to avoid a collision with the Indians, who were already in alliance with Britain, and had, in fact commenced their predatory warfare.

How the Harpersfield Settlers Escaped Death or Captivity.—Very soon after Col. Harper captured the party of Oquago Indians on their way to the Johnston settlement; the enemy under Capt. McDonald on its way to the Schoharie settlements, visited Harpersfield, and intended to capture or destroy Col. Harper and his whig neighbors. On account of a severe rain storm, the destructives halted a few miles distant, intending to move forward in the morning. Toward night a friendly Oneida Indian stole away from the enemy's camp, on the plea of hunting, entered the doomed settlement and gave timely warning, by

which they all escaped, hastily abandoning their homes and most of their effects to the incendiary torch. Mrs. Harper, and the smallest of her seven children, were placed upon two horses, and the Colonel with his larger children—the oldest son Archibald, 13 years old—on foot leading the horses—with the rest of the settlers, hurried off in the rain and dampness over the Jefferson hills, to find a safe retreat at Middleburgh. Harpersfield was the next morning effectually sacked and destroyed. The enemy killed an ox owned by Col. Harper, burned his mill and set his house on fire at two diagonal corners, which chanced to have cherry posts and the fire of itself went out, and the house was not burned. Several Scotch families in the neighborhood went with McDonald to Canada.

Col. John Harper's wife died in the Mohawk valley, in 1778, and was buried in Cherry Valley : after the war he married the widow of Joseph Harper, a cousin, as stated, and again resided in Harpersfield. His first wife left at her death, three sons, Archibald, James and John, and four daughters. Margaret, who married Roswell Hotchkiss ; Rebecca, who married Thomas Montgomery ; Ruth, who married Thomas Dunbar, and Mary Ann, who married Benjamin Morse. When married the second time, his wife had seven children, and had two daughters, Abigail and Sally, by this connection. Col. Harper and his last wife, were both buried in Harpersfield ; and of his three active brothers, William died in Milford, Otsego county, and Joseph and Alexander, removed to Harpersfield (so called after them), in Ashtabula county, Ohio, in 1798.* About the year 1850, the Hotchkiss family erected a nice monument some 15 feet high, bearing the following inscriptions :

“Col. John Harper born in Boston, Mass., May 31, 1734, died in Harpersfield, Nov. 20, 1811, at 77 years. Col. Harper was a pioneer settler in the town that now bears his name, before the Revolutionary war, and the gallant leader of a few patriotic spirits in defending the frontier settlers from their savage foes.”

On the opposite side :

“As a memorial of his piety and virtues, as a father and friend and his unfaltering patriotism and bravery in times of

* The little colony at this place suffered incredible hardships for the want of food the first winter, being at one time on an allowance of six kernels of parched corn for each person. For detailed account, see Howes' Historical Collections of Ohio.

trial and peril, his descendants have erected this monument.—

'So sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest.'"

The same family erected another monument with the following mementoes :

"In memory of Hon. Roswell Hotchkiss, who died Dec. 28, 1845, in his 84th year." He was born in Cheshire, Connecticut.

"Margaret, wife of Hon. Roswell Hotchkiss, died Jany. 22, 1845, in her 80th year."

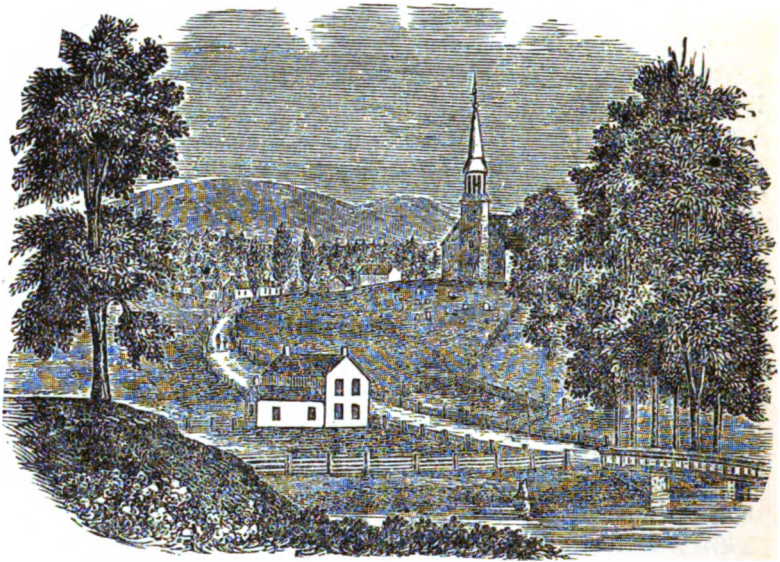
She was a daughter of Col. Harper by his first wife, and was about 12 years old when her own mother died.*

Col. Harper had much to do in the war, with the handling of the Oneidas, who were in the interest of the States, and they became greatly attached to him, and were often his guests in Harpersfield after the war, where they were very kindly treated. Indeed, so great was his regard for them, after they had followed his leadership for years, that he could never bear to hear them called *savages*.—*Miss Sally Hotchkiss*.

The Schoharie Forts.—Three forts were erected in the Schoharie valley in the autumn of 1777, the central being the first one built. It was known during the Revolution as the *Middle Fort*, and stood on the farm long owned by Ralph Manning, about half a mile east of north from the Middleburgh railroad depot. It was constructed by the citizens and soldiers—the former drawing together suitable timber, and the latter, with their aid, giving it a proper place. The two story stone dwelling, owned and occupied by John Becker—the kitchen, a one story wing of which is still standing—was inclosed within the pickets of the fort.

The *Upper Fort*, situated five miles west of south from the middle fort, was commenced in the fall of 1777 and completed the summer following. The one story dwelling of John Feek was there palisaded and stood in the upper end of Vrooman's land, not far from Dr. Valentine Lawyer's. The dwelling was of wood, and no trace of its position remains, as the land has long been cultivated where the building stood. The plow at times discloses relics of the war.

* Many of Col. Harper's papers were lost June 13, 18 8, when a whirlwind passed over a part of Harpersfield, and demolished the dwelling of Judge Hotchkiss. A chest of papers in an upper room were blown away, some of them being afterwards picked up in the town of Summit some miles distant. The hearth-stone in one of the rooms was turned over, and yet the family all escaped with life.—*Miss Sally Hotchkiss*.



Ancient R. D. Church in Schoharie.

This edifice, inclosed by palisades, became known in 1777 as the Lower Schoharie Fort. The bridge seen in the foreground was the one over Foxeacreek, which Col. Harper had to cross while on his way to Albany for assistance. Not far from the base of the steeple now stands the monument erected to the memory of David Williams, one of Maj. Andre's captors.

Old Schoharie Stone Church, Lower Fort, etc.—The Lower fort, situated six miles north of the Middle fort, was begun and completed about the same time as was the Upper fort. The stone church, still standing one mile north of the Court House, was there inclosed within the pickets. The two latter forts were built, as was the former, by the joint labor of citizens and soldiers. The Middle fort was known as "head quarters" during the war, where usually resided the principal commandant of all three, and at which place, the business involving the welfare of the settlement, was generally transacted. This fort consisted of an inclosure by strong pickets of about half an acre of ground, embracing the church, with block-houses in the southwest and northeast corners mounting small cannon. Along the west side of the inclosure, small huts were erected, of rough boards, for the summer residence of the inhabitants in that part of the val-

ley ; with a board roof sloping from near the top of the pickets toward the centre of the yard. Each family which claimed the protection of the small garrison at this place, had such a rude dwelling, in which were deposited their most valuable effects. Near the northeast corner, or in that part of the inclosure toward the burying ground, was a temporary tavern kept by Snyder, a former inn-keeper of that vicinity. This old church edifice, shorn of its graceful steeple is still standing. It was abandoned some years ago as a place of worship ; after which it became a State arsenal. When that was removed, the State gave it to the county of Schoharie, on condition that it should be kept in good repair, which obligation is strictly observed, and I hope will continue to be, until its second centennial shall be celebrated in it, July 4, 1972, as its first was in 1872, when Hon. S. L. Mayham delivered a very befitting oration in the arsenal room of the old building.

Through the perseverance of Dr. Knowler of Schoharie, the remains of David Williams, one of Andre's captors, have been buried near the edifice, shown above, to be known hereafter as the Old Fort—and a befitting monument marks the spot, erected at a cost of \$2,000, by the munificence of the State.

The Middle fort inclosed an area of ground rather larger than that picketed in at the Lower fort, with block-houses in the northeast and southwest corners, where cannon were mounted. The principal entrance was on the south side, and on each side of the gate were arranged the soldiers' barracks. The pickets, as at the fort below, were about a foot through, and rose some ten feet from the ground ; with loop-holes from which to fire on invaders. A brass nine pound cannon was mounted on the southwest block-house, and an iron one at the diagonal corner, each of which, as the block-houses projected, commanded two sides of the inclosure ; while along the eastern and western sides were arranged huts for citizens, similar to those at the Lower fort.

The Upper fort stood on the west side of the river, and as at those on its opposite side, a fair plot of ground was inclosed. One side of this inclosure was picketed in, while on its other sides a breastwork was thrown up of timbers and earth, some eight or ten feet high, and sufficiently thick to admit of drawing a wagon upon its top, with short pickets set in the out-

side timbers of the breastwork. A ditch surrounded the part thus constructed. Military barracks and small log huts were erected within the inclosure, to accommodate the soldiers and citizens. Block-houses and sentry-boxes were built in the northwest and southeast corners, each mounting a small cannon to guard its sides. From its construction, this fortress, probably, better merited the name of "fort" than either of the others.

Siege of Fort Stanwix.—The invasion of New York, as devised in England, contemplated the movement of Burgoyne from Quebec by way of Lake Champlain and Ticonderoga, down the Hudson by Saratoga to Albany; and the descent of Col. Barry St. Ledger from Oswego, to the valley of the Mohawk, who, capturing Fort Stanwix—the reader will pardon me for not calling it Fort Schuyler—and other opposing fortifications in the valley, and desolating and sacking it, was to unite his victorious troops with those of Burgoyne on his route, and with him revel in the luxuries of Albany.

Moving through the Oneida Lake and up Wood Creek, St. Ledger's troops transported their cannon and munitions of war in boats, approaching Fort Stanwix in the latter part of July. Thomas Spencer, called a half-blooded Oneida, an interpreter and great friend of the American cause, was on the alert and notified that frontier post of the enemy's approach, several days in advance of its arrival. The enemy was much delayed on Wood Creek, in removing heavy timber which the Americans had fallen across the stream, which gave Gansevoort's troops several days in which to get the better ready to receive them. The following, is copied from Lieut.-Col. Willet's account of the investiture of the fort. "On Saturday evening Aug. 2d, five battoes arrived with stores for the garrison. About the same time we discovered a number of fires a little better than a mile from the northwest of the fort. The stores were all got safe in, and the troops which were a guard to the bateaux, marched up. [This was part of a Massachusetts regiment under Lieut.-Col. Mellon from Fort Dayton.] The Captain of the bateaux and a few of his men, delaying their time about the boats, were fired on by a party of Indians, which killed one man and wounded two, the Captain himself was taken prisoner.

"Next morning the enemy appeared in the edge of the woods about a mile below the fort, where they took post, in order to

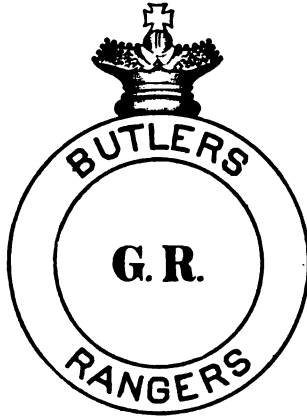
invest it upon that quarter and to cut off the communication with the country from whence they sent in a flag, who told us of their great power, strength and determination, in such a manner as gave us reason to suppose they were not possessed of strength to take the fort. Our answer was, our determination to support it.

"All day on Monday we were much annoyed by a sharp fire of musketry from the Indians and German riflemen [there was a company of the latter with St. Ledger], as our men were obliged to be exposed on the works, killed one man and wounded seven. The day after, the firing was not so heavy, and our men were under better cover; all the damage was one man killed by a rifle ball. This evening [Aug. 4] indicated something in contemplation by the enemy. The Indians were uncommonly noisy, they made most horrid yellings great part of the evening in the woods, hardly a mile from the fort. A few cannon shot were fired among them.

"Wednesday morning there was an unusual silence. We discovered some of the enemy marching along the edge of the woods downwards. About 11 o'clock three men got into the fort, who brought a letter from Gen. Herkimer, of the Tryon county militia, advising us that he was at Eriska [Oriskany], eight miles off, with a part of his militia, and purposed to force his way to the fort for our relief. In order to render him what service we could, it was agreed that I should make a sally from the fort with 250 men, consisting of one-half Gansevoort's and one-half Massachusetts ditto, and one field piece—an iron three pounder."

The arrival of supplies and troops on the evening of the 2d, was most timely, and possibly saved the garrison from dire consequences. The obstructions on Wood creek caused the enemy a fortunate delay for the garrison. Col. Gansevoort and Lieut.-Col. Willet seem to have been the two right men in the right place. Lieut.-Col. Mellon may have been equally courageous, but probably less familiar with Indian warfare. The garrison consisted of 750 men, and St. Ledger led to its investment, an army of 1700, consisting of 700 British and German soldiers, including the *loyal* regiments of Colonels John Butler and Sir John Johnson, in command of the latter officer, and 1000 Indians under the immediate command of Capt. Joseph Brant.

The troops under Col. Johnson, were principally refugees from the frontiers of New York, and were designated as Johnson's Greens, from the color of their coats, and Butler's Rangers—enlisted especially for scouting or frontier service. Here is a figure of a cockade or small brass plate plowed up in Otsego county some years ago, an emblem worn upon the hat to distinguish Butler's from other Canadian troops.



August 3d, soon after the arrival of St. Ledger at Fort Stanwix he issued a proclamation threatening terrible vengeance upon all who did not readily submit to his authority ; but Col. Gansevoort took no notice of the paper, except to strengthen his position by all possible means. His approach had been heralded, and the tocsin of alarm sounded in the valley below, which completely aroused the citizens of Tryon county, and fired every patriotic heart. A call from Gen. Herkimer for the assembling of the militia, soon brought together at Fort Dayton from their widely separated homes, nearly 800 good men, and true, in fact the very elite of the county's reliable manhood. And as we may infer, the greater number of its four organized regiments of militia, and a portion of its battalion of "Minute Men," if that body of troops had actually been organized in the county, which it is believed had not been. When suggested nearly four weeks after, the other regiments were formed, George Herkimer was appointed its Colonel, and Samuel Campbell its Lieut.-Col. Some changes were effected in the command of the Tryon county militia in the next two years, but just what they were, in the absence of muster rolls, cannot be satisfactorily determined. Of the *first* Canajoharie regiment, when organized in August 1775, Nicholas Herkimer was its Colonel, and Ebenezer Cox, its Lieut.-Col. When Col. Herkimer was promoted to Brigadier-General, Cox became Colonel of the regiment. Mr. Campbell in his *Tryon County*, page 100, says that Lieut.-Col. Campbell and Maj. Clyde, on whom the command of this regi-

ment devolved, brought it off from the Oriskany battle field. He has also given me to understand, that Lieut.-Col. Campbell had previously been transferred from the field staff of the probably unformed regiment of "Minute Men," to that of Col. Cox. On the organization of the regiment, Clyde was appointed Captain of its first company. September 5, 1776, he was commissioned second Major of the regiment of Col. Cox; William Seeber, being its first Major, and thus were they situated at Oriskany, where Seeber was wounded in the back and died at his residence, 126 days after, near Fort Plain. We suppose that the other shattered regiments were cared for by their surviving superior officers, on this eventful day.

On his arrival at Fort Stanwix, St. Ledger mounted his handful of small cannon—mere pop-guns for the purpose—and began the siege, surprised that its command was not at once surrendered to him, as he had all the way from Canada anticipated it would be. In the meantime, Gen. Herkimer having assembled what troops he could, moved forward, from Fort Dayton, to succor the fort. On the evening of Aug. 5th, Herkimer encamped at Whitestown. He had sent a message to Col. Gansevoort, that he was on his way for his relief, and being near enough to hear a signal (within six miles), he would move forward on the morning of the 6th, when signaled by three cannon shots at the fort. The messengers had been delayed, the signal had not been given; but at this juncture Col. Cox and several other officers urged an *immediate* advance. In vain did their prudent commander urge the necessity of observing caution and less haste. In their blind zeal to break the restraint which held them, several of the boldest wisecracks told the general that some of his near relatives were in the camp of the enemy, and that he ought to be there too. Indeed, they went so far as to call him a *coward* to his face. In vain did he attempt to reason with his accusers; in vain did he urge them to await the expected signal at the fort, which would promise a concert of action. The prudent counsels of the brave DeKalb in the southern expedition, in which he fell, to Gen. Gates, whose northern laurels were so soon to become southern willows; were regarded with the same favor as were those of the generous hearted Herkimer, who said, as did the former: "March on, a few hours will tell us which are the brave!"

The army of Gen. Herkimer advanced, but not as some have stated, without even a flank guard.* At the fatal Oriskany grounds, over a marshy ravine a dozen rods in width, a wagon road had been previously constructed upon a narrow, winding causeway: such as we call a "corduroy road." A number of those timbers were yet in place at the time of the centennial celebration of the battle. The enemy were apprised on the 5th of Aug.† of Herkimer's movement, and he possibly had reason to expect his path would be obstructed, but that he was apprised of the ambuscade I cannot believe. About 10 o'clock, A. M., when the baggage wagons were on the causeway, the enemy, who was concealed on both sides of the advancing column by a dense forest, closed around it, opening upon it a most deadly fire, amidst the horried yells of a thousand savage throats. The regiment of Col. Visscher was in the rear of the baggage wagons, which, unfortunately, tended to prevent their crowding over the causeway to join Herkimer, only two or three companies, Capt. Jacob Gardiner's and Capt. John Davis', certainly, effecting the desirable result: the remainder of the regiment being taken at great disadvantage, was either slain or driven back, by overpowering numbers, down the river.

Who made up this army of concealed foes? It seems to be a well established fact that Sir John Johnson was in command of the forces in this enterprise, assisted by Colonels Butler and Claus, and Captain Brant. The white officers were in command of the white troops, consisting mainly of Johnson's, Greens and Butlers Rangers, 400 or 500 in number; while under Brant's direction were nearly 1,000 Indian warriors—the latter foemen to be dreaded at all times, and especially so in this civil war. After the repulse and retreat of Col. Visscher's men, the enemy numbered nearly two to one of Herkimer's command. As the Seneca warriors were there represented in much greater numbers than were either of the other three warring nations, it is reasonable to conclude that, although no history has mentioned the fact, the three distinguished chiefs of the nation,

* Conrad Mowers, who was in the battle, with two brothers, assured a friend of the writer that three of that guard, in advance of the column, were cut off and slain or captured.

† The invaders at Fort Stanwix were notified of Gen. Herkimer's advance up the valley, by Molly Brant. See address of Samuel Earl, Esq., delivered at the centennial gathering, at Oriskany, Aug. 6, 1877.

Kayingwaurto, Cornplanter and Red Jacket * were there also, to lead on their braves.

This was one of the most severely contested battles, and one

**The Bones of Red Jacket.* - This distinguished warrior was a Seneca Chief, and was born near Buffalo, N. Y., in 1751. In the Revolution he fought under the British standard, and was one of the most active and daring men of his nation. At the council held at Fort Stanwix in 1784, at which were assembled the principal chiefs of the Six Nations, to meet the commissioners appointed by the General Government for that especial purpose, with whom were Gov. George Clinton, General Lafayette and many other noted men of that day, Red Jacket made an eloquent speech, in behalf of his people, against the sale of their lands, which our country was willing to buy, although she could claim them under the plea of conquest. The sale of the lands of which they claimed an ownership, was, however, made, and a treaty of peace and amity was ratified. The lands of the Oneidas and Tuscaroras, who had rendered services in our interest or remained neutral during the contest, were made an exception in the transfer, and their rights were secured to them.

Red Jacket possessed native talents of a high order, and had also learned wisdom in the school of experience, and when our next war came on with England, he was arrayed for active service under our stars and stripes, although then over 60 years of age, and in an action near Lake George, Aug. 13, 1812, he distinguished himself for his bravery and noble daring. In the latter part of his life, however, his love of liquor so increased as greatly to impair his manhood; as was the case with many of the most celebrated Indians of his time—Cornplanter being a noted exception—and he died a drunkard, January 20, 1820, at the age of 79 years. He was interred among the dead of his nation, in the burying ground at the Buffalo Creek Reservation.

Hugh Cameron, Esq., a member of the Lacrosse, Wisconsin, bar, a native of Livingston county, who read law in Buffalo, assured the writer, in an interview at Rochester, that in the year 1850, three Indians came into his office at the latter place, in a somewhat excited condition, to seek his counsel. The one was Moses Stephenson, for whom he had before transacted some business, and the others were familiarly known as the "Two Guns"—step sons of Red Jacket. Neither of the two latter could speak English, and, as their comrade could, he did the talking. Divining from their countenances that they considered their visit one of some consequence, Mr. Cameron asked Moses the nature of his errand.

Straitening up with no little assumed dignity, he replied, "That crazy lumberman Hotchkiss Copeway, an educated Chippewa, has desecrated the grave of Red Jacket and stolen his bones; hoping to illustrate the subject of his lectures with the skull of the great chieftain, we have come to see how we can by law get possession of those bones."

He was told what process of law would restore them to his kindred by replevin, and Moses carefully translated to his comrades his question and its answer, and they all looked serious and disappointed.

"Moses," asked Mr. Cameron, "do you know where those bones now are?"

"Yes," he replied, "they are stored in a building in Front street, in Buffalo."

"Then," said their adviser, "you had better not wait for a process of law, but get possession of them by force, in as quiet a manner as possible." Moses interpreted this to his comrades, and all three gave an approving guttural grunt.

Moses next inquired how they should proceed to obtain such possession,

Said Mr. Cameron: "Go as quietly as possible and get into the building, and if necessary, break open the door to do it, and when the skeleton is obtained, be out of town with it as quickly as possible."

This last advice having been interpreted to the Two Guns, all three of the Indians gave a very loud grunt of approval, with a look of very serious earnestness, and away they went. They lost no time in forcing an entrance into the building, got their coveted treasure, and with it hastened their steps to the Cattaraugus Reservation, where, it is believed, the bones are still in the keeping of some of Red Jacket's descendants.

of the most important in its results of any fought during the whole war. Here the whigs of Tryon county met their (but recently) tory neighbors in deadly strife ; nor was this the worst feature in the conflict, for here were relatives of close affinity, and life-long friends, now separated politically, warring with the fury of demons for the mastery — the one party to protect their families and homes from threatened destruction ; the other, maddened by having been compelled to leave their homes, although from their own choice of sides in this new game of chance, now determined to chastise and subjugate their former neighbors, and possess, as they yet believed they would, their farms, confiscated for their benefit. There was also a class of adventurers, many of whom single men, in the corps of Johnson and Butler, who were induced to go to Canada, with the assurance that their reward would certainly be a good, well cultivated, farm. Such was the individual outlook of the contest, while on its result seemed to hang the possible success of Burgoyne's mission, and the future progress of the war.

The Battle.—Let us take a birds-eye view of this American victory, purchased at so great a price of gore and death. Who was Gen. Herkimer, their commander ? I answer without fear of just contradiction, he was—in that defile—the right man in the right place. Years before, he had seen service under Sir William Johnson, and was familiar with the Indian mode of warfare ; and although not as well versed in military tactics as one whose life had been spent in a military camp ; yet for determined bravery, for coolness in danger, and for a common sense view of surrounding circumstances, there was no man his rival, if indeed, his peer, in the whole brigade. Early in that terrific onslaught, a musket ball shattered his leg and killed his horse. Evincing little concern for his own personal safety, he had his saddle placed at the roots of a tree against which he could lean, and there he gave his orders which put his men in the best attitude for defense, as he would have done if seated where danger did not fill the very atmosphere. Like most men of German blood, he was fond of smoking, and taking from his pocket a tinder-box, with his pocket knife and a flint arrow head carried for that purpose, he lighted his pipe and indulged this favorite pastime, while issuing necessary commands. When it was suggested to him to be removed to a place of less danger,

he replied in true Spartan courage : " *No, I will here face the enemy !* "

In the early part of the action the Indians seemed to do the most of the fighting ; the reason for their being seen the most, was, first because of their great preponderance over their white allies, and another their cupidity to obtain scalps, and for them a reward ; which caused some of them to expose their persons to the unerring ball of an American rifle. Col. Stone's *Life of Brant*, vol. 1, page 227, says that St. Ledger did not pay for American scalps. I have understood that all of the English officers were opposed to this nefarious practice, but it was extensively done, and Col. John Butler was the Canadian agent for doing it. Discovering that when one of his men, as they stood singly behind trees discharging his gun, an Indian would run up and kill him with a tomahawk before he could reload ; the commander ordered two men to a tree, one to shoot the exposed Indian while running as he expected, easily to secure a scalp. This ruse soon taught the Indians better manners, and placed that part of their occupation with Othello's. When the Indians seemed to be getting the worst of the fight, Capt. Stephen Watts, a spirited young officer and brother-in-law of Sir John Johnson, and who commanded a company in his regiment, brought up a reinforcement of Johnson's Greens.* The very sight of these Tryon county loyalists—so well known and remembered by the patriotic defenders of the soil—fired their blood to fever heat ; and such a hand to hand fight ensued as was never recorded in American civilized warfare. Yes, at sight of those *green* coats, Herkimer's men not only fired upon them, but without waiting under the temporary shelter of trees to reload their rifles, they rushed upon them with bayonets and clubbed muskets—in some instances to close a death struggle, knife in hand. In this, and similar melees between the Provincials and the *Greens* and Butler's *Rangers*, many fell on both sides. The former had formed themselves into circles the better to resist their foes, and were repelling their attacks with unflinching firmness ; when, after the battle had raged for an hour, the sky became overcast, the artillery of heaven began to play, a terrible rain storm followed, and for the next hour the fight ceased—the enemy withdrawing from the field.

* Campbell's *Annals*, p. 80.

During the suspension of hostilities, both parties so far as they could, laid their plans for an improved deal, when the conflict should be renewed. The Americans embraced the opportunity to select a position on better ground; and again the battle opened by the near approach of the stealthy Indian, but the coolness of the Americans made him cautious. On the re-appearance of the *Greens* and *Rangers*, terrible fighting again ensued, and after it had waged with alternate success for a time, the preconcerted signal of three guns came booming down the valley—proving that Lieut. John Demoot, Adam Helmer, and another person, messengers sent by Herkimer, had by a wide circuit reached the fort in safety. The Americans well knew what it meant, and when they heard it followed by other reports, they could imagine what scene was being enacted at the enemy's camp. Sir John's forces also augured that it meant no good for them; but whether it was from an arrival of troops from Gen. Schuyler's army or a sally from the fort, they could not determine. They however made it a pretext for a *ruse*, and in the disguise of American *hats*, a body of the loyal troops coming from the direction of the fort rushed up to the circle of the Provincials without firing, under the pretence of being friends. Capt. Jacob Gardinier, of Visscher's regiment, one of the most efficient men on the ground, was the first to detect the stratagem. To Lieut. Jacob Sammons, of Capt. John Davis' company, who thought them friends, said Gardinier: *not so, don't you see them green coats?* They were hailed by Capt. G., just at which moment one of his own men seeing a friend as he supposed approaching, sprang forward and proffered his hand; which was grasped and he was drawn into the advancing corps a prisoner. He did not yield without a struggle, however, and his Captain watching the movement sprang forward and with a spontoon dealt a fatal blow to the captor which liberated his man.*

Instantly the Captain was set upon by several of the foe, one of whom he slew, wounding another. Three of the *Greens* now sprang upon and threw him down, and held him there, pinioned by

* Stone's Brant, vol. 1, pp. 238, 39. The writer was well acquainted with William Gardinier, to whom this narrative is accredited, as also with Martin, a son of Capt. Gardinier; and with Rynier, a son of Capt. Gardinier's brother Samuel, who too, was severely wounded at Oriskany, from which he recovered. They corroborated the statement of Col. Stone, relating other incidents of the battle.

a bayonet through each thigh, while the third attempted to thrust a bayonet into his breast. This bayonet he seized and jerked its owner down upon his body, where he held him as a protection, until Adam Miller, one of his own men, came to his rescue and, with a clubbed musket, brained one of the assailants who held him down. The other two now turned upon Miller, when the Captain, partly rising, snatched his spear and quick as thought planted it in the body of his last assailant, who fell and expired. He proved to be Capt. McDonald of Johnson's Greens, and is believed to have been the invader of the Schoharie settlements a short time before. In one of those terrible hand to hand fights, Capt. Watts was dreadfully wounded and became a prisoner, and Captains Hare and Wilson, of Johnson's Greens, were killed.

In another of those fearful onslaughts, as is correctly mentioned by Col. Stone and corroborated to the writer, three of Johnson's Greens attempted to capture Capt. Andrew Dillenbeck.* He had said just before, to his friends, that he would not be made a prisoner by his old neighbors, and he was not. One of them seized his gun, but he wrenched it from his grasp, clubbed it, and felled him to the ground. The gun chanced to be loaded, and with it he shot the second and thrust the third through with a bayonet; but, in the moment of his victory, another of the enemy shot him down and he immediately expired. Like Captain Gardinier, and Col. Cox, and many others there engaged, he was a strong and powerful man, with an iron frame—rendered such by hardships from childhood. As the reader may well suppose, such men could not be conquered.

But, as already stated, in the midst of these desperate struggles for the mastery, the sound of cannon came booming down the valley. The Indians were the first to take the hint that their presence was needed at the camp, and witnessing the indomitable courage of the Provincials, and smarting for their own losses, they were the first to show the white feather, and shouting the significant "*Oonah! Oonah!*" responded in every direction—a word which indicated a retreat—they nearly all

* Capt. Dillenbeck, a native of Palatine, married a Miss Fink, by whom he had one son, a namesake. The Capt. was about 25 years old at the time of his death. Capt. John Zielley married Capt. Dillenbeck's widow for his second wife, by whom he had a daughter who married Adam Vrooman. Andrew Dillenbeck, jr., had two sons, John and Andrew, who, in 1880, were still living.

precipitately fled, amid the shouts of the Americans, and a shower of bullets where exposed. As the firing at the fort continued, the dismayed Refugees, with a silent *peccavie*, soon followed their allies, stealing away and leaving Herkimer's men victors of the battle field. It was a glorious triumph, but alas! at what a fearful cost: it threw the whole valley into mourning.

While the Americans are collecting their wounded (for they could not linger to collect their widely scattered dead and bury them), and preparing litters on which to bear them from the field—it is our opinion that if any of the baggage wagons could have been turned homeward for use, the enemy had removed or killed all the horses—let us follow the vanquished to their own camp, and see what is enacting there.

The Sortie.—As the most authentic account of it, I shall give that of Col. Willet, written at the time and published in the *Connecticut Courant*, Aug. 25, 1777. The message of Gen. Herkimer explained, at the fort, the cause of commotion, followed by silence in the Indians' encampment the evening before, in the supposition that the enemy must have had timely notice of the movement of the militia and gone to meet them, and as soon as the shower was over, says the heroic Willet, whose sallying force, as already stated, consisted of 250 men, one half of Gansevoort's and the other of Massachusetts troops, having one three pounder cannon.

"The men were instantly paraded, and I ordered the following disposition to be made: (Here follows the arrangement of his troops and plan of march.) Nothing could be more fortunate than this enterprise. We totally routed two of the enemy's encampments, destroyed all the provisions that were in them, brought off upwards of 50 brass kettles and more than 100 blankets (two articles which were much needed), with a quantity of muskets, tomahawks, spears, ammunition, clothing, deerskins, a variety of Indian affairs and five colors—the whole of which, on our return to the fort, were displayed on our flag-staff under the Continental flag.*

"The Indians took chiefly to the woods [there could not have

* Having learned what flag the American Congress had agreed upon, one was made by the inmates of this fort, by the use of white shirts and a blue and red cloak, which was the first genuine banner of red, white and blue that ever floated from a garrison in the Mohawk valley.

been a great number yet at the camp], the rest of the troops, then at their posts, to the river. The number of men lost by the enemy is uncertain ; six lay dead in their encampments, two of which were Indians ; several scattered about in the woods ; but their greatest loss appeared to be in crossing the river, and no inconsiderable number upon the opposite shore. I was happy in preventing the men from scalping even the Indians, being desirous, if possible, to teach Indians humanity ; but the men were much better employed, and kept in excellent order. We were out so long that a number of British regulars, accompanied by what Indians, etc., could be rallied, had marched down to a thicket on the other side of the river, about 50 yards from the road we were to cross on our return. Near this place, I had ordered the field piece. The ambush was not quite formed when we discovered them, and gave them a well directed fire. Here, especially, Maj. Bedlow, with his field piece, did considerable execution. Here also, the enemy were annoyed by the fire of several cannon from the fort, as they marched round to form the ambuscade. The enemy's fire was very wild, and though we were much exposed, did no execution at all. We brought in four prisoners, three of which were wounded. One of them is Mr. George Singleton, of Montreal. He is Lieutenant in the company of which Mr. Stephen Watts was Captain, and who was himself killed in the battle with the militia, about two hours before. [He was dreadfully wounded, but survived as will be shown.]

"From these prisoners we received the first accounts of Gen. Herkimer's militia being ambuscaded on their march, and of the severe battle they had with them about two hours before, [before the rain], which gave us reason to think they had for the present given up their design of marching to the fort. I should not do justice to the officers and soldiers who were with me on this enterprise, if I was not, in most positive terms, to assure their countrymen that they, in general, behaved with the greatest gallantry on this occasion ; and, next to the very kind and signal interposition of Divine Providence, which was powerfully manifested in their favor, it was undoubtedly owing to that noble intrepidity which discovered itself in this attack, and struck the enemy with such a panic as disabled them from taking pains to direct their fire, *that we had not one man killed*

or wounded. The officers in general, behaved so well, that it is hardly right to mention the names of any particular ones, for their singular valor. But, so remarkably intrepid was Capt. Van Bescoten [he commanded the advance guard of 30 men], and so rapid was his attack, that it demands from me this particular testimony of his extraordinary spirit."

Among the effects taken from the enemy's camp, were several bundles of papers and letters, which had been taken from Gen. Herkimer's baggage wagons a few hours before, not yet opened, one of which was for Col. Willet. There were also papers of Sir John Johnson, St. Ledger and other officers of the enemy's camp, some of which were of service. On the next day, the enemy fired a few cannon shot from a battery, half a mile distant; and on Friday the 8th, they threw some shells which did no execution. On the evening of this day they sent in a flag by their Adjutant-General, Capt. Armstrong, Col. Butler and a Surgeon, the latter to examine Singleton's wounds. The messengers came, as they said, to acquaint Col. Gansevoort that Gen. St. Ledger—he was acting as Brigadier, and so he called him—with much difficulty had prevailed on the Indians to agree, that if the garrison would surrender, not a hair of their heads should be touched; but if not, the consequence to the inmates would be terrible, as the Indians were very wroth at having some of their chiefs killed in the late action; and also, that if not surrendered, the Indians would go down the valley and destroy its inhabitants. They also brought a paper which Col. Bellinger and Major Frey were compelled, by St. Ledger, to execute, exaggerating the disaster of the Provincials and advising the surrender of the fort. That this paper was executed under duress, the officers of the garrison had no doubt. Says Willet: "Our answer was, that should this be the case, the blood of those inhabitants would be upon the heads of Mr. Butler and his employers, not upon us, and that such proceedings would ever remain a stigma upon the name of Britain; but for our part we were determined to defend the fort."

"That evening, it was agreed by the field officers, that I should undertake, with Lieut. Stockwell—who is a good woodsman—to endeavor to get down into the country, and procure such force as would extirpate the miscreant band. After a severe march of about 50 miles through the wilderness, we in

safety arrived at this place ;" not named but meaning Fort Dayton. This was a most hazardous enterprise.

Again in that bloody ravine, among fallen heroes, we left the Oriskany battle-field to notice the sortie of Col. Willet at Fort Stanwix, and now return to it. The enemy precipitately retired from the field and left the Provincials masters of it, about 3 o'clock P. M. The decimated regiments were by their surviving commanders, so far as practicable, hastily reorganized ; and the wounded having been placed upon rude litters, the troops took up their mournful retrograde march, and encamped that night on the site of old Fort Schuyler—now Utica, eight miles from the battle-field. To this point, Gen. Herkimer and Capt. Jacob Seeber, and possibly one or two others of the wounded, were taken down the river in a boat to Fort Herkimer. At this place, Capt. Seeber was left with a broken leg, which was amputated, and he bled to death. Gen. Herkimer was taken on to his home below Little Falls—probably in a boat to the head of the rapid. By whom the troops were mainly directed in their reorganization and retrograde movement is uncertain.

Judge W. W. Campbell has assured the writer, that previous to this battle, Samuel Campbell had been appointed its Lieut.-Colonel, on the promotion of Herkimer to Brigadier, and Cox to a Colonelcy ; and it is easy to see why Lieut.-Col. Campbell, and Major Clyde who was its Major, should have cared for that shattered regiment in its withdrawal from the battle-field, as stated in his *Annals of Tryon County*. Lieut. Jacob Sammons who was in the battle, and who named the principal officers of the different regiments killed and wounded, says : " that Col. Cox and his Lieut.-Col. Hunt, were both killed.* I have no ambition to serve which would in any manner induce me knowingly, to detract from the merits of any one living or dead, but I would fain as a careful investigator, do justice, so far as is in my power, to the actions and motives of all men ; and where I see disagreements in histories, reconcile them if I can. On the authority Judge Campbell, in a communication to the *Utica Herald* of July 27, 1877, Hon. Ellis H. Roberts, in his admir-

* Stone's *Life of Brant*, vol. 1, p. 242, Munsell's edition. There was a Lieut. Abel Hunt in Col. Visscher's regiment, and it is probable he was the man killed, and the word colonel with the wrong regiment crept in by accident.

able address, delivered a few days later at the Oriskany Centennial Celebration,* stated that Lieut.-Col. Campbell, of Col. Cox's regiment, after the death of Col. Cox, and wounding of Gen. Herkimer, as the *senior officer*, brought off the remnant of the force—meaning the whole force, etc., in good order to Fort Dayton. How he could possibly have been considered the *senior* surviving officer, seems surprising, when Colonels Peter Bellinger and Jacob Klock were there and certainly outranked him; and Lieut. Col. Peter Wagner,† too, was there, whose commission is believed to have ante-dated that of Lieut.-Col. Campbell. That these Colonels should all have acquiesced—when it is known how tenacious military men are of *rank*—in yielding or delegating their commands or authority to another, is *possible*, but hardly seems probable. The presumption is, that all the surviving officers of the brigade discharged their respective duties at this time, as best they could; as did also officers without commands of their own, if any such were there engaged.‡

The question now meets us, what were the losses in this terrible fight? They never were very satisfactorily known, and can now only be approximated. It has generally been estimated

* See vol. of New York Centennial Celebrations, p. 88.

† Oct. 20, 1881, under the auspices of the Oneida Historical Society, the remains of Lieut. Col. Peter Wagner and his son Peter, a soldier of the Revolution and a Colonel of Militia after the war, were removed from a farm-burial, and after befitting ceremonies at the Reformed church, were interred in the Fort Plain cemetery, under a military escort and band from Utica. Addresses were made by J. R. Simms as chairman of committee, Rev. Dr. Denis Wortman, J. F. Seymour, Peter G. Webster and Chas. W. Hutchinson—the latter being the principal speaker. The Rev. Dr. Isaac S. Hartley of Utica, and Rev. Dr. G. L. Roof of Troy, also took part in the ceremony, the latter making a very happy impromptu speech. The quartette choir of that church, with its organist, J. K. Burnett, discoursed very appropriate music for the occasion.

‡ After the battle of Oriskany and death of Gen. Herkimer, many of the officers of the brigade wanted Maj. Clyde to consent to accept the office of Brigadier-General, whose appointment they would solicit. To this he would not accede, as other officers in the brigade out-ranked him, and he would not countenance an act that would originate jealousies, however well merited the honors might be, or flattering to his ambition. It has ever surprised the student, that Gen. Herkimer's place remained unfilled during the war. That the eye of the army was fixed upon Maj. Clyde, for this honorable promotion, is not surprising when we come to know that of all men in that bloody ravine, no one better knew his duty or acquitted himself more valiantly than he. He was in the thickest of the fight, and in a hand encounter was knocked down by the breech of a gun; while at another time he shot an officer, whose musket he brought from the field to become an heir-loom in his family. Besides Gen. Herkimer slain, and Brigade Inspector Maj. John Frey a prisoner, he is believed to have been the only man at Oriskany who ranked as high as a captain in the French war, which doubtless ad something to do with the confidence now reposed in him.—*Clyde Manuscript Papers*.

that about 800 men left Fort Dayton under Gen. Herkimer. The brigade, when organized with four battalions, consisted of 33 companies. Some changes must have occurred, and it is probable that only a small part of some of those companies were there. Probably six of the eight companies of Col. Visscher's regiment were forced out of the fight, but their loss was quite severe. Dr. Thacher, one of the earliest American writers on this subject, in his *Military Journal*, at page 89, says 160 of Herkimer's men were killed, besides a great many wounded. Paul Allen, an early and careful historian of the Revolution, vol. 2, 38, makes the Provincial loss 160 in killed and wounded. Allen also says that Sir John Johnson commanded the enemy in this battle. I think it safe to estimate the entire American loss, in killed, wounded and missing at 200. Some of the latter, who were made prisoners with the promise of kind treatment, were afterwards cruelly murdered by the Indians: in some instances even urged and encouraged to do it, by the refugee officers, who acted like demons toward their former patriotic neighbors. It is generally believed by American writers, that the loss of the enemy in the battle and in Willet's sortie at the fort—which were in fact as denominated by Roberts, "Siamese twins"—was fully equal in killed and wounded, to that of the Americans.

The Indians were thrust forward early, and suffered terribly in this battle. The Senecas alone are said to have had, in killed and wounded, over 60; while it is also well known that the Mohawks and many men of the other tribes engaged, suffered quite as severely. Johnson's and Butler's men had also had fighting enough for one day, as they left scores of their distinguishing garments around the dead bodies of Captains McDonald, Wilson and Hare, and hastily fled from the field. This was bruited by the enemy as an English victory, with 400 rebels slain, and so little loss as to be hardly worth mentioning.

The great loss of the Indians has been made a pretext by English writers, to justify the cruelties inflicted by the Indians on their prisoners; and long did they remember the crimson field of Oriskany. Says the Life of Mary Jemison, (the white woman), page 88: "Previous to the battle at Fort Stanwix, the British sent for the Indians (Senecas) to come and see them whip the rebels; and at the same time stated that they did not wish to have them fight, but wanted to have them just sit down,

smoke their pipes and look on. Our Indians went to a man, but contrary to their expectation, instead of smoking and looking on, they were obliged to fight for their lives, and in the end were completely beaten, with a great loss in killed and wounded. Our Indians alone had 36 killed and a great number wounded. Our town (Little Beard's Town) exhibited a scene of real sorrow and distress, when our warriors returned and recounted their misfortunes, and stated the real loss they had sustained in the engagement. The mourning was excessive, and was expressed by the most doleful yells, shrieks, and howlings, and by inimitable gesticulations."

Conspicuous among the enemy's fallen chiefs was Capt. Watts, already mentioned. He was a promising young man, was dreadfully wounded, and was left by the Americans, supposing if yet alive his friends might find him before night. He was reported among the slain at his own camp, but on the second day after the battle he was discovered alive by some of the enemy's vultures that were seeking plunder, borne to the camp, and, minus a leg, recovered and lived to be old. Where left by the Provincials will be shown elsewhere.

The most reliable statement preserved of the names and character of the Provincial officers lost in this battle, is in a manuscript left by Lieut. Jacob Sammons, which was first published by Col. Stone in the *Life of Brant*. It was as follows :

"The officers of the Tryon county militia killed or wounded in this battle were as follows : In Col. Frederick Visscher's regiment, Captains John Davis and Samuel Pettingill, killed ; Major Blauvelt and Lieut. Peter Groat, taken prisoners, and never heard of afterward ; Capt. Jacob Gardinier, and his brother Lieut. Samuel Gardinier, wounded. In Col. Jacob Klock's regiment, Maj. John Eisenlord, Maj. Harmanus Van Slyke, and Capt. Andrew Dillenbeck, killed ; Captains Christopher Fox and John Bradley, wounded ; Brigade Maj. John Frey, wounded and taken prisoner. In Col. Peter Bellinger's regiment, Maj. Enos Klepsattle, Capt. Frederick Helmer, and Lieut. Han Jost Petrie, killed ; Lieut.-Col. Frederick Bellinger and Henry Walradt, taken prisoners. In Col. Ebenezer Cox's regiment, Col. Cox and Lieut.-Col. Hunt* were killed ; Captains

* On the organization of the militia in 1775, in the company of Capt. Abram Hodges, Col. Visscher's regiment, the second Lieut. was Abel Hunt. As he was then the only

Henry Diefendorf, Robert Crouse and Jacob Bowman, killed, Maj. William Seeber mortally wounded. [Robert Crouse was not an officer, although he had been tendered a Lieutenant's commission: he is mentioned elsewhere.] The surgeon, Dr. Moses Younglove, was taken prisoner. Among the volunteers not belonging in the militia, who were killed, were Isaac Paris (then a member of the Legislature), Samuel Billington, John Dygert and Jacob Snell, members of the Committee of Safety. [The volunteers are believed to have been Palatine men, and in Col. Klock's regiment.] There was likewise a Captain Graves who fell, but to which regiment he belonged, the author has not ascertained."

Bearing date, Caughnawaga, August 18, 1777, Adam Fonda, as a member and in behalf of the Tryon County Committee, wrote to the Schenectada Committee, giving some account of the battle, to which was attached the following: "A list of the dead and wounded of our militia, as far as is come to our knowledge, Harmanus Van Slyke, Maj.; John James Davis, Capt.; Benjamin Davis, private; Henry Diefendorf, Capt; John Eisenlord, Maj.; John Blevin, Maj.; Col. Cox; seven men of the name of Snell; Maj. Paris and his son, and a great number more whose names we have not yet learned, *dead*. (Isaac Paris is here called a Major, this is an error, he was only a civilian) Gen. Herkimer, Col. Visscher, Jacob Gardinier, William Schaver, John Van Antwerp, John Bigbread, *wounded*."

Here is an affidavit of Dr. Younglove—also of Palatine—made at Albany, after his return from Canada.† He was a man of character, and died at Hudson, N. Y., many years after the war. "Moses Younglove, surgeon of Gen. Herkimer's brigade of militia, deposeth and saith, that being in the battle of said militia, above Oriskany, on the 6th of August last, toward the close of said battle, he surrendered himself a prisoner to a savage, who immediately gave him up to a sergeant of Sir John Johnson's regiment; soon after which a Lieutenant in the Indian department, came up in company with several Tories, when said Mr. Grinnis, by name [we suppose this the

officer of that name in the brigade, I have no doubt—in the absence of the given name—the word *colonel* has accidentally crept in, and he been located in the wrong regiment.

* Jour. Prov. Congress, p. 1064.

† This affidavit now in Sec. of State's office, is found in Campbell's Annals, p. 90.

Lieutenant], drew his tomahawk at this deponent, and with a deal of persuasion was hardly prevailed on to spare his life. He then plundered him of his watch, buckles, spurs, etc, and other tories following his example, stripped him almost naked with a great many threats, while they were stripping and massacring prisoners on every side. That this deponent was brought before Mr. Butler, Sen. (Col. John), who demanded of him *what he was fighting for?* to which deponent answered: "He fought for the liberty that God and nature gave him, and to defend himself and dearest connexions from the massacre of the savages." To which Butler replied: "You are a d—d impudent rebel!" and so saying immediately turned to the savages, encouraging them to kill him, and if they did not, the deponent and the other persons should be hanged on the gallows then preparing.—That several prisoners were then taken forward to the enemy's headquarters with frequent scenes of horror and massacre, in which tories were active as well as savages; and in particular one Davis, formerly known in Tryon county, on the Mohawk river. That Lient. Singleton,* (in Capt. Watts's company) of Sir John Johnson's regiment being wounded, entreated the savages to kill the prisoners, which they accordingly did, as nigh as this deponent can judge, about six or seven..

"That Isaac Paris, Esq., was also taken the same road without receiving from them any remarkable insult, except stripping, until some tories came up who kicked and abused him, after which the savages, thinking him a notable offender, murdered him barbarously. That those of the prisoners who were delivered up to the provost guards were ordered not to use any violence in protecting the prisoners from the savages, who came every day with knives, feeling of the prisoners, to know which were fatest. That they dragged one of the prisoners out of the guard with the most lamentable cries; tortured him for a long time, and this deponent was informed by both tories and Indians, that they ate him, as appears they did another, on an island in Lake Ontario [Buck's Island], by bones found there nearly picked, just after they had crossed the lake with the prisoners.

* This officer must have been wounded early at Oriskany, and taken to the camp at Fort Stanwix, where in his sally, Col. Willet made him a prisoner. Infer he must have been exchanged and returned to the enemy's camp before it was broken up.

That the prisoners who were not delivered up were murdered in considerable numbers from day to day round the camp, some of them so nigh that their shrieks were heard. That Capt. Martin, of the bateaux-men, was delivered to the Indians at Oswego, on pretence of his having kept back some useful intelligence. That this deponent, during his imprisonment, and his fellows, were kept almost starved for provisions, and what they drew were of the worst kind, such as spoiled flour, biscuit full of maggots and mouldy, and no soap allowed, or other method of keeping clean, and were insulted, struck, etc., without mercy by the guards, without any provocation given. That this deponent was informed by several sergeants orderly on St. Ledger, that *twenty dollars* were offered in general orders for every American scalp.

MOSES YOUNGLOVE."

JOHN BARCLAY, *Chairman of Albany Committee.*"

Here is other testimony corroborating the affidavit of Dr. Younglove. The late John L. Groat assured the writer that his brother, Lieut. Peter Groat, and Andrew Cunningham, a neighbor, were captured at Oriskany and murdered at Wood Creek—slices of their thighs being roasted and feasted upon by the savages, with zest and mirth. Peter Ehle, a fellow prisoner, who saw his comrades killed, communicated this fact to surviving friends.

Col. Gansevoort, late in July, wrote to a friend that St. Ledger had offered \$20 each for American scalps, which, it is said, the latter denied. The reader must bear in mind the fact that Col. Claus was with St. Ledger, to use his influence with the Indians as their Superintendent, and Col. Butler was there to execute his commands. As it is known that a bounty was offered, it is easy to see why the commanding officer should have had credit for this hellish business instead of Butler; who did pay for scalps, as we learned, not only from returned prisoners who witnessed it, but from a Canadian source. The usual bounty, after a time, was eight dollars for all except those of officers and committee men, which commanded from \$10 to \$20.

There were a few Oneidas with the Provincials in this battle, and conspicuous among them was the Indian interpreter, Spencer, who was killed, and we may suppose that they, agreeable to the Indian custom, scalped their slain, but not, thank God,

with the expectation of getting a bounty from our government for those trophies.

As the reader may well imagine, the result of Gen. Herkimer's abortive attempt to succour Fort Stanwix, filled Tryon county with mourning, but the love of country triumphed there still, although the British claimed that all opposition from the militia of the Mohawk valley, after the scenes at Oriskany, would be at an end ;* and St. Ledger reported to Gen. Burgoyne, as the result of Willet's sortie, that the fire of a detachment of the King's regiment under Capt. Hoyes (which did no manner of harm) has driven his troops back into the fort, with little advantage beyond "frightening some squaws and pilfering the packs of the warriors, which they left behind them." He chose to forget that five British flags trailed on the walls of the fort as a consequence, beneath Liberty's enthroned stars.

Sir John Johnson wants Revenge on his Former Neighbors.
—Agreeable to a letter of Col. Claus to Secretary Knox, of London, dated at Montreal, Oct. 16, 1777:† "Sir John Johnson proposed (while the siege of Fort Stanwix was still being prosecuted) to follow the blow given to the reinforcements (who were chiefly Mohawk river people), to march down the country with about 200 men, and I intended joining him with a sufficient body of Indians, but the Brigadier (St. Ledger) said he could not spare the men, and disapproved of it. The inhabitants in general were ready (as we afterwards learned), to submit and come in." This was another delusion. "A flag was sent to invite the inhabitants to submit and be forgiven, and assurance given to prevent the Indians from being outrageous ; but the commanding officers of the German Flats (Fort Dayton), hearing of it, seized the flag, consisting of Ensign Butler (Walter N., son of Col. John,) of the Eighth Regiment, ten soldiers and three Indians, and took them up as spies. A few days after, Gen. Arnold, coming with some cannon and a reinforcement made the inhabitants return to their obedience." This party were at the house of Rudolph Shoemaker, a son of Johan Jost Shoemaker, where the late Ezekiel Spencer formerly resided, at Mohawk village, only two miles distant from Fort Dayton. The act of coming there now to recruit, was a very impudent

* British Annual Register for 1777.

† Brod. Papers, vol. 8, p. 718.

and bold one. This house was a sort of neutral ground during the war, as Provincial scouts and those of the enemy were alike there hospitably entertained, with food and a draught of butter-milk. Col. Weston of Mass., then in command of Fort Dayton, apprised of what was going on across the river, sent a body of troops which surprised and captured Butler and his party without resistance. On the arrival of General Arnold, a few days after, those prisoners were tried by Court Martial as spies, and sentenced to be hung. Whether all the white prisoners were thus tried is uncertain ; but true it is that Butler and Hon. Jost Schuyler were. By the intercession of friends, the execution of Butler was delayed, and he was sent to Albany and there retained, a prisoner, for months, but finally made his escape, as believed, through the treachery of his keeper, and returned to Canada.

How Han Jost Schuyler Escapes the Haller.—The time was set for the execution of Schuyler, and a rough coffin made in which to bury him, when Arnold, who was waiting at Fort Dayton for the Tryon county militia to join him—which they did, in good numbers, considering their recent losses—thought to turn the life of the criminal to a better use than to hang him. One reason was that his mother and his brother Nicholas, who resided near Little Falls, came and pled earnestly for his life. The General proposed terms for his ransom, which his mother and his brother both offered themselves as a pledge for his performance of—the brother being accepted and confined.

Han Jost Schuyler was a queer fellow. He had a misty brain, on which account he had become known to all the Mohawks of the Upper Castle, who, for his peculiarities and harmless demeanor, regarded him with some favor. He was promised his life on condition that he would go to St. Ledger's camp, and, by giving an exaggerated account of the approaching army, so alarm the Indians that they would leave the ground ; well knowing that if they did not remain with him he could not maintain the siege for a day. Having had several bullets shot through his clothing, so as to make it appear a plausible story that he had been fired upon while making his escape, he set forward in advance of Arnold's army, which consisted, in fact, of only a few regiments.

Indian runners, in the interest of the enemy, had already re-

ported Arnold's army a thousand strong, but Schuyler was to represent it as consisting of at least two or three times that number. When he arrived among the Mohawks, to whom he was known; showed the holes in his garments and told what hair-breadth escapes he had had to get away and bring intelligence of the advance of Gen. Arnold with a large army and heavy cannon; there was at once a commotion in the camp, and he was hurried before St. Ledger, to whom his unwelcome and astounding news was repeated. That officer was at first incredulous, but the *loyal officers* who knew the messenger went down with Lieut. Butler, and was captured with him, placed confidence in his statement. At this stage of proceeding, several friendly Oneidas, who were in the secret, one after another dropped into camp to warn their former friends of danger, saying the Americans had no quarrel with the Indians, each confirming the story of Schuyler. When asked how many troops Arnold had, they answered enigmatically: Said one—"Can Indian count the stars?" Said another—"Can me tell how many leaves on em trees! They also represented that the large army was rapidly advancing, and must soon reach that place. A score of bomb-shells exploding in the Indian encampment would not have produced a more wonderful excitement. Indeed, the camp was at once broken up, and they began rapidly to set their faces toward Canada. In vain did St. Ledger remonstrate with his allies against their hot haste, and attempt to detain them until he could gather up his camp equipage: and not a few of his own dusky warriors, who were tired of camp life, added to the general terror and confusion by giving the war-whoop and shouting, "They're coming! They're coming!"

Why St. Ledger Hastily Skedaddled.—St. Ledger no doubt began to apprehend his position a dangerous one, and he and Sir John Johnson, with the ready acquiescence of their subordinate officers, made all haste to get away; leaving in their standing tents, provisions, artillery, ammunition—indeed, their entire camp equipage, with the papers and private effects of St. Ledger himself.* Not another such stampede was made during the war. It is stated on good authority, that the Indians, who had been disappointed in not sacking the entire valley of the

* Life of Brant.

Mohawk, and had even lost their own clothing and blankets by the sortie of Col. Willet, did not scruple on their way back to Oswego, to murder and strip some of St. Ledger's white troops, when in an exposed condition. Such was the finale to one of Britain's devised means to subjugate her American colonies.

Hon. Jost Schuyler accompanied the flying army of St. Ledger for two or three miles, and embraced an opportunity the first evening to steal away and hasten back to Fort Dayton. He stopped long enough at Fort Stanwix to inform Col. Gansevoort, that Arnold was advancing to the relief of the garrison. Informed by Col. Gansevoort, that St. Ledger had "vamosed the ranche," Gen. Arnold sent forward a body of troops, if possible to overtake and punish the invaders. Arnold reached Fort Stanwix next day, where he was received by the cheers and an artillery salute of the garrison; to learn that troops from the fort were already on the trail of the enemy, and had made some prisoners, etc. Gansevoort did not know what had sent the enemy on the back track so hastily, until the arrival of Gen. Arnold.* Schuyler, on arriving at Fort Dayton, saw his brother set free, and his mother overjoyed that they were both again at liberty. It has been stated to the writer, that Nicholas, the hostage, afterwards rendered service in the Provincial army.

I have already shown that Sir John Johnson, in his exuberant love of early friends of the Mohawk valley, and their exposed families, wanted to visit them from Fort Stanwix with a herd of brutes and savages, and bring them such protection as wolves give to lambs; but prevented from manifesting his amiable disposition by his superior officer, who objected, either on account of his own safety, or a just horror of the deeds which his associates boasted they would commit. In the letter of Col. Claus, in which the preceding circumstance is mentioned,† appears the following statement of an incident attending the reconstruction of Fort Stanwix, which I do not remember to have seen recorded by any American writer. This account states that Col. Claus set out, January 23, from La Chine, near Montreal, and that—"Between 60 and 70 leagues from Montreal, my reconnoitering party returned, and met me, with five prisoners (one

* Brod. Papers, vol. 8, p. 719.

† Brod. Papers, vol. 8, p. 719.

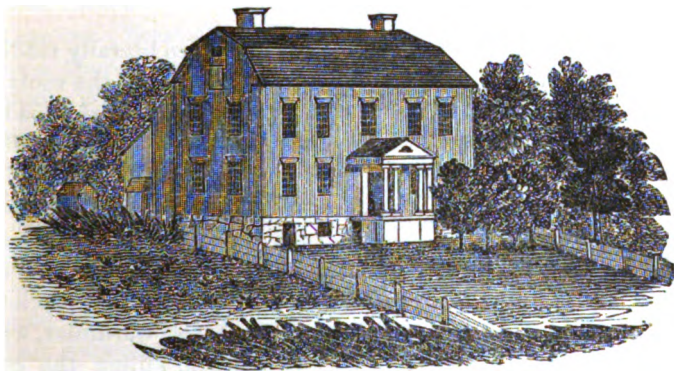
[a] Lieutenant) and four scalps, having defeated a working party of 16 rebels, as they were cutting sod, towards repairing and finishing the Old Fort, which is a regular square, and garrisoned by upwards of 600 men; the repairs far advanced and the rebels expecting us and were acquainted with our strength and route." I copy further, to show *his* reasons for the failure of the enterprise: "I immediately forwarded the prisoners to the Brigadier [St. Ledger] who was about 15 leagues in our rear. On his arrival within a few leagues of Buck Island, he sent for me, and talking over the intelligence that the rebel prisoners gave, he owned that if they intended to defend themselves in that fort, our artillery was not sufficient to take it, however he said, he was determined to get the truth of these fellows. I told him that having examined them separately they agreed in their story. And here the Brigadier had still an opportunity and time of sending for a better train of artillery, and wait for the junction of the Chasseurs, which must have secured us success, as every one will allow. However, he was full of his *alert*, making light of the prisoners' intelligence."

As also appears by this same letter of Col. Claus, Col. Butler, could not have had a separate command at Oriskany, since of the regiment of Rangers he was to raise, he seems to have had but one company present, which was then under the command of Sir John Johnson. To show what exaggerated account went to England, I may remark, that Col. Claus stated to Secretary Knox, that at Oriskany, the Americans out of some 800 men, *left upwards of 500 killed on the spot.*

Death of Gen. Herkimer.—I have said, that after the Oriskany battle, Gen. Herkimer was taken to his own residence, a large gambrel-roofed two story brick building, still standing, a little distance from the canal, two miles east of Little Falls, where he lived several days. His injured leg was amputated above the knee, but it was unskillfully done—the limb continued to bleed—he gradually weakened, and finally died. At this time the family of Johannes Roof,* a pioneer settler of Fort

* *Settlement of Fort Stanwix, now Rome.*—John Roof, a German, was the first man who with his family, located at Fort Stanwix as a permanent settler; subduing the soil and becoming actively engaged in the transport of merchandise over the Carrying Place, between the Mohawk and Wood creek. He located there in 1760, and a few years later, he had as neighbors, the families of Bartholomew, Brodock, Thomas, Mayers, Williams, Kline, John Steeve and one Reggens, remembered, and several

Stanwix, who had had to abandon his residence and drop down the valley, was then residing in a part of the Herkimer dwelling. His oldest son John, then nearly 16 years of age—a Colonel of militia after the war—assured the writer, that when Gen. Herkimer's leg was amputated, he and another young man buried it in the garden ; a day or two after which the General said to him : " I guess you boys will have to take up that leg and bury it with me, for I am going to follow it." I think this was done after his death. If Gen Herkimer manifested coolness and bravery on the battle field, no less did he do so as he saw his end approaching, and when it came he met death with Christian heroism.



General Herkimer's House, Danube.

After the battle of Oriskany, a song, commemorative of the event was composed, and for a long time sung in the Mohawk valley, of which the following is a stanza :

" Brave Herkimer, our General, 's dead,
And Col. Cox is slain ;
And many more, and valiant men,
We ne'er shall see again."

Incidents Attending the Oriskany Battle and Siege of Fort Stanwix.—It is only in the minor events attending a battle, that the reader is made to realize its fullness and see its horrors: and

others—names forgotten. The last named, is mentioned by Rev. Eleazar Wheelock, in a letter to Sir William Johnson in 1762, as a trader residing at Fort Stanwix, and having in his employ a lad named George Haxton, who he desired to secure as a pupil at his Charity School in Lebanon, Ct. At the beginning of the Revolution, nearly a dozen families had taken up an intended permanent residence there, while several others were temporarily there during the navigation of the river.

that the reader may see this deadly conflict as the writer does, some of its interesting scenes are here depicted.

Col. Visscher's Narrow Escape.—Bullets in a battle often perform very singular missions. The fashion of "ye olden time" allowed a man's hair to grow long in the neck, to be bound up in a ribbon and hung down on his back; the appendage being known as a cue or "hair tail." A bullet from the enemy passed so close to the head of Col. Visscher, as to draw blood on his neck and cut off a part of his cue; which lock of auburn hair was long kept in the family, and probably the friends have some of it still. The writer had a small lock of it, obtained about 1843, from his son, Daniel Visscher, and which was in his cabinet when sold to the State.

*Capt. Jacob Gardinier.**—After having been literally riddled with bullets and bayonets, he crept into a cavity at the roots of a tree, and by the aid of his waiter, a German lad, who loaded his gun for him, his hand having been lacerated by a bayonet, he continued the fight, shooting from that position an Indian who was dodging about to get a shot at an American officer. Of this brave militia Captain, said the Rev. Johan Daniel Gros, of Fort Plain, in a work published after the war on "Moral Philosophy:" "Let it stand recorded among other patriotic deeds of that little army of militia, that a Jacob Gardinier, with a few of his men, vanquished a whole platoon, killing the captain, after he had held him for a long time by his collar as a shield against the balls and bayonets of the whole platoon. This brave militia captain is still alive, and was cured of *thirteen* wounds."

George Walter Scalped.—The following narrative was communicated to the writer by Job Babcock, in May, 1853, who had the story from the lips of Geo. Walter, a soldier at Oriskany,

* *An Anecdote of Capt. Gardinier's Wife.*—At the period under consideration, Mr. Gardinier dwelt near the residence of the late Andrew J. Yates, in Fultonville. His wife, like many of her sex on the frontiers of New York, on an emergency, could use fire-arms. On some occasion, when her husband was away from home, in the service of his country; she saw, from her house, a flock of pigeons alighting upon the fence and ground not far off. She resolved to give them a salute, and hastily loaded an old musket, forgetting to draw out the iron ramrod. She left the house cautiously, gained a position within close gun-shot, aimed at the pigeons on the fence and blazed away. To her own surprise and that of several of her family, who, from the window, saw her fire—and doubtless to the surprise of the reader—*seven* of the birds sitting upon a rail, were *spitted* on the ramrod, in which condition they were taken to the house. From *Martin A. Gardinier*, a son.

where he fell with a severe bullet wound. Faint from loss of blood, he crept to a spring and slacked his thirst ; and, revived, he sat up. While watching the progress of the carnage, an Indian, lurking near, discovered him, and, running up, gave him a blow on the head with his tomahawk, and in another moment had torn off his reeking scalp. Informant said that Walter, who was a German, told him—"Dat Indian tot I vash det, but I knows petter all de time : but I tot I would say noddin' so as he would go off." When found by his friends some of his wounds were fly-blown, but, being well cared for, he recovered and lived to old age. He died in August, 1831. His ability to feign death while tortured, as was the case with Capt. Gregg a short time before, saved his life for future usefulness.

Captain Christopher W. Fox.—In the Palatine Battalion of militia there were three Captains by the name of Fox, viz.: Captain William Fox, Jun., Captain Christopher P. Fox and Captain Christopher W. Fox. Probably they were all in the Oriskany battle. Tradition says the last two named were surely there ; while Jacob P. Fox, of Palatine, a grandnephew of the last named, who is now 83 years of age with a clear intellect, relates of him the following story : "He was wounded severely in the right arm, which was partially dressed on the ground where he remained with his men ; and discovering an Indian crawling from behind a tree in the direction of the enemy's encampment, grasping his sword in his left hand, he said to some of his men : 'You keep an eye on me for safety and I will kill an Indian.' As he approached him a mutual recognition took place. The Indian was a half-breed, called William Johnson, and was a reputed son of his namesake, Sir William Johnson. He was down with a broken leg, and begged for his life because he was wounded. 'Ah,' said the dauntless captain, directing the prostrate warrior to his crippled arm, 'I am wounded too, and one of us must die !' In an instant he thrust, with his left hand, the keen edged sword through the Indian's body, and his liberated spirit was soon roving in new hunting grounds."

How Captain C. W. Fox got his Wound.—He and a hostile Indian under the cover of trees a few rods distant, were for some time watching in a vain endeavor to get some advantage of each other ; and thinking to draw the Indian's shot and win

the game, Fox extended his hat upon his hand beside the tree to attract his observation. The ruse succeeded and the Indian supposing the hat contained a head, fired on the target; but unfortunately, Fox had a long arm, and had extended it so far that the ball struck it, and dropping the hat the hand fell limp at his side. The Indian seeing the hat fall, no doubt supposed he had killed his man, but considered the hazard of securing a scalp too great to approach his victim. It was a common practice to thrust out a hat on one's ramrod or a stick to draw an antagonist's charge, when fighting in the Indian fashion; but so reckless an act as that of this hero, seemed to merit the punishment he received. Mr. Fox, afterward a Major, resided after the war at the Palatine Stone Church, and became well known to the generation succeeding his own, as an active, proud and enterprising man. This incident was communicated to the writer by *F. M. Fox*, of Cold Water, Michigan, a great-grandson of Maj. Fox.

Here is a copy of a receipt preserved in the family of the late Nicholas Gros, of Palatine:

"Recd., Williger, Oct. 16, 1779, of Christopher Fox, Esq., eight dollars in full for curing his arm of a wound received in Oriskany fight. £3. 4. 0.

"MOSES YOUNGLOVE."

Dr. Younglove was surgeon in the Palatine regiment, and was taken prisoner at Oriskany. This service must have been rendered after his return. I have been unable to learn what locality was then called "Williger." Gen. Peter C. Fox assured me in 1854, that he was a son of Capt. C. W. Fox, and corroborated this account of him:

Peter Fox, the father of Jacob P. Fox, mentioned in this connection, was a young soldier, who, on that day, acted as waiter to his uncle, Capt. Fox. As the company changed its position Peter became oblivious of its whereabouts, but satisfied that he must go eastward to join it, he was cautiously proceeding in that direction, when he discovered an Indian behind a tree close by, looking for a chance to shoot an American, and little suspecting that one was behind him. Young Fox sent a bullet through his body, and he fell backward with a guttural exclamation, "*O-wah!*" and as Fox passed him, he saw that

the blood was running from his mouth. The young hero soon after again joined his captain.

Abram D. Quackenboss.—The last syllable of this name is written *boss*, but pronounced *bush*. One of the earliest Low Dutch families to locate in the present town of Glen was that of Quackenbush, as the name is now generally written. The late John S. Quackenbush, Esq., whom we knew intimately for years, and who related this incident to us in the presence of the late Judge I. H. Tiffany, of Fultonville, had previously furnished the anecdote to Col. Stone, who published its substance in the *Life of Brant*, volume 1, page 461. Here is the story as narrated to the writer: "Abram D. Quackenbush (father of our informant) was born within a little distance of the Lower Mohawk Castle. Among his Indian playmates in boyhood, residing not far from his own home, was an Indian known by the unpoetic name of *Bron-ka-horse*, who was about his own age. In the beginning of the Revolution we find Quackenbush a Lieutenant under the brave Capt. Gardinier, mentioned in this connection. Among the followers of the Johnsons to Canada was his Indian friend, who before leaving sought at an interview to persuade him to go to Canada, assuring him he should have the same office in the royal army; which it is not improbable had been an argument whispered in the warrior's ear by Sir John Johnson. The love of country triumphed in the white man's breast, but the two parted as friends. Their next meeting was in the dodging from tree-to-tree-fight at Oriskany. The Lieutenant heard himself addressed in a familiar voice, which he recognized as that of his early Indian friend, now posted behind a tree within gun shot of the one which covered his own person. 'Surrender yourself my prisoner,' shouted the Mohawk brave, 'and you shall be treated kindly; but if you do not you will never get away from here alive—we intend to kill all who are not made prisoners!' The success of the enemy at the beginning of the contest made them bold and defiant. 'Never!' said the young subaltern, 'will I become a prisoner!' Each, with eagle eye, now watched the other as an enemy, if possible to get the first shot, for both were expert riflemen. *Bron-ka-horse* fired and planted a bullet in the tree scarcely an inch from his adversary's head, but he had lost his best chance, as the Lieutenant sprang to a new po-

sition, from which his adversary's tree would not shield him, and in the next instant a rifle ball had passed through his heart."

The Seebers—Maj. William Seeber, then nearly 60 years old, as already shown, was mortally wounded in the battle, where his son Audolph was slain, and Capt. Jacob H. fell with a broken thigh. To show the pluck of the latter here is a well known fact. He cut staddles and attempted to withe them about his broken leg, to enable him to escape, but could not stand upon it, and gave up expecting to be slain. Henry Failing, an acquaintance soon after came to him, and offered to attempt his removal for greater safety, but this he declined telling his friend to load his gun, take the remainder of his cartridges, and leave him to his fate. He was afterwards removed, as already stated, and died at Fort Herkimer. Failing was also severely wounded, but was removed and recovered. — *William H. Seeber*. There were two Henry Failings in the battle, the one above named who was the son of John Failing, and Henry N. Failing, a son of Nicholas Failing, who is hereafter mentioned as befriending Capt. Watts.

Lieut.-Col. Peter Wagner, of the Palatine Battalion, held a lieutenant's commission under Sir William Johnson in the French war of 1755. He was in the Oriskany battle with three of his sons, Lieut. Peter Wagner, Jr., John and George. The last named was wounded. He was in the act of leveling his own gun to fire at a foemen, when a bullet plowed a furrow through the fleshy part of his arm. As though he were a surgeon, a fellow soldier in the next instant (whose name is believed to have been Wormuth), had torn off the nether part of his own shirt, and stepping forward firmly bound it around the bleeding arm; and so gratefully did Wagner regard this generous act that it was the means of originating a friendship which lasted through life.

Garret Walrath, a soldier in the Canajoharie battalion, was at Oriskany, and is represented, by those who remember him, as one who never feared flesh or the devil. In one of the terrible encounters in the early part of the engagement, he was made prisoner, pinioned and told to keep close behind an Indian, who claimed all his attention. He often purposely ran against his captor, whining and complaining that his arms were

so tightly drawn back, and the Indian as often turned half-round and growled at him. This, as the reader will perceive, was done with a motive. At this period not only the Indians but the whites, especially those accustomed to hunting, carried a sharp, well-pointed knife fastened in a belt and ready for any emergency. After Walrath had practiced the war dance behind his new master long enough to mature his plan for making a bold strike for liberty, he cautiously grasped the handle of his knife, and, watching his opportunity, in one of his stumbles over the heels of his captor, he adroitly plunged the knife into his body; and in the next instant he was a disemboweled and dead Indian. The liberated captive, with his bloody knife in hand, cautiously sought his way back, and in an hour or two was welcomed by his surviving companions, who soon saw him again armed with a gun. The manner of his deliverance was a theme often talked over, and no one ever doubted that he once made a telling strike for liberty.

Capt. Henry Diefendorf.—This was a brave militia captain, whose home was in the present town of Minden, where his descendants still reside. In the discharge of his duties he was shot down by an Indian under the cover of a tree, evidently through his lungs, for when he breathed his shirt was moved by the air through the wound. He fell in the latter part of the engagement, and standing near him when he fell, were William Cox, Henry Sanders, and probably others of his company. He begged for water, and Sanders stamped a hole in the marshy soil, and as the water settled into it, he took off his shoe and in it gave the dying man a drink, which afforded temporary relief, but he soon after expired. Seeing by the smoke from whence the shot came that struck down his captain, Cox registered the oath—"D—n my soul, but I'll have a life for that one!" He ran to the tree before the foe could possibly reload his gun, where he found a large Indian down with a broken leg. As Cox leveled his rifle, the warrior threw up his hand imploringly and shouted, "You-ker! you-ker!" which his adversary supposed was a cry for quarters. "I'll give you you-ker," said Cox, as he quickly sent a bullet crashing through his brain. He rejoined his comrades a few moments later with the Indian's gun. These particulars have been preserved by

David T. Timmerman, of Minden, who heard them often told by Sanders above named, who was his mother's father.

Capt. John James Davis, how Killed and how Avenged.—This intrepid officer was a Captain in the regiment of Col. Visscher, and was killed in the latter part of the action. At the time he and his Ensign, Richard Putman (a son of Lodowick Putman, of the Johnstown settlement), were both sheltered by the same tree, and under cover of a tree close by stood Isaac Covenhoven—or, as now written, Conover,—member of Capt. Gardinier's company. The sortie of Col. Willet at the fort above was attended by the firing of cannon, which prophetically alarmed the enemy, as it seemed to imply business in another direction, for they began to hoot and run, and in a little more time they had mostly stolen away to learn what the firing meant, thus leaving the Americans masters of the field. In the midst of this lull, said Putman to Capt. Davis, "I believe the red devils have pretty much all left us." To which the Captain replied, "They are not all gone, some of them are lurking about here yet." Scarcely were these words uttered, when a bullet passed through the throat of Captain Davis, who fell and instantly expired.

Putman, from whence the shot came, saw an Indian running from a clump of bushes, and despatched a leaden messenger after him. It took a fatal effect, but before the Indian fell he ran several rods—to use the words of our informant, "As though the devil was after him." Putman ran to him to be sure that he had got a lasting furlough, and took from his person a pocket compass, an indispensable article in a woodman's outfit at that period. This souvenir the patriot kept in his possession as long as he lived; which was to the age of 89. His wife, who was Nettie Van Brocklin, lived to the age of 100 years and 7 months. Capt. Davis had a brother, Martinus, who went into the battle and was never heard of afterwards. Scores of men, on both sides, were shot in this battle while running. The facts in this narrative were obtained, in 1844, from Isaac Conover,* corroborated, in 1852, by Peter, a son of Richard Putman, a stranger to Conover.

* The Conover and Hall families resided in the back part of Glen, before the Revolution. William Hall, of this family, was Second Lieutenant of Capt. Gardinier's company at Oriskany. Isaac Conover, who was also in the Johnstown battle, had two patriotic brothers, Abram and Peter.

Henry Thompson.—Sometimes an incident novel, if not ludicrous, will arise at a serious and unlooked for moment, and here is one of that kind to be recorded among the graver ones of that eventful day: Capt. Gardinier was a blacksmith, and resided near the present village of Fultonville. He had a man in his workshop by the name of Henry Thompson, a native of New Jersey, who was tall and ungainly-looking, but as courageous as he was homely. Into Oriskany he followed his brave employer: and after the battle had raged for hours, he approached the latter and told him he was hungry. "Fight away!" shouted the Captain. "I can't without eating," said the soldier. "Then get you a piece and eat," was the reply. He did so, and sitting upon the body of a dead soldier, he eat with real zest, while the bullets whistled in the air about his head. His lunch finished, he arose and was again seen with renewed energy where peril was the most imminent. This is a remarkable instance of cool recklessness to fate. Facts from Martin, a son of Capt. Gardinier, in 1844, who well knew this Thompson.

Robert Crouse and his Cruel Fate.—At the beginning of the Revolution, there dwelt at Fort Plain, two brothers named George and Robert Crouse. The former was a man of family, and his sons, Col. Robert and Deacon Henry Crouse, are well remembered in this community, where four sons of the latter still reside. Robert was a bachelor. Those brothers were remarkably large and well-formed men, and would have served a sculptor as a model for a giant race. Robert was the tallest, and came to be called a seven-footer; and is believed to have stood full six and a half feet in his boots, and well proportioned. His great strength became proverbial, and two anecdotes have been preserved in the memory of our venerable friend, William H. Seeber, going to prove it. In Jan., 1776, on the occasion of Gen. Schuyler's assembling troops at Caughnawaga, now Fonda, to arrest Sir John Johnson, the Tryon county militia were ordered thither by Gen. Tenbroeck of Albany, to whose brigade they then belonged. Nicholas Herkimer, then the senior Colonel of Tryon county troops, assembled them as directed.* While there the brigade was paraded on

* The Tryon county militia became a separate brigade in Sept., 1776, with Col. Herkimer as its acting General.

the ice in the river, and Robert Crouse was designated to bear the flag in saluting the Generals. He waved it so easily and gracefully with one hand, when hardly another man present could thus have handled it with both hands; that not only the Generals, but the entire assemblage was excited to admiration, and a significant murmur of applause was echoed from the hills hemming in the valley. Gen. Schuyler said to the officers near him, that man ought to have a commission; and one is said to have been tendered him which he declined. This incident probably accounts for the fact that Lieut. Sammons placed him among the officers killed at Oriskany, as he must have been present on the occasion referred to.

Henry Walrath, the strongest man by reputation in the Palatine settlements, came from Stone Arabia in the winter of 1775 and 1776, bringing a friend with him, as he told Robert Crouse, expressly to see which was the strongest man of the two. "Well," said Crouse, "you go home and put 50 skipples of wheat on your sleigh, and I will put 50 skipples with it, and the strongest one shall have the 100 skipples—75 bushels. The Stone Arabia bully never put in an appearance, which left Crouse the acknowledged champion.

Robert Crouse was made a prisoner at Oriskany, and, as his friends afterwards learned, by fellow-prisoners who knew him, he was most inhumanly murdered. Agreeable to the affidavit of Dr. Moses Younglove, who was also a prisoner from that battle field, the Indians killed some of the prisoners at their own pleasure, and to his knowledge they tortured to death at least half a dozen. Of this number was Robert Crouse, who was the selected victim at one of their hellish orgies, as the late William Crouse, a nephew, learned subsequently by other prisoners who knew him. His remarkable stature possibly gave them a new idea of derisive torture, for, with their knives they began by amputating his legs at the knee joints, and when accomplished they, with jeers, held him up on those bleeding limbs—derisively told him he was then as tall as those around him—and bade him to walk. As his life was fast ebbing they sought other modes of torture, and at length dispatching him, they tore off and secured for market his reeking scalp. Whether they ate any of the flesh is unknown, but it is not improbable they did as numbers of the Indians engaged in

this contest had feasted on prisoners in earlier wars. Thus ignobly fell, not only the largest but one of the best men in the Mohawk Valley. Young reader, here again learn at what terrible cost your liberty was purchased, and with what watchful care you should guard it.

George Shulls, a young soldier of Stone Arabia, was in the Oriskany battle, and on some occasion when it became necessary for him to run, a strap broke which held up his pantaloons and let them down upon his shoes, thus impeding his progress. Quick as thought his hand was on his knife, and in the next moment he had slid it down both legs and cut himself free from the incumbrance. His ludicrous appearance among his fellows caused them no little merriment at his expense, and who, had his nether garment been of tartan plaid, might have supposed him suddenly transposed to a Scotsman in kilt. Whether he returned home in such a plight, or whether he obtained the needed garment from a fallen comrade, we are not advised; but long after that eventful day were his neighbors jolly at his expense, for so suddenly adopting a Highland dress. Often has a ludicrous incident transpired to change the current of thought as did this, at a most serious and trying moment.

Capt. Stephen Watts, how cared for.—This incident of a tory chieftain, of Oriskany, deserves a mention in this connection. Sir John Johnson married a daughter of John Watts, Esq., of New York city, and her brother, Stephen Watts, cast his fortunes in the scale with those of the Johnson family and went to Canada, from whence he came down with the enemy as already shown. In making a desperate charge, he was wounded and made a prisoner, but as the Americans could not be encumbered with their wounded foes, he was left to his fate—and not despatched and scalped as were all wounded Americans found by the enemy. Being discovered by Henry N. Failing, a private soldier from Canajoharie district, he kindly carried him to a little stream of water that he might there slake his thirst and die more easily. To his thanks for the soldier's kindness he added the gift of his watch, a silver cased one, and of a style known at that period as a "bull's-eye," from its resemblance in shape. Two days after, Capt. Watts was discovered alive by some straggling Indians looking for plunder, was taken to the enemy's camp, properly cared for

and finally recovered. We may imagine, if we can, what his mental suffering must have been, and especially nights in the dismal forest, where he was possibly kept awake by the growl of a wolf, attracted hither by the scent of blood.

The statement of some modern writer, that Capt. Watts was led by the Americans two miles from the battle field and left beside the Oriskany creek, is not only a false but an incredible story; since he was unable to stand up. Besides the Americans found it difficult to care for all their own wounded. They knew the enemy would return and if they found life in any of their own men they would be cared for. The truth is, his friends found him at the little brooklet in the Oriskany ravine, to which Henry N. Failing had born him. This Henry N. Failing, was the father of Henry and Jacob, and grandfather of Reuben and John Adam Failing. Capt. Lawrence Gros, of the Revolution, married a daughter of Nicholas Failing.*

The subsequent history of this watch was as follows: Not long after he obtained it, Failing sold it to Martin G. Van Alstyne for \$300 in Continental currency, then worth \$10 on the hundred, who retained it in his possession during his lifetime. A relative of Henry Failing, the late John R. Failing of Fort Plain, an ingenious mechanic, assured the writer that he had repeatedly repaired this watch in his earlier days. What finally became of this relic of that bloody field is unknown. The late Joshua Reed, of Palatine Bridge, assured the writer nearly 40 years ago, that the Watts family learning where this watch was, tried through a friend at one time to purchase it, but Van-Alstyne would not sell it.

Fate of William Merckley, of Stone Arabia.—In the heat of battle though a little one side from the main body, Merckley was shot down near his neighbor Valentine Fralick, by an Indian marksman. Fralick ran to him and kindly offered to assist him. "Take care of yourself and leave me to my fate!" was the heroic reply. In the next moment seeing several Indians approaching, Fralick concealed himself beneath a fallen tree, and although his foes passed over it they did not discover him. After they had gone back from whence they came, he again

* In my *Schoharie County, etc.*, I stated that Mr. Van Alstyne thus cared for Capt. Watts, but John R. Failing, of Fort Plain, and Henry Failing, of St. Johnsville, in 1845, gave the statement as in the context.

sought his companion, but alas ! the towahawk and scalping knife had done their work. Thus were the Indians scouring every accessible part of the field, to extinguish the last spark of life and secure scalps for the Canadian market.

The Bayonet Tree.—Among the incidents of Oriskany, authenticated by Asa Simms, an uncle of the writer who saw the tree, is the following : One of Gen. Herkimer's men was held up, dead or alive, and pinned to a tree several feet from the ground with a bayonet, driven into the tree several inches, where it remained until its own decomposition caused the carcass to fall to the ground and the bones to become scattered. Whether this subject was an officer or a private, or whether the act was instigated by the malice and hellish spirit of some of the tories is unknown ; but what seems the most probable is, that the Indians visiting the ground for plunder after the battle, may have fallen upon a surviving soldier with a loaded gun, who, on their approach, shot one of their number, and that after securing his scalp they disposed of his body in this novel manner. This bayonet was to have been seen in the tree for more than a quarter of a century, and until the tree had grown so as to bury most of the blade. Could all the thrilling events which transpired at Oriskany, be gathered in, what an interesting volume they would make, and yet not any one, as we imagine, would have been more unique than the one here related.

Maj. John Frey's Bloody Shirt.—Major Frey, of Palatine, one of the most daring and patriotic men of the period, was Brigade Major in the staff of Gen. Herkimer, and in the Oriskany battle he was severely wounded in one arm and made a prisoner. He suffered much on his way to Canada, nor did he fare much better for a long time after he arrived there, where he was retained as a prisoner until the next season.

The following incident was related to the writer by the late Joshua Reed, an innkeeper at Palatine Bridge, where in the palmy days of carriage traveling he kept the stage house. Col. Hendrick Frey was often his guest, and at such times related scenes of his earlier life. He had been an officer in the British service before the Revolution, and his sympathies were ever with royalty, while those of his brother, Major John Frey, were with the young republic. The brothers sometimes met at Reed's and passed such interviews pleasantly—for they were

both intelligent and well posted on the topics of the day—unless their conversation took a political turn, when they became antagonistic and would begin to raise their canes threateningly, on which occasions the landlord said he more than once stepped between them to prevent a collision.

Col. Frey, in the Revolution, resided in a stone house situated a mile up the Canajoharie creek, at what was known as the "Upper Mill," there having been a grist mill here near the cavity in the rock originating the name for the stream, and a mill a little distance below.* A day or two after the Oriskany battle, a small party of Mohawks, who had participated in it, levied a tax upon Col. Frey's hospitality. As they assembled around a table to eat, a sister of the Colonel, who waited upon them, discovered upon the person of one of their number the shirt of Maj. Frey, their patriotic brother, one sleeve of which had been perforated by a bullet and left very bloody. Her worst fears were aroused, and, trembling in her excitement, nearly dropping what she held, she ran to her brother Hendrick, and, placing a hand upon his shoulder, exclaimed in a tone of sorrow, "Brother John is dead!" assigning as her reason the bloody trophy before them. The Colonel, who was familiar with the Mohawk dialect, desired his sister not to show any emotion before the Indians, and endeavored to quiet her fears by remarking that probably the shirt had belonged to some one else. She could not thus be appeased, since she recognized the garment as one she had made. In a little time the Indians left the house and proceeded down the creek. Col. Frey followed them some distance, if possible to learn the fate of his brother, and inquired of its possessor where he got the bloody garment. He replied that he had wounded an officer in the Oriskany battle and made him a prisoner, and said that after taking such of his clothing as he desired, he had sold him to a British officer—probably for the value of his scalp—who would no doubt take him to Canada. Frey hastened home and told his sister what he had learned, which calmed her excitement, for to know that he still lived, although a suffering prisoner, brought the consoling hope of a future meeting. Mr.

* This old Frey mansion was long owned by Dr. Jonathan Sherman, and finally became the property of Sheriff David W. Erwin, and was accidentally burned down Jan. 23, 1849.

Reed assured the writer that he had this story from the lips of Col. Frey. Some, not hearing of this incident until in print, were incredulous in believing it; but Mr. Reed was too truthful a man and too careful of his utterances to have been mistaken.

John Petrie was a soldier at Oriskany from one of the western districts. When the thunder shower came up during the battle, and the combatants found temporary shelter as best they could, Mr. Petrie concealed himself under the cover of a large tree. He soon after heard a whooping, and looking in the direction he saw several Indians come together within gun shot; and having managed to keep his priming dry, he instantly drew up his piece and brought down a stalwart warrior. The rain prevented their seeing the smoke to determine from whence the bullet came which laid out their comrade, but they took the precaution to change their position. Having reloaded his gun, still unperceived by his foes, he got a deadly aim upon another, but just at that moment a drop of water reached his priming, and his gun gave but the ominous "click," hearing which, the rascals fled from that locality and did not again return. This patriot, Petrie, was later in life a member of the State Legislature. Facts from *Richard Petrie*, a son of John M., at Little Falls, in June, 1845.

Adam Frank takes a Lunch.—As I learned subsequently, Henry Thompson was not the only one of Herkimer's men who, in the Oriskany battle satisfied his hunger. Adam Frank also imitated the example of the former, by opening his knapsack and from its eatables satisfying the craving of his stomach. After his hasty meal he was heard to exclaim in German, as he was dashing into a post of danger, "*Jetzt drauf auf die kerls!*"—"Now we'll give it to them!"—*From Cornelius H. Putman, Esquire.*

Col. Visscher's Regiment.—I should, perhaps, say a few words about the retreat of this command. There was, we think, no truer or braver man in that defile, than was Col. Frederick Visscher, who found himself forced to retreat. Nor can we justly censure his men without carefully considering the attending circumstances. Many of the men were young and had never been in a battle to test their pluck. Then the yells, and the impetuous onslaught of the enemy were so sud-

den and terrific, as to unnerve, and for the moment—a fatal one—produce a panic. Now, I venture to say, that the men who retreated were just as brave as those who did not, indeed, could not, retreat. From the acts of Col. Visscher previous to that day as well as afterward, when his own scalp and that of his brothers, Capt. John and Harman, went to Canada, I have never doubted his bravery and moral courage, and have often asked myself the question— which of the other regiments placed in the same position, would not have done the same thing? Many a brave officer has had to follow his men in an unexpected retreat, in order if possible to rally and bring them back at the opportune moment. Such was the case with Col. Willet in the early part of the Johnstown battle in October, 1781; but his men rallied, returned to the fight and were finally victorious. It has ever been a source of regret that at the end of a mile Visscher's men had not rallied, and returned to aid in ensuring one of the most telling victories of the war.

Incidents at Fort Stanwix; a cannon ball and brood of snakes.—Philip Frey, who went from Palatine district to Canada at the commencement of our national hostilities, was with the enemy at the siege of Fort Stanwix, as a cadet in the 8th or King's regiment. He was one day on picket guard, in sight of the fort near a field of peas, and was pacing back and forth on the trunk of a fallen tree; when an Irish soldier came to the field to pick peas, with a red coat on. Frey remonstrated with him for his temerity, telling him that his red coat would attract notice and draw a fire from the fort, advising him to go back to the camp and get a fatigue dress. "Och," said Pat, "it is not worth the while; it's only a few of the paise I wants to get!" As he would not heed the advice of the cadet, the latter kept his eye on the fort, and soon after, as anticipated, saw smoke at the fort, and well divined that a cannon ball was coming, and instantly dropped down behind the tree. The ball wizzed near the red coat, and its Irish owner scampered off for dear life. The cadet felt something cold under him, and looking down he saw that he was lying upon a large snake with a brood of little ones. He was quickly upon his feet, thinking he would rather take his chance among cannon balls than snakes.—Facts from *Samuel C. Frey*, a son of Philip R. Frey.

After Chickens Once too Often.—When the siege of Fort Stanwix began, a barn of one of the first settlers—and possibly that of Johannes Roof—was yet standing within musket shot of the fort, and about it the Indians would venture to shoot chickens ; probably left by its former owner. On their firing at the fowls, the Americans usually sent a volley of musket balls at the barn, behind which they used to seek shelter ; but as the balls passed through the boards, they became so wary as to be screened, if possible, by the protection of a post. One day an Indian shot a fowl, and drew from the fort the usual serenade upon the barn. He had endeavored to find security behind a post, but he was a stout built fellow, and as fortune would have it, a bullet grazed the post, and what was still better, grazed the rascal's spine at the small of the back, causing a complete paralysis of his legs. He could not raise himself from the ground, but called lustily to friends to come to his assistance ; and from his position they dragged him out of danger with a tump-line, and took him to their camp. He was taken back to Canada and recovered.—*Samuel C. Frey.*

Disposal of an Indian Marksman.—The following incident is given by Judge Pomroy Jones, in his *Annals of Oneida County*, a local history of much merit, and which entitles the author to the gratitude of the citizens of Central New York.

"A sentinel, posted on the northwest bastion of the fort, was shot with a rifle while walking his stated rounds in the gray of the morning ; the next morning the second met the same fate, on the same post : the crack of the rifle was heard, but from whence it came, none could conjecture, and the alarm being given, no enemy could be discovered. Of course on the third night this station was dreaded as being certain death, and the soldier to whose lot it fell, quailed and hung back ; but to the surprise of the whole guard, a comrade offered to take his place and was accepted. Towards morning, the substitute sentinel drove a stake into the ground at the spot where his predecessors had been shot, on which he placed his hat and watch-coat, and with the help of a cord and a well stuffed knapsack, he soon had a very good apology for a portly soldier, who stood to the life at "support arms," with his trusty shining musket. Having thus posted his (not exactly) *man of straw*, he quietly sat down behind the parapet, closely watching

through an embrasure, for coming events. At early dawn, the well known report of the same rifle was heard, and the column of smoke ascending from the thick top of a black oak tree, some 30 or 40 rods distant, showed the whereabouts of the marksman. The sergeant of the guard was soon on the spot, and the commandant notified that the perch of the sharp shooter had been discovered. A 4-pounder was quickly loaded with canister and grape, and the sound of this morning gun boomed "over hill and dale" in the distance, immediately succeeded by a shout from the garrison, as they beheld one of Britain's red allies tumbling head-foremost from the tree top. On examining the counterfeit sentinel, the holes through the various folds of the knapsack were more than circumstantial evidence that the aim was most sure, and that had the owner stood in its place, he would have followed to his account those who had preceded him there. It is hardly necessary to add, that the sentinels on the northeast bastion were not afterwards molested."

How Col. Louis Kills His Man at Oriskany.—Among the Oneidas who rendered efficient aid to the American cause, was Louis—*Looe* as pronounced—who was a St. Regis Indian by birth. He was given a Lieutenant's commission, and was ever after called *Colonel Louis*. The Rev. Dr. George A. Lintner, late of Schoharie, introduced this anecdote in a lecture before a Fort Plain audience some years ago, no doubt thinking the hero was a white man. Here is the Domnie's story as he gave it :

"A private soldier named Louis, a rough and daring old hunter, who, after the Indian fashion, carried his knife and tomahawk with him, became so much excited in the heat of the battle, that one of his comrades occupying a tree next to him, asked him : 'Louis, what is the matter?' 'Matter enough,' said Louis, 'there is one of the black serpents lying in the fork of a fallen tree, and every time he rises up he kills one of our men. I can stand it no longer—either he or I must die.' As he said this he raised his rifle and fired. The Indian leaped into the air and fell dead across the fork of the tree which had sheltered him. Louis gave a wild Indian whoop and then ran up to his victim—tore off his scalp and returning to his comrades, threw it down before them saying : 'That fellow will do

no more harm.'” Mr. Lintner assured the writer that he had this story well authenticated.

A Prisoner Howling to some Purpose.—When Gen. Herkimer was advancing to relieve Fort Stanwix, John Spanable, a member of Capt. Rechter’s company of Tilleborough militia, and Jacob I. Klock, were by some means a little distance in the rear of the troops—the latter on horseback—between Fort Dayton and Oriskany, when they unexpectedly fell in with a small party of Indians. The horse of Klock smelt them and gave evidence of fear in time for the rider to discover the cause of his alarm, and, taking the back track, he escaped ; but Spanable was captured and taken to Canada. How many there were of the enemy, and what other prisoners, if any, they had is unknown ; though it is presumed he was taken to the camp at Fort Stanwix, and there kept until after the battle of Oriskany. On their way to Canada, the party of the enemy having him in keeping, one night when they laid down to rest, in consequence of having lost so many friends, crept under their blankets and began a most piteous lamentation and howling in their own dialect, which Spanable, comprehending, also indulged. His voice arrested the attention of the Indians around him, who listened, evidently surprised and much pleased, thinking the prisoner was sympathizing with them. He told his friends when he came back that he felt like mourning for his own condition and the known fate of so many friends at Oriskany, and did so ; but the enemy, he said, supposing his apparent grief was on their account, not only treated him with marked kindness during the rest of the journey, but exempted him from running the gauntlet ; that terrible ordeal at Indian villages.

After a long imprisonment Spanable returned to his friends, and for many years after the war followed his trade, that of a tailor, by “whipping the cat.” He was a large, heavy, jovial man, somewhat eccentric, and often amusing children with his witticisms, or frightening them with specimens of his Indian howling. He was a good natured man, and in the latter part of his life peculiar in his dress and manners. He wore an old fox-skin cap, which was as well known to his customers as any part of their own wardrobes, and not a few of them had seen him deposit in the folds of that cap a quid of tobacco for a

third or fourth mastication: thus proving himself a good economist. He died at a good old age in Stone Arabia.

It is believed that Spanable's family remained at their Tilleborough home, until the invasion in sugar making time the next year, and then, with others, precipitately abandoned the settlement. This is inferred from a fact stated by him after the war, which was that the sugar they were boiling when they fled, was still in the kettle in the woods on his return, years after, as hard as a stone; neither sun or rain having affected it. It was, however, unfit for any use, being oxidized. From *Henry Loucks, Esq.*, who repeatedly heard Spanable tell this story while at work in his father's family, and *Henry Smith*, a man of his own generation.

After Scenes of the Battle-field.—It was hoped by surviving friends in the valley below, that the troops advancing under Gen. Arnold, to raise the siege of Fort Stanwix, would be able to perform the melancholy task of burying the remains of our fallen soldiery at Oriskany; especially, if possible, those of the brave but rash Col. Cox, as also those of Maj. Klepsaddle, Captains Dillenbeck, Diefendorf, Davis, Herkimer and numerous other officers and privates, if it was practicable, and who it was thought could be recognized by volunteer acquaintances; but as over two weeks of excessively warm weather had transpired—it being then on the 23 or 24 of August—decomposition had so rapidly taken place, that the stench was intolerable, making it necessary for the health of the troops to give the field as wide a berth as possible. So said *James Williamson*, a soldier under Arnold and who was on duty at Fort Stanwix later in the war, to the writer forty years ago.

I have omitted to mention elsewhere that Col. Gansevoort, for his gallant defence of Fort Stanwix, was promoted to a Brigadier-General.

Nicholas Stoner, a young musician in the regiment of Col. James Livingston, making a part of Gen. Arnold's army advancing to the relief of Fort Stanwix; said that boats laden with provisions, etc., for the troops, were thus taken up the Mohawk. As the army approached Oriskany, evidences of its bloody onslaught greeted them. Here are some things which he noticed, copied from my *Trappers*: "Near the mouth of the Oriskany creek a gun was found standing against a tree with a pair of

boots hanging on it, while in the creek near, in a state bordering on putrefaction, lay their supposed owner. In the grass a little way from the shore lay a well dressed man, without coat or hat, who, it was supposed, had made his way there to obtain drink. A black silk handkerchief encircled his head. John Clark, a sergeant, loosened it, but the hair adhered to it on its removal, and he left it. He, however, took from his feet a pair of silver shoe-buckles. His legs were so swollen that a pair of deer-skin breeches were rent from top to bottom. On their way, nine dead bodies lay across the road, disposed in regular order, as was imagined, by the Indians after their death. The stench was so great that the Americans could not discharge the last debt due their heroic countrymen, and their bones were soon after bleaching upon the ground. A little farther on an Indian was seen hanging to the limb of a tree by his heels. He was suspended by the traces of a harness, but by whom, was unknown." Such were some of the scenes a mile or two away, but where the carnage had been the greatest they had to make as wide a circuit as possible. Not an American killed in that battle was ever buried.

Centennial Anniversary of the Battle of Oriskany.—This was celebrated on the battle-field, on Monday, August 6, 1877. The day was a delightful one, and the people present could have been measured by the acre. They were with safety, competed at over 50,000. I cannot here give but a brief synopsis of the day's proceedings. The first suggestion to celebrate, appeared in the *Utica Observer*; and the Oneida Historical Society took on its paternity, and moved in the formation of proper committees, etc., appointing Alfred J. Wagner, of Fort Plain, Grand Marshal, and Daniel F. Everts, of Utica, Chief of Staff. Various military and civic organizations were in the long procession, which moved up from Oriskany valley to the battle ground, two miles above: nor should I fail to mention that a delegation of Oneida Indians—whose ancestors were in the fight under Gen. Herkimer—was conspicuous in the procession; in which were 13 choice bands and two drum corps. As the cavalcade were passing the ravine, so fatal to patriots, an 100 years before, all the troops came to a carry of arms, the colors drooped and a cheer rang out from 10,000 throats.

Two stands were erected for speakers, one on the corduroy

road in the fatal ravine and the other on the rise of ground to the westward, where sat the wounded General during the battle. At the western stand where John F. Seymour, Esq., presided, the exercises commenced with an invocation from the Chaplain, Rev. Dr. E. M. Van Deusen, of Utica. Gov. Seymour then delivered one of his felicitious speeches of welcome to the thronging host. Here is a brief sentence from it :

"Let us who live along the course of the Mohawk, now enter upon our duty of making its history familiar as household words. Let us see that the graves of dead patriots are marked by monuments. Let suitable structures tell the citizens of other States and countries, when they pass along our thoroughfares, where its great events were enacted. And let this be done in the way that shall stir our hearts and educate our minds."

Mrs. Abram Lansing, of Albany, a granddaughter of the heroic Col. Gansevoort, to whose relief at Fort Stanwix, six miles above, Herkimer's command was marching ; here produced a once very beautiful flag, that was presented to that daring commander for his gallant defense of that fort, which was then unfurled to the breeze by the presiding officer. The military presented arms, the vast audience with uncovered heads gave three rousing cheers, and the bands played the "Star Spangled Banner," Starin's Fultonville battery the while, keeping the children awake up and down the valley. Gov. Seymour, in behalf of the audience, thanked Mrs. Lansing for producing the sacred relic, and the audience heartily cheered Gen. Gansevoort and all his descendants—one in particular. An intermission of an hour was next taken for dinner.

The following exercises took place in the afternoon: At the western stand, addresses were delivered by Lieut.-Gov. Dorsheimer, Hon. W. J. Bacon, Hon. Ellis H. Roberts, Maj. Douglass Campbell, and Philo White, Esq.; the exercises closing with the reading of a patriotic poem written for the occasion, by Rev. Charles D. Helmer, D. D., of Chicago. At the Eastern stand, where Hon. James Stevens, mayor of Rome, presided, addresses were delivered by Hon. Clarkson N. Potter, Rev. Dr. Haven, Hon. Samuel Earl, and Morven M. Jones, Esq.; the ceremonies closing with the reading of a well written poem, from Gen. J. Watts de Peyster. The addresses delivered on

this occasion, were all worthy of praise, but especially to be commended for their fullness and general accuracy, were those of Roberts and Earl; the latter as especially tracing the family history of Gen. Herkimer, etc., and the former as giving with its appendix of authorities, explanations, etc., the fullest and best history of the event ever yet published.

The State of New York did itself great credit in 1879, in getting up a beautiful book under the supervision of its Secretary, Allen C. Beach, Esq., containing an account of the recent celebrations which had taken place in the State, embracing the proceedings of the New York Historical Society and of Kingston to commemorate the organization of a State government, and the adoption of its Constitution—the proceedings at Oriskany—the proceedings at Bemus' Heights—the proceedings at Schoharie, in the erection of a monument to David Williams, one of Maj. Andre's captors—the proceedings at Schuylerville—the proceedings at Cherry Valley—and the proceedings at Albany, respecting the Old and New Capitols. The book is an octavo of 459 pages.

Monument at Oriskany.—It affords the writer very great pleasure to say to all lovers of their country, that successful measures have been taken to secure the erection of a 10,000 dollar monument on the spot where the brave Herkimer sat upon his bloody saddle, at Oriskany, giving orders to his men as coolly as if unharmed; when the hail of death rattled over and around him. While the noble structure shall for all time mark the site of an important event, it will also keep in living remembrance not only the names of the heroic Herkimer and the men who fell with him, but of all the patriotic band making up that roll of honor—so far as their names can be gathered—who there met an army of former neighbors, now transformed to demons and savages. Thanks be to God for moving the hearts of the donors who contributed generously, because willingly, to aid in making up the requisite fund. The monument, the plan for which we have not seen, is to be completed by Aug. 1, 1883, so that it may be unveiled on the 6th, the anniversary of the battle.

A Roster of Oriskany.—As my Revolutionary investigations have revealed not a few of the names of actors in the Oriskany conflict, I here record a list of the men in the battle, making use of the roster prepared for the *Utica Herald*, of July 27,

1877, supposing that in the main to have been correct, although the sources from whence some of the names were derived I know not. Some are found in different books, and many have been treasured in the memory of relatives and friends. Perfection cannot be obtained, and it were better to record a few not actually there, than to omit any believed to have been there. Before the names are inscribed on the monument, a rigid effort should be made to gather all, if possible, and subject them to the scrutiny of a committee of the Oneida Historical Society, appointed for that especial purpose.

One obstacle in the way of perfection in this matter, is the confusion of Christian names and middle letters in them, while another is found in the titles attached to some, which were obtained years after that battle. For convenience, I arrange the names alphabetically. The mortally wounded, so far as known, are classed with the killed, and will be designated by the letter K in front of the name, the wounded and prisoners by the letters W and P. The supposed town or locality to which they belonged as the towns are now organized, will be recorded in connection with the names. Should any reader be able to name any individual whose name is not recorded in the following list, who is known to have been in the Oriskany battle, they will please communicate such name to the author of this work, or to the Oneida Historical Society at Utica.

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| Abram, Arndt, Minden. | K. Campbell, Lieut. Col. Samuel, Cherry Valley. |
| Alter, Jacob, " | Clyde, Adj't Samuel, Cherry Valley. |
| K. Ayer, Frederick, Schuyler. | Copeman, Capt. Abram, Canajoharie. |
| Bellinger, Col. Peter, German Flats. | Conover, Isaac, Glen. |
| P. Bellinger, Lieut. Col. Fred'k " | Casler, Jacob, Minden. |
| Bell, Capt. Geo. Henry, Fall Hill. | Casler, John, " |
| K. Bell, Joseph, " " | Casler, Adam, " |
| K. Bell, Nicholas, " " | W. Cook, John, Palatine. |
| W. Bigbread, Capt John, Palatine. | Coppernoll, Richard, Minden. |
| Baader, Melchert, " | Cox, William, " |
| Boyer, John, Reme Snydersbush. | K. Crouse, Robert, " |
| K. Bowman, Jacob, Canajoharie. | Crouse, George, " |
| P. Blauvelt, Maj. (supposed murdered), Mohawk. | Clemens, Jacob, Schuyler. |
| Bellinger, Adam. | W. Conover, Peter. |
| K. Bliven, Maj. John, Florida. | K. Cunningham, Andrew, Amsterdam. |
| Bellinger, John. | Collier, Jacob, Florida. |
| K. Billington, Samuel, Palatine. | K. Campbell, Lieut. Robert, Cherry Valley. |
| Billington, " | |
| Bargy, Peter, Frankfort. | K. Dievendorf, Capt. Henry, Minden. |
| K. Cox, Col. Ebenezer, Minden. | K. Dillenbeck, Capt. Andrew, Palatine. |

- K. Davis, Capt. John James, Mohawk.
 K. Davis, Martines, "
 Dievendorf, John, Minden.
 Dygert, Peter, Palatine.
 Duncel, Han. (John) Peter, Minden.
 Duncel, Han. Garrit, "
 Duncel, Han. Nicholas, "
 K. Davis, Benjamin, Mohawk.
 Dockstader, John, German Flats.
 K. Davy, Capt. Thomas, Springfield.
 K. Dygert, John, Palatine.
 Dygert, Capt. William, German Flats.
 Demuth, Marx, Deerfield.
 DeGraff, Capt. Immanuel, Amsterdam
 Dygert, Peter S., German Flats.
 Dygert, George, "
 Dorn, Peter, Johnstown.
 K. Elenford, Maj. John, Palatine.
 Emple, Jacob, "
 Ehle, William, "
 P. Ehle, Peter.
 Eysler, John, Reme Snyderbush.
 W. & P. Frey, Brig.-Maj. John, Palatine
 W. Fox, Capt. Christopher W., "
 Fox, Capt. Christopher P., "
 Fox, Peter, "
 Fox, Charles, "
 Fox, William, "
 Fox, Christopher, "
 W. Folte, Conrad, Herkimer.
 K. Failing, Jacob, Canajoharie.
 W. Failing, Henry, "
 Failing, Henry N., "
 Fralick, Valentine, Palatine.
 W. Gardiner, Capt. Jacob, Fultonville.
 W. Gardiner, Samuel, "
 K. Grant, Lieut. Petrus, Amsterdam.
 Geortner, Peter, Minden.
 K. Gray, Nicholas, Palatine.
 Gray, Lieut. Samuel, Herkimer.
 Graves, Capt. —,
 Gros, Capt. Lawrence, Minden.
 Gray, Silas, Florida.
 K. Herkimer, Gen. Nicholas, Danube.
 K. Helmer, Capt. Fred'k, German Flats.
 Helmer, John Adam, "
 [Sent to the fort by Gen. Herkimer.]
 House, Lieut. John Joseph, Minden.
 K. Hunt, Lieut. Abel (supposed), Florida.
 Hufnall, Christian.
 K. Hawn, Conrad, Herkimer.
 K. Hiller, —, Fairfield. [Shot from a tree-top.]
 Huyck, John, Palatine.
 Hand, Marcus, Florida.
 Hall, William, Glen.
 Klepsaddle, Maj. Enos, German Flats.
 Kilts, Conrad, Palatine.
 Kilts, Peter, "
 Keller, Andrew, "
 Keller, Jacob, "
 Keller, Solomon, "
 Klock, Col. Jacob, "
 K. Klepsaddle, Jacob, German Flats.
 Loucks, Lieut. Peter, Palatine.
 Lintner, George, Minden.
 Lighthall (believed), Palatine.
 Longshore, Solomon, Canajoharie.
 Louns, Henry, "
 P. Lighthall, Francis, Ephratuh.
 Louis, Col., a St. Regis Indian with Oneldas. [He held a Lieutenant's commission, and was usually called Colonel.]
 K. Moyer, Jacob, Fairfield [Found with his throat cut]
 Miller, Adam, Glen.
 Miller, Jelles, Minden.
 Miller, John P., "
 Miller, Henry, "
 Murray, David, Florida.
 McMaster, Lieut. David, Florida.
 K. Markell, Jacob, Springfield.
 K. Merckley, William, Palatine.
 Myers, Jacob, German Flats.
 Myers, Joseph, Herkimer.
 Mowers, Conrad, supposed Danube.
 Mowers, —
 Mowers, — Brothers.
 W. Nellis, Philip, Palatine.
 Nellis, Christain, Palatine.
 Nellis, John D., "
 Ne tell, Peter, "
 Newkirk, John, Florida.
 Newkirk, Garret, son of Jno, Florida.
 K. Paris, Hon. Isaac (murdered), Palatine
 K. Paris, Peter, son of Isaac, "
 Petry, Dr. William, German Flats.
 K. Petry, Lieut. Dederick Marcus, German Flats.
 Petry, John Marks, German Flats.
 K. Pettingall, town of Mohawk.
 Putman, Ensign Richard, Johnstown.
 K. Putman, Martines, Johnstown.
 K. Phillips, Cornelius, Florida.
 W. Price, Adam, Canajoharie.
 Pickard, Nicholas, Canajoharie.
 K. Petry, John, Herkimer.
 W. Petry, Joseph, Herkimer.
 K. Petry, Lieut. Han Jost, Herkimer.
 Quackenbush, Lieut. Abm. D., Glen.

- W. Bechter, Capt. Nicholas, Ephratah.
 W. Radnour, Jacob, Minden.
 Bother, John, "
 K. Raysnor, George, "
 Roof, Johannes, Fort Stanwix: afterwards Capt. of exemptis at Canajoharie.
 Roof, John, a son, Col. of militia after the war.
 Rasbach, Marx, Kingsland.
 Ritter, — Fairfield. Sufferenus Caselman, a tory, boasted of having cut Ritter's throat
 Scholl, Ensign John Jost, Ephratah.
 Sitts, Peter, Palatine.
 K. Sharrar, Christian, Herkimer.
 K. Sharrar, — a school teacher, R. Snyder's bush.
 Staring, Hendrick, Schuyler.
 Shoemaker, Thomas, Herkimer.
 Siebert, Rudolph.
 Shults, George, Stone Arabia.
 Shaul, Henry, Herkimer.
 Shimmel, —, "
 Sanders, Henry, Minden.
 W. Shaffer, William,
 K. Seeber, Major William, Minden.
 K. Seeber, Capt. Jacob.
 K. Seeber, Audolph, sons of William S. Minden.
 Seeber, Sufferenus; Seeber, James; Seeber, John, names given in the roster of 1777, but where to locate them I do not know.
 K. Spencer, Henry (interpreter), an Oneida.
 Schell, Christian, Schellsbush.
 Smith, George, Palatine.
 Smith, —, father of Nicholas, said roster of 1777.
 Swarts, Lieut. Jeromiah, Mohawk.
 Sillenbeck, John G.
 Shults, John, Palatine.
 Sommers, Peter, said roster of 1777.
 Stowitta, Philip, G. P., Root.
 K. Snell, Joseph, Snellsbush,
 K. Snell, Jacob "
- K. Snell, Frederick, "
 K. Snell, Sufferenus, "
 Snell, Peter, "
 Snell, George, Stone Arabia.
 K. Snell, John, "
 K. Snell, John Jun. a sifer, Stone Arabia.
 K. Snell, Jacob, a committee man, Stone Arabia.
 Thum, Adam, St Johnsville.
 Thompson, Henry, Glen.
 Timmerman, Conrad, St Johnsville.
 W. Vlascher, Col. Frederick, Mohawk.
 K. Van Slyke, Maj. Harmanus, Palatine.
 Van Slyke, Nicholas, a sifer "
 Van Horne, Cornelius, Florida.
 Van Horne, Henry, "
 Van Slyke, Canajoharie.
 W. Van Antwerp, supposed Glen.
 Wagner, Lieut. Col. Peter, Palatine.
 Wagner, Lieut. Peter.
 W. Wagner, George.
 Wagner John, sons of Col. W.
 Wagner, Jacob, Minden.
 Wagner, John, Canajoharie.
 P. Walrath, Garrit, Minden.
 W. Walter, George, Palatine.
 K. Westerman, Peter, Minden,
 K. Wohlever, John.
 Wohlever, Richard.
 Wohlever, Peter.
 Wohlever, Abram Tenton says they were brothers from Herkimer.
 P, Walrath, Lieut. Henry, Herkimer.
 Weaver, Jacob, German Flat.
 Weaver, Peter James, German Flats.
 Widrick, Michael, Schuyler.
 K. Wrenkle, Lawrence, Fort Herkimer.
 Walrath, Jacob, Palatine.
 P. Walrath, Henry, Herkimer.
 Yates, Robert, supposed Root.
 Yerdon, Nicholas, supposed Minden.
 P. Younglove, Moser, Surgeon, Stone Arabia.
 P. Youker, Jacob, Openheim.
 W. Zimmerman, Henry, St Johnsville.

Burgoyne's Army.—I have mentioned the invasion of northern New York by Gen. Burgoyne, as one of the carefully devised enterprises of the enemy in the summer of 1777. He had said vauntingly in the British Parliament, that with 10,000 British troops he could march from Maine to Georgia, and as was the case with St. Ledger, he was the chosen agent of roy-

alty to execute a concerted mission. Burgoyne's army on leaving Canada, consisted of 7863 British and German troops,* to which was added, as believed, Canadians, loyalists and Indians, numbering nearly 1000 more. He had also the best train of artillery that had then been seen in America. From a chain of disasters, one after another the forts in northern New York fell into the hands of the enemy, until they had possession of Fort Edward. Confusion and alarm were spreading through New England and New York, greatly increased by the atrocities committed by the attending Indians. The murder of Miss Jane McCrea, who was accompanying some Indians to meet her lover in the enemy's camp—who quarreled about the reward for her delivery, and took instead of her lovely person her reeking scalp to him; recoiled on the heads of the invaders.



Place where Miss McCrea was murdered.

Gen. Schuyler was succeeded in command of the Northern army by Gen. Gates, to gratify the New England people, who, instead of hastening troops to his assistance, were clamoring against him. After the murder of Miss McCrea, Gen. Gates in a letter to Burgoyne, accused him of his Indian cruelties,

* Address of John Austin Stevens, in New York Centennial Celebrations.

presenting the case of this murdered girl as a specimen of what his allies were constantly doing. Burgoyne denied having encouraged Indian outrages, asserting that he had refused to the Indian council, to pay a bounty on scalps, but said he had paid a bounty for prisoners, to encourage the Indians to a more humane warfare. That he thought the employment of the Indians on leaving Canada a wise affair can hardly be doubted, but he soon learned he had an element he could not control. It became known afterwards that most of the Indians who left his army, on their return to Montreal, assigned as a reason for their return, Burgoyne's refusal to pay them their accustomed bounty for scalps.*

Battle of Bennington.—As Burgoyne advanced, he was under the necessity of replenishing his larder, and attempted to do it, by obtaining a portion of the public American deposit at Bennington. For that purpose he sent thither a detachment of troops mostly Hessians, numbering about 600 men under Lieut.-Col. Baum.† Gen. Starke,‡ who had raised a body of "Green Mountain boys," intended to reinforce Gen. Schuyler, apprised of Baum's approach, was there to defend the public stores. Baum, "smelling a mouse," halted at Walloon creek, seven miles from Bennington, and sent to Burgoyne for a reinforcement. August 16th, having assembled about 1,600 men, Starke attacked Baum in his intrenchments, and at the end of two hours the Germans retreated, leaving their commander mortally wounded. The fugitives meeting a reinforcement of 500 men under Lieut.-Col. Breyman, made a stand, but were again repulsed and compelled to retreat. In the two engagements, the British loss in killed and wounded was about 600.§ Gen. Starke had been a Captain under Wolfe, on the Plains of Abraham, and therefore a competent judge of fighting, when he said: "The action lasted two hours, *the hottest I ever saw in my life.*" He re-

* Stone's Brant, vol. 1, p. 204.

† Holmes' Annals. He says Dr. Belknap stated their number from Burgoyne's manuscript, at 1,500, besides 100 Indians, vol. 2, p. 386. Probably the latter estimate included 500 Germans sent under Lieut.-Col. Breyman to the assistance of Baum.

‡ Gen. Starke was rather under size, rode a small gray mare—and when on the move he meant business. He wore buck-skin breeches, black sheep's yarn stockings, with knee buckles or a puff knot, and brass shoe buckles. Pointing to the Hessians at Bennington, he said to his men: "I'll be there in half an hour, or Molly Starke's a widow." He kept his word and his wife.—*Capt. Eben Williams.*

§ Holmes' quoting Stedman.

ported 207 of the enemy killed, and about 700 prisoners. He gave Col. Warner, who came up with a regiment of fresh troops, great praise for the success of the second engagement.* Burgoyne represented his loss to be about 400, but Marshall stated that 32 officers and 564 privates, including Canadians and Tories were made prisoners. Col. Baum died and was buried near the river.† The American loss was 70 in killed and wounded.‡ The trophies of the victors were four brass cannon, 1,000 stand of arms and 900 swords. But, better than all, this affair while it seriously crippled Burgoyne and disheartened the Indians, who, for their numbers suffered severely; tended wonderfully to raise the drooping spirits of the Americans, who had learned that European troops were not invincible.

Battle of Bemus Heights.—When Gen. Schuyler had done the hard work in getting ready to arrest the progress of Burgoyne, he was superseded by Gen. Gates; about which time Gen. Washington sent him a *rifle corps* of 500 men, justly celebrated for sharp shooting, that he might be prepared for Burgoyne's Indians. It was commanded by Col. Mayon, of Virginia, whose field officers were Lieut.-Col. Richard Butler, of Pennsylvania; Majors Morris, of N. J., and Dearborn, of Massachusetts, the latter officer in especial command of 250 of the men, armed with bayonets. I mention this corps, because it was considered not only the most efficient for its numbers, but also as being a nucleus of strength in the army. On the 19th of September, the armies of Burgoyne and Gates met in battle, on Bemus Heights, near Stillwater. As the enemy advanced, they were met by Morgan's men, and soon the fight became general and lasted four hours, and until night, when the armies fell back to their encampments. The American loss was 321 in killed, wounded and missing, and that of the enemy, between 500 and 600. Comparatively few prisoners were made on either side. Twenty-two of Morgan's men were captured in their first charge, and about 100 of the enemy were made captive during the day.§ Here is a sentence from the same author: "The artillery of the enemy fell into our hands several times in the course

* Allen's Rev. vol. 2, p. 42.

† Holmes.

‡ Allen.

§ Allen's Am. Rev., vol. 2, p. 62.

of the action ; but it was impracticable to use it against them.* The British corps which served this artillery, fought with the most heroic bravery, 36 of them out of 48 being killed and wounded at the guns. It was certainly one of the warmest actions ever fought, and sustained by both sides with equal courage ; night only putting an end to the contest. Gen. Burgoyne, as was discovered by his correspondence, claimed the *victory*; but it is evident that there was no victory on either side, neither having gained a single inch of ground." Neither party seemed exactly ready for this action, but it was believed at the time, that had Burgoyne renewed the fight within a day or two, he would have been victorious ; but Gates was so strengthened afterward as to block his last chance and last hope of progressing farther.

Dilemma of Gen. Arnold.—Three days after the battle on Bemus Heights, an altercation took place between Generals Gates and Arnold, which resulted in the latter officer's losing his command. The cause of their difficulty grew out of a "general order" from Gates, which was as follows : "Col. Morgan's corps not being attached to any brigade or division of the army, he is to make returns and reports to headquarters only ; *from which alone he is to receive orders.*" Arnold considered the *elite* of the army as belonging to his division, and especially desiring to control Morgan's corps, regarded the order as an insult to him, and resented it with much zeal. It was probably intended as regarded. A correspondence followed, in which Arnold, in his impetuosity, demanded permission for himself and aids to "pass to Philadelphia." The "pass" was immediately given him, and thus was effected what Gates so much desired, his exclusion from his accustomed command. Arnold saw his dilemma when too late to recall his error ; for to leave an army near an expected battle would reflect upon the reputation his valor had already won for him, and which Gates was evidently jealous of.† He remained with the army, however, until after the battle of Oct. 7th.

If the battle of Sept. 19th resulted in nothing decisive, it

* Says Wilkinson's Memoirs, the guns of the enemy could not be used for the want of a linstock, which the enemy each time took off, and could not be removed on account of the wood.

† Allen.

brought important advantages to the American army. It gave a new impulse to the movement of the militia ; while the Indians, with the enemy, taking a dislike to Morgan's sharp shooters, were constantly deserting Burgoyne's army. Quite a number of Oneidas and Tuscaroras tendered their services to Gates, and by Oct. 4th his army was swelled to 11,000 men ; over 7,000 of whom were well armed and fit for duty. Burgoyne could still count on between 5,000 and 6,000 effective men.*

Morgan's Men in Demand.—Washington wrote to Gates that he wished Morgan's corps returned to him *if it could be spared*, and Oct. 5, two days before the battle of Saratoga, Gen. Gates replied that since the battle of Sept. 19th, neither army had gained an inch of ground. "In this situation your Excellency would not wish me to part with the corps the army of Gen. Burgoyne are most afraid of."†

Second Battle on Bemus Heights.—After the battle of Sept. 16th, to Oct. 7th, while the army of Gates was daily growing stronger, that of Burgoyne was gradually weakening, so that by the time of the second general engagement from the same encampments he had less than 6,000 effective men, who were on half rations ; while his stock of forage was exhausted and his horses were perishing in great numbers. In this time the Americans were fast making it impossible for him either to advance or make good his retreat. As a dernier resort he, however, resolved, if possible, to dislodge the Americans on their left and retreat to the lakes. To increase his distress and this necessity, he heard nothing from Sir Henry Clinton favoring his own movement, as he had hoped to, from Albany.‡

On the afternoon of Oct. 7th, an alarm drum was beat by an advance guard in the centre of the American camp, and on reconnoitering, Col. Wilkinson reported a foraging party within half a mile of our encampments. Col. Morgan was then sent to the enemy's right, with orders to act his discretion in commencing battle. He therefore proposed, under cover of the wood, to gain a desired position on a rise of ground and there wait until a fire should be opened on the enemy's left. This Gen. Gates approved, ordering Gen. Poor's brigade, of New Hampshire and

* Allen.

† Ibid.

‡ Holmes.

New York troops, to commence an attack on the flank and front of the British grenadiers. When Morgan heard the signal he attacked the enemy's right, and with such deadly vigor as compelled them to fall back in confusion. They were commanded by the Earl of Balcarras, a brave leader, who again brought them near to their first position. By this time the whole British line were attacked in front and flank so vigorously that they retreated in great disorder to their camp.*

Col. Wilkinson, having been an active officer present, was competent to give a truthful account of this battle, and here is an extract from his narrative: He says after Gen. Poor commenced the action—"True to his purpose, Morgan, at this critical moment, poured down like a torrent from the hill and attacked the right of the enemy in front and flank. Dearborn, at the moment when the enemy's light infantry were attempting to change front, pressed forward with ardor and delivered a close fire, then leaped the fence, shouted, charged and gradually forced them to retire in disorder—yet headed by that intrepid soldier, the Earl of Balcarras, they were immediately rallied and re-formed behind a fence in rear of their first position, but being now attacked with great audacity in front and flank by superior numbers, resistance became vain and the whole line, commanded by Burgoyne in person, gave way and made a precipitate and disorderly retreat to his camp, leaving two 12 and six 6-pounders (all of brass) on the field, with the loss of more than 400 officers and men, killed, wounded and captured, and among them the flower of his officers, viz.: Brig.-Gen. Frazer, Maj. Ackland, commanding the grenadiers; Sir Francis Clark, his first Aid-de-camp; Maj. Williams, commanding the artillery; Capt. Mooney, Deputy-quartermaster-general, and many others. After delivering the order to Gen. Poor and directing him to the point of attack, I was peremptorily commanded to the rear, to order up Ten Broeck's regiment of New York militia, 3,000 strong. [Some of those troops, no doubt, were from the Mohawk valley.] I performed this service, and regained the field of battle at the moment the enemy had turned their backs—52 minutes after the first shot was fired. The ground which had been occupied by the British grenadiers pre-

*Allen, vol. 2, 83.

sented a scene of complicated horror and exultation. In a square space of 12 or 15 yards lay 18 grenadiers in the agonies of death, and three officers propped up against stumps of trees, two of them mortally wounded, bleeding and almost speechless."

At the point mentioned, Col. W. said he found the brave Col. Cilley astride a brass 12-pounder, exulting in its capture. Passing on to join our troops in pursuit of the enemy, he was enabled to save the life of Maj. Ackland from a boy who was about to shoot him. The gallant and humane Colonel placed him on the horse of his own servant and sent him to our headquarters. The right flank of the enemy was held by the German corps of Col. Breyman. Gen. Learned coming up at this time, asked Col. W. where he could "put in" to the best advantage. He directed him to the point held by the Provincial troops, Canadians and Tories, which he gallantly assaulted, and they hastily fled. This exposed the German flank, which, in turn, was attacked and routed, leaving their commander, Col. Breyman, among the dead. The whole British encampment was now exposed, but darkness put an end to the fight, and during the night Gen. Burgoyne resumed his old fortified position.

For the time it lasted, few fiercer battles or more decisive ones were ever fought during the war. The British loss in killed wounded and prisoners, was over 400, while the American loss did not exceed 80 in killed and wounded, and among the latter was Gen. Arnold. Burgoyne narrowly escaped death, one shot having passed through his hat and another through his waistcoat.*

How the Battle of October 7th was Brought on.—Here is a version of the manner in which this battle began: If this spy visited the camp of the enemy more than once, and possibly he did, it is not improbable his mission had something to do with "starting the game." Jacob Van Alstyne, who was under Gen. Gates at Bemus Heights, from whom I had this narrative only a year or two before his death, was a very exemplary and conscientious man, and the truth of his statement I never had reason to doubt—as he fully believed it himself. When it occurred he was Adjutant of the regiment of Rensselaer county militia, under Col. Stephen J. Schuyler, Lieut. Col. Henry K. Van

* Allen.

Rensselaer, and acted in the two-fold capacity of Adjutant and Quartermaster. Col. Schuyler was a brother of Gen. Philip Schuyler, and having the oldest commission among the colonels on that station, he acted as Brigadier-General in the latter part of the campaign. A German, named John Tillman, a portly gentleman who resided at Albany after the war, acted as German interpreter for Gen. Gates, and was requested by the latter to select a proper person to go into the British camp as a spy; the object of whose mission was, *to circulate letters among the Hessian soldiers*, to induce them to desert, and to bring on an engagement in such a manner as Gates desired. Tillman selected Christopher Fisher,* a private in Col. Schuyler's regiment—a shrewd fellow and always ready with an answer to any question that might be asked him. Fisher, being well acquainted with my informant, visited him to ask his advice in the hazardous undertaking, naming the reward offered. The latter told him what the consequence would be if he was detected, but declined giving counsel. "Well," said Fisher, "if you will not advise me how to proceed, then I must act on my own judgment." So saying, he took his leave of Van Alstyne, who thought but little more of the matter until after the battle of October 7th.

While in his tent after that engagement, Fisher entered and showed him *a purse of gold and his discharge from the service*. Van Alstyne then desired to know how he had proceeded. Fisher stated that on the day appointed, he approached the enemy's picket with a sheep upon his back, which had been killed for the occasion. He was hailed by the guard, who demanded of him his residence and the object of his visit. Fisher replied that he lived a few miles back in the country—"that the 'd--d Yankees' had destroyed all his property but one sheep, which he had killed, and was then taking to his friends." On hearing this reply, the sentinel treated him kindly, and delivered him over to an officer with a favorable report. In the British camp, he was asked by a superior officer, what proof he could give that he was not deceiving. Said Fisher, "the 'rebels' are preparing to give you battle, and if you will go with me, I will convince you of its truth." The officer followed Fisher to a

* Fisher was a native of Schoharie county, of German origin, and had removed to Rensselaer county just before the war.

certain place, from which was visible a wood. Here had been stationed, agreeable to the order of Gen. Gates, a body of Morgan's rifle corpé, who were to exhibit themselves in a stealthy manner. The riflemen wore frocks and were easily distinguished. "There—there," said Fisher, "don't you see them devils of Morgan's dodging about among the trees?" And sure enough, as fast as the spy directed his vision, the British officer could see the moving frocks of the American riflemen. When urged to enlist into the British service, Fisher pretended an aversion to war, pleading the necessity of returning home to protect his family against the rebels. He was allowed to leave the camp when he chose, and embraced the opportunity while the armies were engaged. He was, however, admitted into communion as a genuine royalist, and being allowed to mingle for several hours with those who spoke German, he discharged the duties of his perilous mission to the satisfaction of Gen. Gates. A party of British troops were sent to dislodge the riflemen pointed out by Fisher—a general engagement followed, and the result is known to the American reader. The spy executed faithfully the principal object of his hazardous enterprise, and many of those Hessian soldiers deserted the British service in that campaign, and either entered the American service, or became good citizens of New York. Mr. Van Alstyne died at his residence at Caughnawaga, in May, 1844, aged nearly 95 years.

The German troops known as Brunswickers, are said to have shown great cowardice in this action, having retreated before a man of them was killed or wounded.* May not the mission of Fisher, who undeceived them in regard to the character the English had given the Americans, have had something to do with their nonresistance? There are many good families in the Mohawk valley to-day, whose forefathers came from Canada with Gen. Burgoyne.

Who killed Gen. Frazer.—Gen. Frazer, a distinguished officer in the British army, was looked upon by some of the Americans as a more dangerous leader to oppose than Burgoyne himself. Several published accounts state that such was the opinion of Col. Morgan. During the engagement of October 7th, it fell

* Allen.

to the fortune of Morgan's rifle corps to meet in battle the troops under Frazer. Morgan selected a few of his best marksmen, who were placed in a favorable position, and instructed to make Frazer their special mark. A friend some time ago stated to me by letter, that the position of marksmen in trees was the act of Arnold, and not of Morgan. It has also been stated by some writer, that several bullets whizzed so near Frazer's person, that a friend suggested to him that he was evidently marked, and had better seek a place of less exposure, to whom he replied in substance, that he should remain where duty called him. Timothy Murphy, who afterward went to Schoharie, was one of the riflemen selected to execute this unholy design. The party thus stationed had each a chance to fire, and some of them more than once, before a favorable opportunity presented for Murphy; but when it did, the effect was soon manifest. The gallant General was riding upon a gallop when he received the fatal ball, and after a few bounds of his charger, fell, mortally wounded. The fact that Murphy shot Gen. Frazer, was communicated to the writer by a son and two daughters of the former.

A letter dated Amherst, Massachusetts, October 7, 1835 published in the *Saratoga Sentinel*, introduced a competitor for the honor, if such it was considered, of having slain Gen. Frazer. The letter is from the pen of E. Mattoon, Esq., being a reply to an interrogatory letter of a preceding date, from Philip Schuyler, Esq., a son the late Gen. Schuyler. Mr. Mattoon expresses his belief, in the letter, that Gen. Frazer was killed by an old man with a long hunting gun, and not by one of Morgan's men. There can be no doubt but that the old gentleman to whom he alludes, shot an officer, but that he killed Gen. Frazer I cannot believe, since not only Murphy was positive he fell before his rifle, but several authors have stated that Frazer told his friends after he fell, "that he saw the man who shot him, and that he was a rifleman posted in a tree." The remains of Gen. Frazer were taken to England after the war.

I have alluded to the coldness between Generals Arnold and Gates, and that he remained in camp without any command. During the second engagement Arnold dashed about into several posts of danger, his recklessness of life being increased as supposed, by the intoxicating bowl. His rashness inspired

some confidence in the troops near him. In my *Trappers of New York*, I have given an incident from the lips of one of his young volunteers, in his most fortunate movement, from which I here copy : "Towards evening of that day, that daring chief led a body of troops into the very heart of the Hessian camp; carrying dismay along the whole British line. In this impetuous onset he was shot through the leg,* and his horse killed under him, and would to God the ball had passed through his heart, and that that reckless leader, who, up to that hour had been one of *Liberty's* boldest champions could have sealed with his life-blood his former deeds of glory! Yes, would to God that that brave General, who, with the gallant Montgomery, had faced his country's foes on the snow-clad plains of Abraham, could now have found a grave on those heights, where his own blood had mingled with that of the foeman. But, alas! alas! a sombre destiny awaited him.

"Among the death-daring spirits who followed Arnold to the Hessian camp, was Nicholas Stoner, and near the enemy's works he was wounded in a singular manner. A cannon shot from the breastwork killed a soldier near Stoner, named Tyrrell. The ball demolished his head, sending its fragments into the face of Stoner, which was literally covered with brains, hair and fragments of skull. He fell senseless, with the right side of his head about the ear severely cut by portions of the skull bone, which injury ever after affected his hearing in that ear. Shortly after, as the young fifer was missing, his Captain, Timothy Hughes, sent one Sweeney, an Irish soldier to find and bear him from the field; but a cannon shot whizzed so near his own head, that he soon returned without him. Col. James Livingston—to whose regiment the company belonged—asked Sweeney where Stoner was! 'Ja—s! colonel,' replied the soldier, "a goose just laid an egg there, and you dont catch me to stay there.'" Lieut. William Wallace then proceeded to the spot indicated by Sweeney, and found Stoner, with his head resting upon Tyrrell's thigh, and in his arms bore him to the American camp. When found, a portion of the brim of his hat, about

* A wounded Hessian fired on Arnold, and John Redman, a volunteer, ran up to bayonet him, but was prevented doing so by Arnold, who exclaimed: "He's a fine fellow, don't hurt him!" The Hessians continued to fight after they were down, because they had been told by their employers that the Americans would give no quarters.—*Stoner*.

one-fourth the size of a 9-pound shot, was observed to have been cut off very smoothly, the rest of it was covered with the ruins of Tyrrell's head, *who*, to use the words of Stoner, '*did not know what hurt him.*'"

After the second engagement on Bemus Heights, Gen. Burgoyne did not again return to give battle, but made a tardy and ineffectual attempt to retrace his steps to Canada. Before he was ready to do so, however, Gen. Nixon, of the First Massachusetts brigade, had succeeded in gaining Fort Edward in his rear; and the first intimation the retiring hero had that his retreat was cut off, was from hearing the evening gun fired at that fortress. As its thunder came booming along the valley of the Hudson, it sounded in his unwilling ears the knell of his military glory.—*Capt. Eben Williams.*

A facsimile of the signature of John Burgoyne, written in a cursive script. The signature begins with a large, stylized 'J' followed by 'Burgoyne' and ends with a long, sweeping flourish.

Facsimile of Burgoyne's Signature to his Capitulation.

Finding that he was literally encircled by the men he had effected to despise in England, Burgoyne offered terms of surrender. An agreement was arrived at and signed by the commanders, October 16th. Burgoyne and his officers, although compelled by circumstances to become prisoners of war, did not like to call the terms a *capitulation*, but a *convention*, to which Gen. Gates assented. The surrender took place in front of old Fort Henry, near the Hudson, on the morning of October 27th. The *brass ordnance*, including what had been captured, amounted to 42 pieces—what an accession to the American armament—5,000 stand of arms, 6,000 dozen of cartridges, ammunition, wagons, shot, shells, etc., etc. The number of troops surrendered were 5,763, which with those killed and captured since they left Canada, would amount to nearly 5,000 more, making Burgoyne's total loss about 10,000 men.* Hardly

* Allen.

any two writers give the same numerical force, as that which left Canada with Burgoyne. Here is a table from *Holmes' Annals* :

The whole number surrendered, was	5,752
British troops	2,442
Brunswick and other German troops.....	2,198
Canadians, Volunteers, etc	1,100
Staff.....	12
	<hr/> 5,752
Sick and wounded left in the British camp when his retreat began..	528
Besides the above there were killed, wounded, taken and deserted, between July 8th and October 16th ..	2,983
	<hr/> 9,213
Total	<hr/> <hr/>

The troops under Burgoyne were to march out of their camp with the honors of war ; they were to be quartered in or near Boston, and given a free passage in British transports to England, on condition of not serving again in the present contest.

I have aimed to give the reader as good an idea of the invasions of Northern New York as possible, in the space allotted for it ; since on the result of them evidently hung the future destiny of the country. The repulse and return of St. Ledger from the Mohawk valley to Canada, without accomplishing his mission ; and the surrender of Burgoyne and his entire army, are events belonging together in their result, which established for us a national reputation abroad, making France an ally, and paving the way for our final triumph ; and while those successes of our arms taught the British the fact, that the frontiers of New York were not to become *loyal* as easily and readily as the Johnson family had promised they would, they inspired the American people with renewed confidence in their own strength, and the justness of their cause in the eye of the civilized world—and better than all in the eye of Jehovah. Burgoyne's capitulation was an event celebrated throughout the land, and in no one place with more joy than in Albany, which had beckoned the enemy thitherward from the south as well as the north. I have elsewhere shown the enemy's success in the valley of the Hudson, which fortunately Burgoyne was not benefitted by.

The Capture of Burgoyne's army how celebrated.—To show the reader how Burgoyne's surrender was celebrated in Albany,

here is a narrative of the event from persons who were then living there. An ox was roasted whole for the occasion. A pole passing through it and resting on crotches served as a spit, while a pair of cart wheels at the ends of the pole were used to turn it. A hole was dug in the ground, in which, beneath the ox, a fire was made. While cooking, several pails of salt water were at hand, to be applied with swabs to keep the meat from burning. When roasted it was drawn through the principal streets, and the patriotic secured a good slice. A constant roar of artillery was kept up during the day.

The aged met with joy of heart,
The youthful met with glee;
While little children played their part,
The happiest of the three.

In the evening almost every dwelling in the city was illuminated. A pyramid of pine fagots which had been collected for the occasion, in the centre of which stood a liberty pole supporting on its top a barrel of tar, was set on fire on the hill near the city early in the evening. When the fire reached the tar, it not only illuminated every part of the city, but sent its ominous light for many miles around, presenting a most imposing effect.*

To show the enthusiasm that prevailed during the celebration above related, I insert the following incident: Evert Yates, of Montgomery county, who then lived in Albany, assured the

* The author is indebted to Mrs. Henry France of Seward, who was a resident of Albany at the time, for the manner in which this event was celebrated; and also for the following narrative: Her father, John Horne, was a butcher in Albany previous to the French war. In the early part of that war, he, with six other Albanians, went up the Hudson in a batteau with merchandize to trade with the Indians for furs. Landing at some place and leaving their boat in which were their weapons of defence, they were proceeding a little distance from it, when, as they were crossing a small bridge a party of seven armed Indians, who had been sometime watching their motions, sprang out from under the bridge and made them captives. As they all had prisoners, each Indian at night took care of his own, and Horne watching his opportunity after traveling several days with his new master, effected his escape when the party were all asleep. He went a short distance and secreted himself in a hollow log. As soon as his absence was discovered, several of the enemy pursued him; and he, in his concealment, heard them pass and repass, hallooing to each other. After their return he directed his course to the Mohawk, and at the end of eight or nine days' journey through the forest, in which time he suffered much from hunger and exposure, he reached the bank of West Canada creek, and discovered an Indian and squaw upon its opposite shore. He called to them to come to him, but they did not move until he held up a piece of money. The Indian then sent the squaw in a canoe after him. He obtained food from them, who proved to be of a friendly tribe, and in a few days more reached home in safety; but it was a long time before his comrades in the perilous enterprise all returned.

writer that he, with several young friends, was without the city firing muskets in honor of the happy event. After firing a good many loud guns they returned home—when he found, to his great surprise, his gun was half full! The party, as often as they had loaded, fired together; and he continued to load, not doubting but his old fusee went off—too much excited to discover the increasing length of his ramrod.

In the summer of 1777, when the several British commanders were proceeding towards Albany, some of its citizens, fearing the enemy would reach that city, secreted their money. A man named Ten Eyck buried a tin cup full of gold and silver in his cellar. After Burgoyne's surrender, search was made in vain for this treasure; one Jacob Raulley dug the ground floor of the cellar all over without finding it, and the superstitious notion obtained in the family, that it had disappeared through supernatural agency. Here is a "pook story" for the credulous. The cup had been removed by *animam viventum*—a living soul.—Judge Brown.

Morgan's Sharp Shooters.—David Elerson, who was a private in Capt. Long's company of Morgan's rifle corps, and compatriot of Timothy Murphy in many hazardous enterprises, related the following anecdote to the author in 1837: Morgan's riflemen had acquired much celebrity as marksmen while under Gen. Gates. When in the vicinity of Albany, on their return from the northern army, a gentleman, near whose residence they halted, expressed a wish to witness their skill. The captain signified his willingness to gratify his curiosity, and a piece of paper was fastened upon a small poplar tree. Elerson handed his rifle, one of the best in the company, to John Garsaway, who, informant said, took a surer aim than himself. The rifle was leveled 100 yards distant from the mark and fired. The leaden messenger passed through the paper and the tree—splitting the latter several inches, and ruining it. Said the gentleman, looking at his crippled tree, which had been converted into a weeping willow (it will be remembered that fashion then made the 'poplar' a very desirable shade tree): "I do not wonder the Indians are afraid of Morgan's riflemen, if that is the way they shoot." He then treated the company to liquor, as was the custom of the times; expressed his satisfaction at their skill, and the troops resumed their march.

Burgoyne's Arrival at Albany.—This vain man, not only boasted in England of what he could do in America with the opportunity, but just after leaving Ticonderoga, when everything seemed to favor his ambitious views for an easy march thither, he said to his brother officers—"I'll make the rebels give me plenty of elbow room when I get in Albany."

He entered Albany, not in triumph, but as a prisoner of war to those whose prowess he had so much ridiculed. By some means the expression above cited became known in Albany before his arrival, and he was fated to be humbled by it. The commanding officers of both armies entered the city on horseback; Generals Burgoyne and Reidesel riding side by side, attended by Generals Gates, Schuyler and others. Many patriotic people had assembled from the surrounding country to witness this grand *entree*.

As the cavalcade struck the pavement in North Market street (now Broadway), there appeared suddenly upon the sidewalk, a little in advance of the generals, a witty, waggish son of the Emerald Isle, accompanied by not a few genial spirits. At once he began nudging his comrades to the right and left, and shouting, with stentorian lungs, much as follows: "Now sure, and ye'll stand back and give General Burgoyne plenty of albow room here in Albany! I say, rebels, plase to fall back and give the General room to come along here in Albany! O, for haven's sake, ye cowardly rebels, do stand aside, to the right and left, and make more albow room for General Burgoyne, or, by St. Patrick, I'll murther ivery mothers son iv ye."

The proud commander was disconcerted and mortified, but evinced less uneasiness at the hard rubs of the Irish quidnunc, than did his German friend—both of whom were glad to enter a dwelling, and thus get rid of the herald and his "albow room." This farce was witnessed from an open window by the wife of Maj. Peter Schuyler of Palatine Church, who communicated it to my informant, *Jacob Shew*. The story was also corroborated to the writer by others.

Ladies of Culture in the Wrong Place.—Not a few interesting events are noted in history attending Burgoyne's last general battle, which cannot be given here in detail, embracing the romantic position of Lady Harriet Ackland, who entered the American camp on the night after that battle to care for Maj.

Ackland, her wounded husband ; and that of Madam Riedesel, the wife of Gen. Riedesel, in the midst of the carnage, with the dying Gen. Frazer in her care. Those cultivated women were a strange element in a moving camp in an unbroken forest, where they had to submit to all manner of privations and vicissitudes, and at times witness scenes calculated to try stout hearts and strong nerves. Why they should have followed the fortune of their husbands through the wilderness, in all weather camping in tents, is surprising ; as the care of them, if it did not actually place a hindrance on the advance of the army, subjected it to much inconvenience. The presumption is, however, that they expected, on leaving Canada, to reach Albany with very little delay, and there not only find a good resting place, but expecting there to enjoy the novelty of living for a little season—until the Yankees were subdued—in one of the oldest towns in North America.

Centennial Celebrations.—On the 19th of September, 1877, a celebration took place at Bemus Heights, commemorative of the battle fought there 100 years before ; on which occasion Hon. Geo. G. Scott, Hon. Martin I. Townsend, Lieut.-Gov. Dorsheimer and John Austin Stevens, Esq., delivered addresses, and Robert Lowell, Esq., furnished a lengthy poem. A large gathering was there and the proceedings were very creditable.

October 17, 1877, a celebration took place at Schuylerville, to commemorate the surrender of Burgoyne's army a century before. As this was one of the most important events of the war, an effort was made to render this occasion a memorable one, and although the attendance was greater at Oriskany, yet the number here gathered was large, when it is considered that it was some miles from a railroad. On the occasion the Masonic ceremony took place of laying the corner stone for a costly monument ; attending which an address was delivered by Grand Master J. J. Crouch ; after which the multitude was addressed from two stands. At the south stand, by Hon. Chas. S. Lester, Hon. Horatio Seymour, Hon. George W. Curtis, Hon. L. F. S. Foster, with a lengthy poem by Alfred B. Street, Esq. At the north stand, by Hon. George W. Schuyler, William L. Stone, Esq., W. B. Throckmorton, Esq., H. L. Gladding, Esq., Hon. A. A. Yates, with poems written by Gen. J. Watts de Peyster, and Col. B. C. Butler. This celebration was another

grand success, and its published proceedings make an interesting part of the book entitled *Centennial Celebrations of the State of New York*, 1879.

Indians in a Cellar.—During one of the earliest invasions of the Saratoga county settlements by the enemy (probably in 1777), the following singular incident occurred: A party of Canadian Indians arrived just at night at the house of Angus McDermott, a Scotchman, who had but recently arrived in the country. The enemy were helping themselves to whatever the house afforded to eat and drink, when all at once the floor gave way, and they were precipitated into the cellar. No one was seriously injured, and the jollification was continued there. The Indians kept the family within doors, so that their arrival should be unknown in the neighborhood, and scattering about the settlement early in the morning, they commenced their diabolical deeds of destruction and death.—*Angus McKinlay.*

Suffering at Valley Forge.—In the fall of 1777, Congress adopted thirteen articles of confederation; Maryland was the last State to adopt them. In November, Forts Mifflin and Mercer, which prevented the pass of British shipping to Philadelphia, were taken by the enemy, after a severe loss on their part, and a most gallant defence of them by Colonels Greene, Smith, and Simms, and Maj. Thayer, and the enemy entered that city in triumph, where they wintered. About the same time Washington went into winter quarters at Valley Forge, Pa., 15 miles northwest of Philadelphia, where his army erected temporary huts, but their sufferings were most acute from a want of nearly all the munitions of war. The winter was a very severe one, and the American soldier might daily be traced by his own blood! Nothing but an unconquerable love of liberty, could have induced men to continue in the American service.—*Allen, and Tallmadge's Journal.*

Washington's Piety.—The following anecdote will not only show the true piety of Gen. Washington, but the power on which he relied for the final success of his suffering country. While the American army was in camp at Valley Forge, Isaac Potts, a respectable Quaker, who had often seen Washington going to, or returning from a grove at a little distance from his own dwelling early in the morning, had the curiosity to learn the object of those visits. Entering the thicket one morning

very early, he secreted himself ; soon after which the American commander advanced to a retired spot near him, and upon his knees offered a fervent prayer to the God of battles for the triumph of patriotic principles. Soon after, Potts returned home : his wife observing his thoughtful countenance, thus said to him : " Isaac, something moves thee I perceive." " Yes, Sarah ! " he replied, " I never believed until this morning that a *soldier* could be a *Christian*." He then related what he had witnessed and remarked, " that such prayers as George, the Virginian offered, must prevail, and that England never could subdue her colonies."—*Capt. Eben Williams*.

A Dishonored Name.—In the course of this year (1777), Gov. Tryon became almost a savage—sending out parties to burn buildings and wantonly destroy the property of many inoffensive colonists. When remonstrated with by Gen. Parsons, he declared that had he more authority, he would burn every committee-man's house within his reach, and expressed a willingness to give *twenty silver dollars* for every acting committee man who should be delivered to the King's troops.—*Allen*.

The preceding paragraph will show the reader the reason why the county called Tryon, was afterwards given the name of the *immortal Montgomery*.

Events of the Year.—The year 1777 was one of alternate hopes and fears to the American people. They had witnessed with gratitude the success of their arms in northern New York—while several forts along the Hudson had been captured by the enemy, and the battles of Brandywine and Germantown had been followed by disaster. In April of this year, it should not be forgotten, a new impulse was given the cause, by the opportune arrival, with several of his countrymen, of the *brave and generous Lafayette*, who not only bared his own breast to the storm in its fury, but who, with a magnanimity that put sinister nature to the blush, threw into the exhausted treasury of the nation, his ample fortune. Let that patriot who glories in being an American, love and venerate the virtues of Lafayette as did Washington ; and let him remember, too, that this country should ever be a home for the oppressed of every land, for good men of other lands aided in establishing its freedom. With many other gallant foreigners, a *DeKalb* and *Pulaski* mingled their life-blood with that of a *Warren*, a *Woodhull*, a

Montgomery, a *Herkimer*, and *Mercer*, to water the shriveled roots of the tree of Liberty—while a *Lafayette*, a *Kosciusko* and a *Steuben*, prompted to deeds of noble daring, aided more fortunately in sustaining the American flag.

A Conspiracy.—It was during the year 1777, that an attempt was made by foul *intrigue*, to supplant Gen. Washington and promote Gen. Gates to the chief command. Several officers of rank favored the Gates' party, among whom were Generals Mifflin and Conway—the latter an Irishman—and several members of Congress. Anonymous letters, reflecting on the character and military skill of Washington, were put in circulation. Mr. Laurens, president of Congress, and Patrick Henry, one of its master spirits, communicated to Washington the character of his foes and the nature of their design. Happily for the country, the machinations of this unholy ambition recoiled upon the heads of its instigators. Conway found it necessary to resign his commission. This subject matter afterwards originated a duel between Conway and Gen. Cadwallader. After the duel, the former, thinking himself mortally wounded, expressed to Gen. Washington by letter, his deep regret for the part he acted in the Gates transaction, adding his own testimony to the many virtues of the Commander-in-chief.—*Bancroft's Washington and Wirt's Patrick Henry.*

Romance of War.—The following romantic incident I copied from the journal of Col. Tallmadge. In December, 1777, when the British army was at Philadelphia and the Americans under Washington were at Valley Forge, Major Tallmadge was stationed between the armies with a detachment of cavalry, for the purpose of observation, and to circumscribe the range of British foraging parties. The duty was an arduous one, the horses seldom being unsaddled, or the squad remaining all night in the same position, from fear of a visit from the enemy, which on one occasion they received with the loss of several men. While on this duty, says the *Journal*:

“Being advised that a *country girl* had gone into Philadelphia with *eggs*, instructed to obtain some information respecting the enemy, I moved my detachment to Germantown, where they halted, while with a small party I advanced several miles toward the British line, and dismounted at a small tavern called the “*Rising Sun*,” in full view of their out posts. Very soon I saw

a young female coming out from the city, who also came to the same inn. After we had made ourselves known to each other, and while she was communicating some intelligence to me, I was informed that the British light horse was advancing. Stepping to the door, I saw them at full speed chasing in my patrols, one of whom they took. I immediately mounted, when I found the young damsel close by my side, entreating that I would protect her. Having not a moment to reflect, I desired her to mount behind me, and in this way I brought her off more than three miles, up to Germantown, where she dismounted. During the whole ride, although there was considerable firing of pistols, and not a little wheeling and charging, she remained unmoved, and never once complained of fear after she mounted my horse. I was delighted with the transaction, and received many compliments from those who became acquainted with the adventure." (The *Journal* does not say at whose instigation this heroine had visited Philadelphia, but Gen. Washington was doubtless her employer.)

Feu-de-joies, and Storming of Stony Point.—When authentic news of the surrender of Burgoyne reached the camp of Washington, his army was drawn out in line and the welcome news proclaimed by a *running fire*, as called by the French, a *feu-de-joie*. Each individual discharged his piece when the second man from him fired, as nearly as he could, to keep up a continuous discharge. This manner of welcoming news was repeated for the alliance of the United States and France, and also in honor of the birth of the dauphin.—*Flavel Clark*, in 1846, a resident of Mohawk village, Herkimer county.

Storming of Stony Point.—Gen. Anthony Wayne stormed and recaptured the works at Stony Point, July 16, 1779. It is stated in a biography of Gen. Wayne, that the flints were removed from the muskets of the troops previous to their attack on the works at Stony Point. This book account of this affair, said Flavel Clark to the writer, was the first intimation he ever had that the guns of the Americans were not in complete readiness for any emergency. He was quite confident that his own gun was well charged with a good flint in the lock, on that occasion, and he believed they all were; he could not speak with confidence, however, beyond the company of Capt. Phelps, to which he belonged. The troops leading the advancing columns, may

have had their flints removed without its being known to those in the rear, but if so it would seem almost incredible that they should not have known it afterwards. Mr. Clark, speaking of the personal appearance of Gen. Wayne, said he was a little under six feet high, and was a well made, though rather a thick set man, with dark hair and dark eyes. As an officer, he not only understood his own duty but that of his soldiers, and always required them to perform it.

The Hanging of Tories in Ulster County.—This event is inserted to show some of the horrors of a civil war; neighbors being obliged to testify against and witness the execution of former friends. The nearer to an enemy's camp, the greater the necessity for severe penalties and their rigid enforcement.

In the summer of 1859, I learned from Cornelius Hoffman, then 87 years old, some incidents connected with the capture and execution of two prominent citizens who had been former neighbors of his own father, Adam Hoffman, in Marbletown, N. Y. Jacobus Rose and John Hasbrook, both being subaltern militia officers, were candidates for the captaincy of a company, when the latter, who was possessed of the most worldly substance was chosen to its command. Not a few thought Rose should have succeeded, of which number was his early friend, Adam Hoffman, who was also a militia captain. Rose was so mortified at this result, that Arnold like, he went to New York city and entered the British service, taking with him his neighbor, Jacob Middah. Those men returned to Ulster county on two occasions, when, persuading quite a number to go over to the enemy, they got off safely; but on coming a third time, they were pursued and captured at Smith's Clove, in Orange county.

They, with other prisoners taken with them, by the order of Gen. Geo. Clinton, were tried at Fort Montgomery, on Wednesday, April 30, 1777, by a Court Martial, consisting of 19 officers, of which body Col. Dubois was President, and Capt. Lush, Judge Advocate. They, with eight others, were condemned to suffer the penalty of death—"For adhering to the King of Great Britain whilst owing allegiance to the State of New York." Rose and Middah, and perhaps the others, were removed to Kingston and there hung. One of the arguments of enlistment, as shown on these trials, was—"That the northern

and southern armies were to meet ; that they were so strong the war would be short, and they would join their two armies ; that Johnson was getting the Indians in readiness for that time ; that America was almost surrounded, and the Indians will come down and assist the King."* The battles of Oriskany and Saratoga, thank God ! defeated the enemy's well planned scheme.

The Employment of Hessian Troops and Indians.—The hiring of German troops by the British government for mercenary purposes, at the outset of our struggle for liberty, as also the employment of the greater part of the Six Indian Nations, to aid in subjugating their American brethren, by waging a war of extermination against them; must ever go down in history through all time, as a very dark stain upon British policy and British generosity. Several Revolutionary men, who spoke the German language, have assured the writer that the Hessians came to this country to fight with the express understanding that they must give no quarter, because they would receive none at the hands of the Americans. In further proof that this was generally so understood in the British camp, here is an extract from a letter written by Gen. Israel Putnam, to his friend, Godfrey Malbone, then of Promfret, Ct. The letter was dated at Peekskill, Jan. 24, 1777, where the old hero was then on duty. After mentioning the savage cruelty practiced toward American prisoners in New York in the preceding winter, where, as he said, "Eleven hundred died from hunger and cold in five weeks," many of whom perished in the "Old Sugar House." He adds—"There was a brave officer a few days ago, who, with a small party, engaged a party of light horsemen and killed six ; but, while he was thus engaged, had the misfortune to be surrounded by a party of Hessians, and no alternative left but to cut his way through, which he did ; but, like a good officer, he was in the rear, to see his men all safe, and had the misfortune to be taken. They put him to death in the most cruel manner. After cutting his face and head all to pieces with their cutlasses, they run him through *twenty two* times with their bayonets—each wound must have been mortal—and then went off and left him on the spot. Gen. Washington sent and fetched off the body and sent it to the British General [Howe, no doubt,] by a flag,

* For minutes of this trial, see *Calendar of New York Manuscripts*, vol. 2.

who took no notice of it." Putnam did not tell whether this scene was enacted in New York or New Jersey, but similar ones occurred in both States. In this letter Gen. P. expressed the belief, "That where we made *one* Whig, Gen. Howe made *ten* by his cruelty and cheating the inhabitants."

On Sentinel Duty, the First Shot.—The late Dr. John F. Gray, of New York, communicated the following story to Hon. H. N. Lockwood, for this work. His father (whose given name is not remembered), then a resident of the town of Florida, at the age of 15, was on duty at Fort Plain as a soldier, in the fall of 1777. Posted outside the pickets on a very dark night, he was instructed that if he discovered an enemy, he should discharge his gun and flee to the fort. Hark! what sound is that breaking upon the midnight stillness? Surely, thought Gray, it is the stealthy footsteps of a foe that crackles the underbrush. No object was visible, for the soldier could not see his own gun; but the enemy must be cautiously approaching—yes, it must be the moccasined tread of an Indian. Greatly excited, the youth discharged his gun in the direction of the sound, and fled to the fort. He met at the gate a squad of troops his gun had alarmed, and vigilance was kept up until daylight, when a party sallied out, if possible, to learn what had occasioned the alarm. It was found that the wary sentinel had shot a calf in the bushes, that had become separated from its mother.

After firing his gun, Gray dropped it to increase his speed, and seeking an occasion in the morning he recovered it unobserved, so as not to become the butt of ridicule for having thus disarmed himself. Such was the young sentinel's first lesson on the New York frontier, affording his messmates not a little gossip at the time. He had a brother named Silas, who was at Oriskany.

PRINCIPAL EVENTS OF 1778.

Much that transpired in the American Revolution of the most thrilling interest in all the frontier settlements, is now lost forever to the American reader. To adopt the language of a beautiful writer—"Many prudent counsels conceived in perplexing times—many heart-stirring words uttered when liberty was treason—many brave and heroic deeds, performed when the halberd and not the laurel was the

promised meed of patriotic daring, are already lost and forgotten in the graves of their authors."

The capture of Burgoyne and his army not only inspired Americans with confidence of their final triumph, but the truly philanthropic all over the civilized world hailed the event as ominous of good. Fortune is a fickle goddess. Let success attend the ambitious adventurer, and a sycophantic world is ready to rend the air with shouts of praise, and strew his path with flowery garlands; but if misfortune attend him, his imagined friends are turned to foes. It is probable that few leaders under similar circumstances could have done more for his royal master than had poor Burgoyne; and yet on his return to England, he was treated with contempt by the parasites of royalty.

Reconciliation Sought for the Last Time.—Early in 1778, mortified at the result of her Canadian expeditions, England sought a reconciliation with the States. Lord Chatham, known at an early period in the House of Commons as the talented Pitt, the champion of civil liberty, attended on one occasion in the House of Lords during the session of that year. He was desirous of a compromise, but opposed to acknowledging our independence. While laboring to show how the difficulties could be settled, his emotions overcame him and he sunk nerveless into the arms of his friends. He was carried home—survived his last effort to speak but a few weeks, and his grave oratory was hushed forever. The love of country rose paramount in the last effort of this truly great man.* Parliament passed an act that session declaring that they would not in future again tax the colonies, and commissioners were sent to treat with the State authorities. The terms proposed by the mother country were rejected. An attempt was then made to bribe some of the influential American statesmen, but the proposition met with deserved scorn.

Early this season the French nation, which had looked with jealousy upon England after the loss of the Canadas, concluded a treaty of commerce and alliance with the American commissioners. It was signed on the 6th of February. The acknowledgement of the independence of the United States by France, had a very beneficial tendency. It was greeted everywhere as a passport to independence, consequently every demonstration

* There can be no doubt his hatred of France had something to do with his last effort.

of joy was manifested. The treaties were read by the chaplains at the head of each brigade—published in the colonial papers, and made known from the sacred desk by ministers of the gospel, from Maine to Georgia. Many who were before wavering in their course, when they saw a powerful nation becoming their ally, manifested a willingness to exert themselves in their country's cause.



Washington at Valley Forge.

Washington's Army at Valley Forge.—As the winter of 1777 and 1778 set in, Gen. Washington with his wearied and half clad troops, went into winter quarters at Valley Forge, whither and around the rude huts they tenanted, *their footsteps might*

have been traced in their own blood. They arrived here on the 18th of December, distant 22 miles from Philadelphia, where the enemy were comfortably quartered. The continental troops set about felling trees and building rude huts, and ere long his army was comfortably well sheltered from the weather; but from the bad management of the commissary department, they were daily suffering for the want of food and clothing. The soldier's huts were arranged so as to present the appearance of a regular town: they were an oblong square in shape, 14 by 16 feet, filled in with mortar between the logs, and intended to serve 12 privates each, or a less number of officers. The encampment was surrounded on the land side by intrenchments, with small redoubts. The place was so called because a forge was established there some time before. A temporary bridge was thrown across the Schuylkill, near the mouth of Valley creek, to facilitate communication on the east side of the river. Nothing could have kept this army together in such a condition, but the constant presence, sympathy and encouragement of the Commander-in-chief. Some of his men for the want of blankets, had to sit up all night by the fire. Think of the condition of these poor soldiers, my comfortably housed and well fed reader, and tell me whether you can with too much vigilance cherish the liberty you enjoy. It was in the midst of this season of terrible gloom—for notwithstanding the success of the Provincials in Northern New York—the winter following was a most trying one for the cause of liberty, and for the heart of Washington in particular, for this was the time, too, when the *Gates conspiracy* was on the tapis. In the picture, Washington, who at all times was caring for his troops, is to be seen looking in upon their unenviable condition; when his liveliest sympathies were aroused.*

In the winter following the surrender of Burgoyne, Gen. Gates, vain of his Saratoga laurels, was desirous of distinguishing himself still more, and proposed an expedition on the ice up Lake Champlain, to destroy the British shipping, etc., at St. Johns, and if possible, extend his invasion of the enemy's territory to Montreal. It met with so much favor with the Gates party in Congress, that that body approved of the enterprise;

* Allen, and Day's Pennsylvania His. Collections.

and with him were to be associated his friend Conway, DeKalb and Lafayette. Gen. Washington, who should first have been consulted in the matter, knew nothing of it until Gates, who could do no less, wrote to him for his opinion of the adventure. As he knew nothing of the intended purpose or plans, he could only say that if undertaken, he wished it every success, and especially of the young Marquis de Lafayette. This correspondence took place in the latter part of January, 1778. On proceeding to Albany, Lafayette found the measure an abortive one, as the needed troops with outfit could not be mustered, and the ardent young General was rather disgusted with the proceeding.*

A National Attempt to win the Indians.—Congress were desirous that another stone should be turned, to try, if possible, to win the other four of the Six Nations—at least into a state of neutrality; and early in March of 1778, a council was called at Johnstown, when a large number of Indians are said to have been assembled, consisting of Oneidas, Tuscaroras, Onondagas, a few Mohawks, but not a single Seneca, whose nation furnished the most warriors. The latter, however, sent a sarcastic message expressing surprise: "That while our tomahawks were sticking in their heads, their wounds bleeding, and their eyes streaming with tears for the loss of their friends at German Flats, (mean-Oriskany), the commissioners should think of inviting them to a treaty." Who managed this affair is not shown by Col. Stone, who gives the first account of it, but he speaks of Lafayette and James Duane as having been there. The convention was a failure in winning any number of four of the Six Nations to the American cause. While Lafayette was there, being then in command of the northern army, Col. Campbell and Mr. Wilson, in the interest of the citizens of Cherry Valley, waited upon him to make known the exposed condition of that settlement, and he directed a fort to be built there.†

While Lafayette was at Johnstown, it became known that Capt. Carleton, a nephew of Gov. Carleton, of Canada, was lurking about the settlements in the character of a spy. The Canadians, especially the tory element that had gone from Tryon county, were extremely anxious, on account of their own

* Stone's Brant.

† Campbell's Annals.

deserted possessions—if it were possible—to devise some plan that should aid them and their cause, and hence they were willing to take great personal risk to bring about such result. Carleton's mission was to promote such a result. In the hope of compassing Carleton's capture, Lafayette offered a liberal reward for it, as is shown by the following letter :

“JOHNSTOWN, *the 9th March, 1778.*

“SIR—As the taking of Col. Carleton is of the greatest importance, I wish you would use every exertion in your power to have him apprehended. I have desired Col. Livingston, who knows him, to let you have any intelligence he can give, and joined to them I have got by one other spy, about the dress and figure of Carleton. You may send as many parties as you please, and everywhere you'll think proper, and do every convenient thing for discovering him. I dare say he knows we are after him, and has nothing in view but to escape, which I beg you to prevent by all means. You may promise in my name, *fifty guineas hard money*, besides every money they can find about Carleton, to any party of soldiers or Indians who will bring him alive. As everyone knows now what we send for, there is no inconvenience to scatter in the country which [what] reward is promised, in order to stimulate the Indians.

“I have the honor to be, sir,

“Your most obedient servant,

“The M^QS. DE LAFAYETTE.

“Col. Gansevoort, Comt. Fort Schuyler.”

Settlement of Tilleborough and its Invasion.—About the year 1773, nearly 20 enterprising German families settled along the west side of the Garoga creek, in the present town of Ephratah. The settlement was so called after a place in Germany. Prominent among those settlers was Nicholas Rechtor, whose father, Johannes Rechtor, came from Hesse, in Germany, and located six miles below Albany, at a place called Niskatau. At the time of his coming hither, Nicholas, his only son, was 18 years of age. The latter had two sisters, Cornelia and Elizabeth. Nicholas Rechtor, when he entered upon his sylvan abode, was about 40 years old. The settlers all dwelt in log houses, except Rechtor, who erected a frame house and barn,

which were yet standing, a few years ago, just back of a public house in Garoga, so called after the creek passing through it—the original name still attaching to the settlement. The following adventurers also broke ground within a few miles of Rechtor at about the same time—he having located nearly three miles west of the stone grist-mill erected by Sir William Johnson, for the benefit of that locality : Near to Rechtor was Jacob Appley, and in the distance of half a dozen miles were Jacob Frey, John Hurtz, Conrad Hart, John and Henry Smith, John Cool, Jacob Deusler, Leonard Kretzer, Henry Hynce, — Flander, — Phye, John Spanknable (now written Spanable), and John Winkell. The latter lived near Johnson's mill, while Spanable and Phye resided some miles beyond Rechtor, on what was once known as the "State road." Some half a dozen of those families were between Rechtor and Spanable, and probably some not now remembered. John Winkle, said *Henry Smith*, a son of Henry Smith named in the context, was the most influential settler at first on this part of the Stone Arabia patent, and if instrumental to getting 28 settlers on the tract, he was to have 200 acres from the patentees, which he was said to have obtained.

A small company of militia was organized in this settlement in 1775, of which Nicholas Rechtor was captain, with John Williams and Gearge Smith its lieutenants and John Sholl its ensign. Capt. Rechtor was in the Oriskany battle, no doubt, with a good part of his company. The captain was thrown down in the engagement and a horse trod upon his hip, disabling him. About 4 P. M., on the 30th of April, 1778, when most of the settlers were making maple sugar, the settlement was invaded by about 20 Indians and Tories—the latter in the garb of scalp-seekers. At the time of their arrival, Capt. Rechtor was about a mile from his own home with 20 of his men, who had met for a military drill. Some half a dozen of the enemy made their first appearance at the house of Conrad Hart. On their approach, a daughter stole away, ran to the place of parade and told Capt. Rechtor that the Indians were at her father's. All his men, but four, ran to their own homes. Had the whole party, armed as they were, proceeded directly to the captain's dwelling, they must have made a good record. The enemy killed Conrad Hart, took his son Wilhelmus—William, then 16 or 18 years of age, a prisoner, and plundered and burnt

the house ; and from thence they proceeded to Jacob Appley's, whose dwelling shared the same fate. In the mean time 14 of the enemy arrived at Capt. Rechtor's. Jacob Appley, Daniel, a son of Conrad Hart, and Peter Shyke, were three of the four men who accompanied the captain to his home.

The foemen had arrived there some little time before, and had been packing bundles of plunder, such as they coveted, embracing clothing and whatever else they desired. This family had already stored a large quantity of maple sugar in an upper room, which the invaders threw down from a chamber window. Rechtor's family were in better circumstances than any other in the settlement, and the plunder of its wardrobe proved an important item. There were then in the family four daughters and three sons : Margaret, 18 ; Elizabeth, 16 ; Catharine and Maria, the latter eight years old. The boys were John, Peter and Henry, the last named, four years old, was killed. How the female members of Hart's and Appley's families escaped death or captivity, I am not informed, but it is not improbable they were in the "sugar bush." Among the plunder at Rechtor's was a new suit of clothes and six new shirts, and he had to borrow a change of under clothes of his neighbors. On his arrival Appley is said to have shot an Indian, and was in return shot down. Shyke, too, was severely wounded, and Capt. Rechtor, in the melee, had his right arm badly shattered by a bullet. As the Americans approached the house, seeing Mrs. Rechtor contending with a stalwart Indian, one of them fired at the latter through an open door. They were striving for the possession of a long handled frying pan, an indispensable article at a fire-place, and the bullet, striking its handle, glanced downward and wounded Mrs. R. in one leg near the ankle. Just before the occurrence mentioned, she had a struggle with one of the party, whom she recognized as a tory by the exposure of his white arms and blue eyes, for the possession of her daughter Margaret's cloak. They jerked each other about the room, and as she had to relinquish her hold she exclaimed—"For God's sake leave something for my daughter!" Just as the enemy left this dwelling, Helmus Hart, who had been tied to a tree, having given his captor the slip, arrived there, still pinioned, and on being set at liberty, increased the circle of home defenders.

Why the enemy fled when they still so greatly outnumbered

the whigs, is unknown ; but it is presumed that seeing so many armed men approach, they anticipated an increase of the number—besides, they did not care further to risque with their lives, the possession of so much plunder. Why they had not slain Mrs. Rechtor is a marvel, but it is presumed they were influenced by some sinister motive—possibly to get them food, leaving her scalp to be secured by and by ; and why her children except the youngest escaped the tomahawk is also left to conjecture. Maria assured the writer, that she and her sister Catharine were in the *sugar bush* ; heard the firing at her father's and counted the guns fired, but were afraid to go home. Where the two oldest daughters and the boys, then lads, were, is left to conjecture. They may have been forewarned by the firing at Hart's, and concealed themselves in the woods ; for certainly they or their scalps would otherwise have gone to Canada. After the enemy left, Capt. Rechtor lost no time in gathering his family together except the youngest boy and two youngest girls, whom they made a circuit in the bush in vain to find. Appley, though severely wounded in the body, was perhaps not mortally so, but as the Captain was disabled and the Hart boys could not carry him, he had to be left to his fate. As he desired, he was placed sitting against the oven with a well loaded gun. The Rechtor family had scarcely gone half a mile when they heard the report of a gun, which no doubt Appley had fired at an Indian. The party reached Fort Paris, some miles distant, about midnight.

Catharine and Maria, who had been carrying sap from the trees to the kettle that afternoon, toward sundown left their hiding place, and cautiously approached their home. They found it abandoned, but saw poor Appley with a bayonet thrust through him, and near him lay one of the foe in Indian dress and leggins. He gave several frightful groans which so alarmed the girls, that they ran to Appley's, and finding the house burned down, they ran to Hart's and seeing that in ashes and the mangled body of its owner near it, they sped back to their sugar bush, near which they remained concealed under a log that night. The enemy returned to Rechtor's at the time the gun was fired, one of whom was shot by Appley, who in turn was dispatched, scalped and left with a bayonet in his heart. Little Henry had now returned to the house to be killed,

scalped and thrown into the creek. When killed, he was eating bread and milk, and the spoon was yet in his hand when taken to the fort. The foemen were evidently afraid to remain there, for when the girls arrived there they had again left; but after their visit, they returned and carried away their fallen, whom, as was their custom, they gave a secret burial in the forest. A company of troops went from Fort Paris in the morning with a wagon, and took the bodies of Hart, Appley and the Rechter boy to the fort for interment. When found, Appley's body still wore the bayonet. The remains of the latter, were taken from the fort to the house of William Loucks, his father-in-law. Early in the morning the Rechter girls left their concealment, and supposing their friends, if not prisoners, had gone to the fort, set out to go there. On their way they met Jacob Frey, who told them all that had happened the day before. Henry Smith soon after took them to his house, fed them, and went with them to the fort.

Whether the enemy had more than two killed at Tilleborough, is unknown. After leaving Rechter's they captured Peter Loucks, whom they took to Canada. The Americans went in pursuit the next day, piloted by Henry Flat Head, a friendly Indian, who on a hill discovered the enemy's camp fire. Giving a loud yell, he ran down to the fire; from which the enemy had just fled, leaving meat cooking. It was supposed he purposely gave a yell of alarm, that the rascals might escape. *Had he kept his whistle still*, it is probable most of the enemy would have been killed or captured; but thus warned, they made good their retreat. Tilleborough was now abandoned by its whig families, and the enemy suffered the dwellings to remain for their own convenience, when on marauding expeditions; as they could there find resting places unobserved. Rechter with his family returned to his father's residence below Albany, where he remained until the war closed. While there, two children were added to his family; Cornelia born in 1782, and Nicholas, though whether before or after this date, is unknown. The surviving settlers generally returned to Tilleborough after the war.

The details here given of events in Ephratah, were obtained by the writer, from *Gen. Peter C. Fox*, then 82 (a son of Capt. Christopher W. Fox, a Captain in the Oriskany battle, and

Major after the war), who remembered seeing the flame of Hart's and Appley's dwellings; from *Mrs. Maria Rechter Fox*, aged 84, the widow of Peter Fox (father of the present Jacob P. Fox), one of the girls hid in the sugar bush; *Mrs. Cornelia Rechter Fox*, wife of William W. Fox, then 72; and the late *Benjamin Getman*, of Ephratah. I had an interview with all the persons named, in February, 1854. I may here remark, that the maiden name of Capt. Rechter's wife, was Miss Mary Hanneman, and her daughter Elizabeth married George Getman.

Kringsbush.—This was the name of the local settlement several miles north of St. Johnsville. At the time Tilleborough, a few miles to the eastward of Kringsbush was settled, a whole ship load of immigrants, mostly from the German district of Nassau, near Frankfort-on-the-Main, came to this country, landing at Baltimore in 1773, many of whom found their way into the Mohawk valley. The ship encountered very tempestuous weather, in which her masts went by the board, and the passengers came near finding watery graves. John Kring, his brother-in-law Joseph Davis, Matthias Smith, Leonard Helmer and a few others made the Kringsbush settlement, so called after John Kring, its most prominent pioneer. The Tilleborough settlers except Capt. Rechter, mostly came in the same ship.

This settlement prospered until near the time Tilleborough was invaded, when two Indians, possibly of the same party who visited the latter place, appeared there. Nancy, a daughter of Matthias Smith, was sent to their sap bush to see if sap would run. She came in sight of the hut where they boiled the sap, and saw the heads of two Indians peeking around the corner of it. Alarmed, she ran back to the house and made known her discovery. John, her brother, would not credit her report, went to see if it was really so; was made a prisoner by them and taken to Canada. He was the only captive made there then. It was several years before he was exchanged and came home. He got a fever sore while a prisoner among the Indians, which the squaws cured, but years after he died from its effects. Matthias Smith, his father, was a soldier in the Oriskany battle.—From *Henry Smith*.

Death of Miss Rickard.—On the very day that young Smith

was captured at Kringsbush, the same two Indians who took him, shot Miss Rickard, a young woman, near Fort Klock below St. Johnsville. She was in the act of driving cows to her home near George Klock's dwelling, and was pursued and shot near the present turnpike. On the alarm, Mr. Klock appeared with his gun as the Indians were running to scalp her, and firing at them, they fled to the bush and lost the evidence of her death for a Canadian bounty, proceeding directly to Kringsbush.—*Henry Smith.*

The Invasion of Cobelskill and the Battle.—The rich flats along the Cobelskill at the outbreak of hostilities, contained some 20 families in the distance of three miles, believed to have been all whigs. They organized a company of militia for their own defence, of which Christian Brown, a brother of the late Judge John M. Brown, was Captain, and Jacob Borst, Lieutenant: but had erected no fortifications. The first appearance of the enemy in the Schoharie settlements in 1778, was at Cobelskill. The events which transpired there, were communicated to the author by Nicholas and George Warner, brothers, Lawrence Lawyer and Judge Brown. The three former were in the battle fought in that town. In the latter part of May several straggling Indians were seen in the vicinity of that settlement, and Capt. Brown, anticipating a hostile movement of the enemy, thought it prudent to send to the fort at Middleburgh for assistance. The lower fort was then not quite completed. Captain Patrick was dispatched with a small company of volunteers, and arrived at the residence of Capt. Brown on the 26th of May, where they remained until the 29th, when they moved up to the dwelling of Lawrence Lawyer. Scouts were kept out constantly, but nothing worthy of notice transpired until that day, when Lieut. Jacob Borst, his brother Joseph, and one of the Freemires were on a scout some miles up the creek. The latter was several hundred yards from his companions, seated upon a pile of drift-wood, fishing, when two Schoharie Indians, Ones-Yaap and Han-Yerry (the latter a chief), with a savage yell, intended to intimidate, sprang up the bank of the creek, from a place of concealment, and approached them. After a friendly salutation, they began to reprove the brothers, "for being in the woods, to shoot Indians who did them no harm." Joseph replied that they intended no harm to those who were

friendly. Han-Yerry approached him, seized his gun in a playful manner, threw open the pan, and gave the gun a sudden jerk to spill out the priming, exclaiming as he did so, "Yo yenery hatste !" It is good if this be gone ! Borst, seeing the object of the Indian was to disarm him, instantly dropped his own gun and seized that of his adversary, and wrenching the flint from the lock, he replied in the Indian dialect, "Yo yenery sagat !" It is good if this is served so ! The Indian then dropped his gun and clinched Borst, but the latter, giving a loud whoop closed manfully with his antagonist and soon brought him upon his knees. While they were struggling for mastery, the other Indian approached the Lieutenant and bade him surrender himself his prisoner : but instead of doing so, he stepped back and sent a bullet through his body, Han-Yerry succeeded in freeing himself from the grasp of his adversary, and seeing his comrade upon the ground, instantly fled, leaving his gun. The Lieutenant ran and caught up the gun of his brother and snapped it at the fleeing Indian, but as it was not primed the latter escaped. On the same day, George Warner and John Fester returned from Cherry Valley, where they had been the day before to carry a letter—doubtless to apprise that settlement of the proximity of the enemy.

The day after the Borsts had the encounter with the Indian scout, the Cobelskill battle was fought ; which occurred on Saturday, May 30th.* On the morning of that day Captain Miller, who was sent from the Schoharie fort with part of a company to reconnoitre, arrived at Lawyer's. Several of his men, one of whom was named Humphrey, volunteered to re-

* Several writers who have published some notice of this battle, have given it an erroneous date. Brown, in his pamphlet history, says it transpired "on the first day of June or July, in the year 1778," but at a personal interview he said that date was wrong, and that it took place on Saturday before Pinkster, the year after Burgoyne's capture. As Whit Sunday came that year on May 31st, the date of the battle was May 30th. Campbell, in the *Annals of Tryon County*, dates it in May, 1779. Stone has entered it in two places in the *Life of Brant*, supposing from Brown's account and one he found among the papers of Col Gansevoort as they differed in dates and material facts, that he was recording two transactions. The last notice he accredits to a letter from Col. Varick to Col Gansevoort, dated Schenectada, June 3, 1778, which letter stated that this invasion of the enemy took place on the preceding Saturday. This last date corresponds with the one given the author by the three living witnesses named, who stated that it took place on Saturday preceding Pinkster. By a reference to my table of dates at the close of 1774, it is easy to fix this date correctly, and also others.

main with Patrick, and he returned to the fort, before the enemy in force were discovered. The regulars under Capt. P. numbered between 30 and 40, and the militia volunteers under Capt. Brown were 15. After Capt. Miller left Lawyer's, the troops under Patrick marched up the creek to the residence of George Warner, who was one of the Schoharie committee, and father of a namesake before mentioned. Warner's was the southermost house in the settlement, and stood on a knoll at Cobelskill Centre. An orchard at this time covers the site.

The troops had been at Warner's but a short time, when 15 or 20 Indians discovered themselves a little distance above the house, and the whole force was marched in pursuit of them. Brown was opposed to the pursuit, and told Patrick he feared they would be ambuscaded. The latter ridiculed the idea, and was disposed to assign another motive than that of *caution* to the militia captain who, stung by the imputation, then yielded to the wishes of Patrick, notwithstanding the misgiving of his own better judgment. Brown's case was like that of Gen. Herkimer the year before. The enemy, who kept up a running fight, had not been pursued a mile, before it was evident their numbers were increasing. A halt was then made by the Americans near the late residence of Lambert Lawyer, with the militia on the right towards the creek, and a sharp engagement followed. Both parties fought under the cover of trees. It soon became manifest from the firing, that the number of the enemy was very great. After several of his men had fallen around him, Capt. Patrick received a shot which broke his thigh. Two of his brave soldiers, in an attempt to bear him from the field, were surrounded by a party of the enemy, and shared his unhappy fate. A Lieutenant under Capt. Patrick is said to have been spared, by giving a masonic sign to Brant. When Capt. Patrick fell, Brown ordered a retreat, which was most timely, for had it been delayed but a few minutes the enemy would have surrounded the little band of patriots, and few if any would have survived that day. The families in the settlement, hearing the firing, sought safety in the depth of the forest or by a rapid flight to Schoharie, 10 miles distant. On arriving at the house from which they had been so artfully drawn into an ambush designedly laid, *three* of Patrick's men and *two* of Brown's took refuge within it, which providentially

avored the escape of their fugitive friends. Being fired on from the house, the Indians halted to dislodge its inmates, by which the rest of the party gained time to make good their retreat. The house was set on fire, and three of its inmates were burned in its ruins. Two continental soldiers, in attempting to make their escape from the burning building, were slain. One was evidently shot, but the other was supposed to have been taken alive and tortured to death. The party who first visited the scene after the battle, found this soldier not far from where the house had stood, with his body cut open and his intestines fastened around a tree several feet distant. In one hand was a roll of continental bills, placed there by the enemy in derision of our country's *almost valueless "promises to pay."* It was subsequently known, that the enemy fired at least *fifty* balls into one window of this house, at its inmates.

The names of the men under Capt. Brown in this engagement were, Lieut. Jacob Borst, Nicholas Warner, George Warner, Jr., George Freemire, John Shafer and Lawrence Lawyer, who escaped uninjured, six ; John Zeh, Martinus and John Fester, Jacob and John Freemire, Jacob Shafer, killed, six ; Peter and Henry Shafer, Leonard King, wounded, three. The whole number killed in the engagement, including Patrick and his men, was about 22 ; five or six of his men were also wounded and two were made prisoners. More than half the Americans engaged were either killed or wounded. The enemy, as was afterwards ascertained, consisting of Indians (mostly Senecas, Schoharies and Oquagos, instead of Onondagas as stated by some writers) and Tories, numbered over 350, and were commanded by *Joseph Brant*. Service, a noted tory, who lived near the Charlotte river, and the Schoharie chief, Seth's Henry, acted a conspicuous part in the engagement. The loss the enemy sustained was never exactly known, but was supposed to equal, if it did not exceed that of the Americans. A mulatto, who was with the enemy at this time and returned after the war, stated that 25 of their number, mostly Indians, were buried in a mud hole near David Zeh's. He also stated, that seven of the enemy who were wounded in the battle, died on their way to Canada. George Warner's was the first house burned in the Schoharie settlements in the Revolution. The enemy, after the engagement, plundered and burned all the houses in Cobelskill as far

down as the churches, except an old log house, formerly occupied by George Warner, which stood near the residence of his son David. This house was left, as was supposed, with a belief that its owner might return and occupy it, after losing his framed dwelling, which would afford an opportunity to capture a committee man. The dwellings burned at this time were those of George Warner and his son Nicholas, George Fester, Adam Shafer, William Snyder, John Freemire, Lawrence Lawyer, John Zeh, John Bowck and John Shell; (the latter owned by Lawrence Lawyer), in all, *ten*, with the barns and other out-houses; making, stated in the record of the Lutheran Church at Schoharie, "twenty buildings burned."

The two militia men who took shelter in the house of Warner, were Martinus Fester and John Freemire. The remains of Fester fell into a tub of soap in the cellar, and were known by his tobacco box, and those of Freemire were identified by his knee buckles and gun-barrel. Jacob Shafer was wounded in one leg early in the action, and was carried by his neighbor, George Warner, Jr., to a place of temporary safety, who agreed to get a horse and take him to the fort. As the battle terminated unfavorably, he was left to his fate—was discovered next morning by the enemy and killed. The remains of John Fester were not discovered, until a piece of wheat was harvested, into which he had fallen. James Belknap, one of Patrick's men, received a ball in his right hip and was borne out of the battle by Lawrence Lawyer, as the latter assured the author. The following additional facts respecting this soldier, who died a few years since at Gorham, Ontario county, were told the author by Ezekiel Howe, a nephew of said Belknap. After having been "carried one side," to use the words of Lawyer, Belknap discovered a hollow log into which he crept. The next day he backed out of his resting place cold and stiff, and while seated upon a fence, reflecting upon the events of the last 24 hours, he discovered two Indians laden with plunder approaching him, having two dogs. Unobserved by them, he let himself fall into a bunch of briars. The Indians halted near him, and their dogs placed their paws on the fence and growled. He supposed himself discovered, but soon one of them took out a bottle, from which both drank, and he had the satisfaction of seeing them resume their march, without no-

tioning the irritation of their canine friends. Casting his eye along the beautiful valley, and surveying the ruins of the preceding day, he discovered the old house of Warner, on the west side of the creek, still standing, to which he made his way. He found it unoccupied, but victuals were on the table, and after eating, he laid down, faint and sad, upon a bed which the house also afforded. In the afternoon, two men came and conveyed him to the Schoharie fort, where his wound was properly dressed and he recovered.

Henry Shafer, mentioned as being wounded in this engagement, received a ball in his thigh which brought him to the ground. The bone was not fractured, but the limb was benumbed. He regained his feet but fell the instant his weight came upon the wounded limb. Disencumbering himself of his gun and powder horn, after several unsuccessful attempts to run, action returned to the limb and he fled. He directed his steps toward Schoharie, and on the way fell in with Peter Snyder, his brother-in-law. They traveled nearly to Punchkill together, when Shafer, too weak to proceed, concealed himself and requested his comrade to inform his friends at the fort where he might be found, desiring them to come after him. His fellow traveler went to the fort, but instead of doing the errand as desired by his wounded relative, he reported him dead. Shafer tarried beneath a shelving rock until Monday morning, when, by great exertion, he arrived at the house of a friend in Kneiskern's dorf. As he was much exhausted, he was, very prudently, fed gruel until he revived, when he was taken to the fort and cured of his wound.—*From Peter, son of Henry Shafer.**

The night after the Cobelskill battle it rained, and a dreary one it must have been to the surviving citizens of the Cobelskill valley, many of whom were in the forest to which they had fled from their burning dwellings, exposed to the mercy of

* Mr. Shafer lived to become a very useful citizen. He was for many years a justice of the peace—frequently represented Cobelskill in the board of supervisors—for several years was a member of the State Legislature—and was for a great length of time a Judge of Common Pleas; which several stations, considering his early opportunities, he discharged with credit to himself and fidelity to the public. He was remarkably punctual in the performance of his official duties. He died on the 15th of April, 1869 in the 34 year of his age.

wild beasts—foes less to be dreaded than those left behind. The wife of Lawrence Lawyer, with several other persons, was in the woods three days, and finally came out near the mouth of the Cobelskill. Scouts were sent out to reconnoitre and look after the wounded, and absent members of families, but it was several days before the dead were buried. Some day in the week following the engagement, Col. Vrooman with part of the Schoharie troops, and Col. Yates with a detachment of Schenectada militia, went to perform the last sad duties to those martyrs to the cause of liberty. As the weather had been wet and cool, the bodies were found to have suffered but little change. A pit was dug near where George Warner's house had stood, into which several boards were laid : the charred remains of the three soldiers taken from the cellar, and the mutilated remains of those near, were then buried within it. Pits were also dug so as to require as little moving of the bodies as possible, in which Captain Patrick and the other soldiers were deposited. None can realize at a period of 100 years after it transpired, the solemnities of that burial. Several of the deceased left wives and children to mourn their untimely fate ; while all left friends who had centered on them hopes of future usefulness and aggrandizement. This blow was a most severe one for the little settlement of Cobelskill.

On the knoll where stood the house of George Warner, which was burnt in the Revolution, as before stated, the patriotic citizens of Cobelskill celebrated the anniversary of our national independence, on the 4th day of July, 1837. An appropriate oration was delivered on the occasion by Demosthenes Lawyer, Esq.

How proper, after so long a time, to assemble on that day, on ground consecrated by patriot's blood, and water it with the tear of gratitude. The following notice of this event is thus given by Dr. Thacher in his *Military Journal*, dating the next item to it, June 1, 1778 :

"In the town of Schoharie (towns had not then been organized), about 30 miles from this city (Albany), a company of our troops, under the command of Capt. Patrick, has been for some time stationed for the purpose of guarding the inhabitants against the incursions and cruel ravages of the Indians and Tories. We have just received the melancholly intelligence,

that about 200 Indians and their tory allies, fell on our party by surprise, killed the Captain and all but 15 men, and most of the inhabitants shared the same miserable fate. The bodies were cut and mangled in a savage manner, and some of them were scalped." He might have said that all the killed were scalped, except the burned. The women and children all escaped.

*The Killing of Lieut. Matthew Wormuth.**—A few days previous to the irruption of the enemy into Cobelskill, they were in the vicinity of Cherry Valley, as believed, during the last week in May, and Brant had his destructives there with the intention of laying waste that place. He secreted them on Lady hill,† about a mile east of the fort, to await a favorable opportunity to strike the fatal blow, and slay or capture some of its influential citizens. A company of boys happened to be training, for boys then caught the martial spirit, as Brant, like the eagle from its eyry, was looking down from his hiding place upon the devoted hamlet. Mistaking those miniature soldiers for armed men, he deferred the attack for a more favorable opportunity. Lieut. Matthew Wormuth, a promising young officer of Col. Klock's regiment, residing in Palatine, accompanied by Peter Sittz, a neighbor, had been sent by his colonel with dispatches for the garrison at Cherry Valley. Brant, who it is believed witnessed the arrival of those messengers, moved down and concealed a part of his men near the road by which they must return, to await that event. Nearly two miles from the fort, the road passed a deep and dismal gorge, called by the Mohawks, *Té-ka-har-a-wa*, the signification of which is unknown. At the upper end of the gorge, was a large rock, shaded by forest trees, near to which the enemy were concealed. As the horsemen approached the rock, says Campbell, they were hailed and ordered to stop, but instead of doing so, they put spurs to their horses. A volley of musketry brought down the young subaltern mortally wounded, and killed the horse of Sittz, who was captured. The horse of the former returned to the fort, and his bloody saddle revealed its owner's probable

* Mr. Campbell, who published the first detailed account of his death, called the name Wormwood, but he was from a German family who then wrote the name and still do Wormuth.

† This hill was embraced in a patent owned by a rich lady in England, from which circumstance it was formerly called Lady hill.—*Moses Nelson.*

fate. Brant, in his concealment, supposed from his military dress, he was a continental officer, but on running up to him and discovering a former personal friend, he expressed his sincere regret for his fate, and asked him if he thought his wounds were mortal—saying if he believed he could survive them, he would have him tenderly cared for. His reply was that he could not live; whereupon he was dispatched and scalped, but not by Brant in person. *William H. Seeber*, now (1880) living at the age of 89—who is from a patriotic family three members of which got a lasting furlough at Oriskany—and who has ever resided in a town adjoining Cherry Valley, assured me that he had always heard this story from Revolutionary men as here related. If Brant “lamented his death,” it can hardly be supposed he would with *his own hand* have dispatched him.

He was found the next morning by a party from the fort to which he was borne, and a dispatch sent to Col. Klock announcing the fate of his own messengers of the day before. Col. Klock came up with a body of militia, and with him Peter Wormuth, father of the Lieutenant, who with a sad heart—for he was his only surviving son—took him to his residence in Palatine.* He dwelt in a small stone house, which in its ruins I visited in 1856. It stood on the farm of the late Reuben Lipe, between the present farm house and the river, where the road ran at an early day. Lieut. Wormuth was buried from this house; just where cannot be told, but it is said to have been near the Palatine stone church. He left a young widow, who afterwards became the wife of Maj. John Frey. For some further notice, see volume 1, page 99.

Destruction of Wyoming.—The Wyoming valley has ever been described as one of rare beauty. It was settled a short time before the war by Connecticut people, who had a world of trouble with the State authorities of Pennsylvania; which were hardly at an end when the settlements were invaded by the enemy June 30, 1778. Their forces consisted of about 400 British Provincials made up of Johnson's Greens,

* Mr. Wormuth had four daughters, Christina, who married Peter Gremps; Elizabeth, whose second husband was Capt. John Winn; Margaret, who married William, a son of Philip Fox, and at his death she married a Bauder, and Nancy, who married Thomas Cassidy.—Said *Gen. Peter C. Fox*, in 1854.

Butler's Rangers and other Tories, together with 600 or 700 Indians.* Col. John Butler commanded the whites, and Kayingwaurto, a Seneca chief, the Indians. Early writers supposed Brant was their leader: this his family denied, and in the absence of any positive testimony that he was there, here is good negative proof that he was not there. Among the Machin papers inserted elsewhere, is the copy of an original paper found on the person of an Indian killed in Sullivan's expedition in 1779, which showed the surrender of one of the little forts (name not given) in the Wyoming valley, commanded by Lieut. Elisha Scovell. It was dated at Westmoreland, July 5, 1778, signed by John Butler, and Kayingwaurto, a Seneca chief, and filed, *Convention of Wyoming*. Had Brant been there, the inference is that his name would have occupied the place of the Seneca chief. Some 20 years ago I sent this paper by mail, directed to the Historical Society of Penn.—Philadelphia, never heard from it afterward—hope it was not lost. Mr. Miner found a credible witness in Eleazer Carey, Esq., who was assured in 1803, by *Little Beard*, an Indian leader there, that Brant was not at Wyoming. Some one claiming that Brant was at Wyoming, pertinently asks—"If not there where was he?" Early in July he made his appearance in the Mohawk River settlements, but just where the first blows were struck is uncertain. He made his rallying point at the Little Lakes—now Warren, and July 18, he sent a party from thence and destroyed a small settlement south of Herkimer, known then as Andreastown. The destructives at Wyoming are believed to have been surfeited with blood there, and to have returned from thence to Canada. If any further proof of Brant's absence from Wyoming were needed, it is found in a letter from Col. Guy Johnson to Lord George Germain, dated at New York, Sept. 10, 1778, in which he says of his forces assembled in May: "One division under one of my deputies, Mr. Butler, proceeded, with great success, down the Susquehanna, destroying the posts and settlements at Wioming, etc.; whilst another division under Mr. Brant, the Indian chief, cut off 294 men near Schoharie, and destroyed the adjacent settlements, etc." This is wonderfully exaggerated.—*Brod. Papers*, 8, 752.

* Charles Miner's *History of Wyoming*. This is an excellent book of local events, and as its author was an old citizen of that valley, his statements are very reliable.

Evidently Johnson referred to the invasion and great success of the enemy under Brant in July, in their incursions into the Schoharie and upper Mohawk valley settlements.

There were several small forts in the Wyoming valley. Professor Silliman, who visited it in 1829,* says: "The site of Fort Wyoming is now covered by the court house, Fort Durgee (query, Durkee), was half a mile below the borough; there was another fort on the eastern bank, opposite the hotel below the village. Ogden's blockhouse was near the mouth of Mill creek, two or three miles north of Wilkesbarre, and on the western side of the river is the site of Forty Fort; and a mile or two above was Fort Wintermoot." A mile above Fort Wintermoot, says Miner, was Fort Jenkins. The massacre of the settlements began June 30, in Exeter, whither seven men and a boy had gone to work. They were surprised, four were killed three captured, and the boy, John Harding, escaped by concealing himself in the river under some willows. On July 2d, Capt. Caldwell was sent by Col. Butler to reduce Fort Jenkins. The garrison consisted of 17—mostly old men—four were slain, three captured and the remainder capitulated. This most distant stockade and that at Wintermoot's, the gates of which were thrown open to the enemy, proved quite serviceable to them.

Col. Zebulon Butler—some writers have erroneously called him a relative of the infamous Col. John Butler—then in the valley, was its senior officer and took command of its half a dozen small companies of militia. He was then a continental officer; Col. Dennison and Lieut.-Col. Dorrance were his brave compatriots.

On Friday, July 3, Col. Z. Butler allowed himself to be drawn too far from any of his defenses, to contend in the field with an unknown force. For hours his troops remained firm; for like the men at Oriskany, they were fighting for their homes and their loved ones in them. Braver men were never marshaled, but what could 400 undisciplined militia do, when met by nearly three times their number of men, who had become familiar with such scenes. They were outflanked, their ranks broken, and while retreating, many brutal and diabolical

* Day's Hist. Collections of Pennsylvania.

deeds were enacted by the foe almost begging description ; not a few of which scenes the "pale faced" foeman rivaled their savage allies in performing. This brave American Butler, who exposed himself to every danger on the battlefield, repaired at nightfall to the Wilkesbarre Fort ; Col. Dennison stopping at Forty Fort, on the other side of the river, this being the largest and strongest one in the settlement, which he at once set about defending. Col. Butler belonged in the continental army and a few soldiers of that character with him, knowing the next day that the enemy would give them no quarter, left the valley that night to be cared for by Col. Dennison, who, on Sunday the 5th, surrendered his little garrison to Col. John Butler, as prisoners of war. The Colonel promised every protection, and as to life it is said to have been carried out, but the Indians plundered the men and women of such articles as they coveted ; and seeing one take Col. Dennison's hat, and another his hunting frock, Col. Butler confessed he could not prevent it. In a pocket of Col. D's frock was a purse containing a few dollars in specie, which the Colonel did not like to lose, and pretending a difficulty in getting off the garment, he stepped to a young woman of his own family to assist him, who took the hint, concealed the purse under her apron, and aided in removing the frock which he surrendered.—From *Miner's Narrative*.

In the battle, Col. John Butler barely escaped death. A bullet cut the knot by which his cravat was tied about his neck, so that it fell off. This fact is mentioned by the historian Miner, as having been stated to him by a liberated prisoner named Finch. After the battle, the enemy scattered all over the settlements enacting hundreds of personal adventures, the full recital of which would curdle one's life-blood. They made scores of prisoners, whom they tortured to death. I can only give the reader a few as samples of the many. Driven to the river, some of the soldiers, as also some citizens plunged in and swam to the opposite shore and escaped. A few landed on Monochnock island, which they had reached without means of defense. One of them, a man named Pensil, saw his own brother approaching him, and throwing himself on his knees at his feet he begged his protection—promising to serve him for life. "This is mighty fine !" exclaimed the tory friend. "But

you are a d—d rebel," and he instantly shot and killed him. This fact is mentioned by *Chapman, Miner* and *Stone*, in their histories of Wyoming.

Lieut. Elijah Shoemaker, a well-to-do and generous hearted man who was ever ready to dispense charity and do good, fled to the river, when a tory named Windecker, who had often been fed at his table, came to the waters brink and said: "Shoemaker, come out, *you know I will protect you!*" How could he doubt it? The tory reached out his hand as if to help him from the water, but the instant he seized it, he sunk a tomahawk into the head of his benefactor, who fell back into the water and floated away. Many prisoners were lead to the shore by promise of quarters, and then cruelly butchered.—*Miner.*

There can be little doubt but the cupidity of the Indians caused much of this cruel butchery, which their tory allies encouraged, if they did not share in. The Indians got a reward for scalps, but captives going as prisoners of war they could hardly have expected to claim pay for—hence the advantage to them of taking scalps instead of prisoners.

On the fatal night dreadful tortures were indulged in; one of which was as follows: Capt. Bidlack was thrown alive into a fire, and there held with pitchforks until he expired. Sixteen prisoners, taken under the solemn promise of quarter, were held in a circle near the river; when Queen Esther—a fury in the form of woman, a half-breed, who dwelt among the Senecas—assumed the office of executioner, with a war club or heavy hatchet, as she wielded it with both hands. Muttering a kind of war song, she passed around the circle dealing death to the victims held for that purpose. After several had thus ignobly fallen, seeing there was no hope in their case, Lebbeus Hammond and Joseph Elliott suddenly dashing off the Indians who held them, fled for the thicket. Rifles cracked, Indians yelled and tomahawks cut the air, but the fugitives escaped; their pursuers returning soon after to their death scenes.—*Miner.* Nine prisoners were dispatched in a similar manner in another circle north of the first.—*Stone.*

Col. John Butler's Austerity.—When the enemy took possession of Forty Fort, the loyal troops headed by Butler entered at the north gate, and the Indians, led by Queen Esther—Cath-

arine Montour—entered at the south. Kay-ing-waur-to, who followed her, gazed wildly on every side, as if suspicious of treachery because he had so foully practiced it. I have said that Butler kept his plighted faith in the surrender as regarded life, with one exception. As he stood near the entrance he recognized Sergeant Boyd, a deserter from Canada. "Boyd," said he, addressing him sternly, "*go to that tree.*" "I hope," said Boyd imploringly, "your honor will consider me a prisoner of war." "Go to that tree, sir!" He did go, and a signal to the Indians drew a volley of balls upon him and he fell dead.—*Miner.*

*A Novel Adventure.**—One of the romantic incidents growing out of this invasion, was the capture of Frances Slocum, aged five years. She was taken to an Indian home, where she was given the Indian name, *Ma-con-a-qu*a—the "Indian Queen of the Miami"—there reared and remained. Her mother died with the vision of the child on an Indian's shoulder, passing into the bushes. Her brothers grew up and made journies and inquiries in Canada and elsewhere, without finding her. A traveler accidentally stopping at her wigwam discovered her; and in 1839 two brothers and a sister made a journey to her home among the Miami Indians, in Peru, Ohio, nine miles from the nearest white settlement. "I shall know her, said the Wyoming sister, because her brother hammered off the nail of her forefinger in a blacksmith shop, when she was four years old." They entered the cabin sought, and found a woman, who was only to be distinguished by the hair and skin from a squaw. Through an interpreter they conversed with her. She stated where she was born, and the order of the family. "How did you lose your fingernail!" asked her older sister. "My brother pounded it off in the shop." This was indeed the Slocum child. She did not remember her given name, but when asked if it was Frances, she replied in Indian: "Yes Francee, Francee!" It was the first time she had heard it pronounced in almost 60 years. A scene of tears and compassion now followed, in which the Indian sister sat unmoved. She seemed contented with her lot, and in her buck-skin garments and *ignorance* found her *bliss*. When Mr. Slocum was relating

* Facts from Miner's narrative, first published in 1839, and found in Day's Pennsylvania, and in Peck's Wyoming.

this story to Mr. Miner, the latter inquired if she could speak any English?" "Not a word," he replied, "nor had she any idea of her age." "Was she entirely ignorant?" Mr. M. again inquired. "Why, sir?" said he, "she didn't know when Sunday came." In her dress and manners she was entirely Indian, and no persuasion could induce her to return to the Susquehanna valley. She lived at first with the Delawares, and married one of that nation; and at his death, she married a Miami chief. She could remember seeing her brother and sister running towards the fort when she was captured. She had two daughters, both of whom were married and living in Indian glory, and in that semi-barbarous state the once child prisoner, little Frances Slocum, was left by her intelligent friends. O, what strange vicissitudes that war brought about, of tragedy and romance. She died March 9, 1847, at the age of 72.

Col. Stone estimated the loss in the Wyoming valley, in killed, wounded and missing, at about 300. Mr. Miner, although he does not name the entire loss, gives the names of 162 of the soldiery killed, supposing there were 20 or 30 whose names were not remembered. Their number approximated 200, and of them are named 26 commissioned officers. One of the latter, Lieut. Asa Stevens, was a brother of the writer's father's mother. I think it safe to say, that one-tenth of the population was annihilated; two-thirds of that number being murdered in cold blood. A great number of women and children fled into the wilderness, many of whom after enduring every manner of privation and hardship, reached their former homes in different parts of the State of Connecticut. Some of them again returned to Wyoming, while others whose husbands and sons had been slain never went back there. Says Miner: "The loss of the enemy was never known." Peck estimates the loss of Butlers' forces at from 50 to 80 killed. Early the next morning (the 4th), they got all the shovels and pickaxes they could, and went to a swamp and buried their dead—probably from 40 to 80. Peck says, on Canadian authority, that 60 were buried in the swamp. Doubtless many were wounded who afterwards died, and it may be safe to estimate their loss at nearly 100.

An Incident Attending the destruction of Wyoming.—Some settlers who remained at Wyoming after its general destruc-

tion, could hardly have subsisted for two weeks as they did, had not some witty settler—as the Indians were approaching a depository of food—exclaimed, “*Small pox! small pox!*” The Indians taking it as a hint to warn them against an *infected spot*, avoided it then and afterward, and thus the poor settlers were left subsistence at the supposed pox house.—*Peck's His. of Wyoming*, page 170.

A Naval Anecdote.—This incident reminds one of the anecdote published some years ago of a shrewd Yankee privateer, who was pursued by a British frigate. Finding his foe gaining upon him the skipper suddenly lowered sails, got out a boat for sounding, and made every appearance of trying to *claw off*, as the enemy supposed, from concealed rocks. The ruse was a success, the frigate at once tacked about to avoid foundering at sea, and left Jonathan to drift upon the rocks; but as soon as he found John Bull had turned his back upon him, the witty Yankee raised sails and dashed on in safety through 50 fathoms of water to his own chosen place of anchorage.—*An old newspaper report.*

American Insignia.—In the early part of the Revolution the regular American forces, or as frequently called the State troops, all wore *white stocks*, and until the French alliance, in honor of which event a *black band* was drawn through the centre. The officers wore a *black cockade*, and in honor of French co-operation a *white centre* was added.—*Capt. Eben Williams.*

Dr. Thatcher in his *Military Journal*, under date of July 20, 1780, says: “The Commander-in-Chief has recommended to the officers of our army to wear cockades of black and white, intermingled, as a symbol of friendship for our French allies, who wear white cockades.” This was on the arrival in Rhode Island of the land and naval forces sent by the King of France to act with us against Great Britain.

Anecdote of General Putnam, and Punctuality of Washington. A Toast.—Gen. Washington was remarkably punctual in his business, and one engagement was not allowed to infringe upon another. Consequently, when he gave suppers or evening entertainments in camp he did not scruple to give his guests a gentle hint when he wished them to retire. It was often done by adapting as a toast the two French words, “*bonne repos*,”

which, in his using, signified, time to disperse, or good rest to you ! and instantly his guests would depart.

Gen. Putnam, who was a good specimen of New England candor and integrity in his eventful life, gave an evening party in the Revolution to his fellow officers, and after the cloth was removed and the glasses were filled he gave the first toast. Having several times heard Washington propose the same sentiment, and supposing it must be a good one, said he, "Gentlemen, I give you *bonne repose* ! placing much stress on the first word. The party instantly arose from the table to separate, no less surprised than the giver of the toast was to see them. "Wha—wha—what the devil does this mean, gentlemen ? Cuth it, what are you going off for ?" interrogated the excited and astonished host. One of the guests explained the meaning of the French words, when the brave old Put., with a curse on French toasts in general and one in particular, begged of his guests again to be seated, and the glass soon went jocosely around.—*Isaac Hall Tiffany.*

Offenders, how Punished in the American Army.—The punishment of small offences in the Revolution, among the soldiery of the line, was often determined by an umpire of three of their fellows ; who heard the charges and testimony, pro and con, and then awarded such punishment as the crimes, in their judgment, merited. Sometimes a fine was imposed, and that individual who was base enough to twit the offender of his transgression after he had manfully paid his fine, was deemed guilty of an offence doubly flagrant, and to him was meted a two-fold punishment. "Cobbing" was often inflicted in the camp for petty offences. The cob was a flat piece of board with a handle, resembling in shape a battledoor, and was often perforated with auger holes. It was used in punishing crimes characterized by meanness and low cunning, and was inflicted upon the bare breech. At times the hide-whip, and at others the cat-of-nine-tails, wound confidently around the naked body of an offender.—*Elisha Back, of Canajoharie, in 1846.*

Anecdote of a Linch-pin—Soldiers sometimes had a pleasurable hour in the Revolution, and not unfrequently indulged in sport at the expense of some country vender of eatables. After the battle of Monmouth, a division of the American army crossed the Hudson at King's Ferry and marched to Providence,

R. I. Between Guilford and New Haven, Ct., they halted for some time to pick whortleberries, a leisure moment that must have been gratifying to wearied soldiers. In the fall of the year, to break the monotony of camp life, they often took occasion, as opportunity presented, to fill their pockets with apples at some cider-press and their gullets with cider, at the expense of some neighboring farmer, whose good nature was severely tested. One day in the fall of 1778, a countryman, with a wagon-box full of apples—as fair as those that had tempted Eve when a horticulturist, entered Providence to peddle them among the soldiery. While a crowd was gathered around the wagon, a wag drew a linch-pin from it, and, pretending he had found it, offered to sell the greasy iron to the huckster, saying it was worth but little to him and he would take a dozen apples for it. A bargain was soon struck, and the evidence of supposed good luck was carefully laid away in the wagon. The apple vender soon after started for another part of the camp, but at the end of two or three rods off came a wheel and down pitched the wagon, sending the apples all over the ground. The surprised soldiers, with mouths full of sympathy and fruit, ran to help the old man pick up those on the ground, taking care to place as many in their pockets as in the wagon. With the wheel again on and “that same pin” again in, the apple dealer, having first become assured that the other wheels were all fastened on and given the by-standers a look that implied an increase of wisdom, hurried his nag to a distant spot, where, to a new set of customers, he soon sold out.—*Capt. Eben Williams.*

A Successful Ruse.—Capt. Garret Putman, who formerly lived near Fort Hunter, was out on a scout, as believed, in 1778, when he held some office, at a military post of Tryon county. He had by accident become separated from a little squad of friends, when on ascending a hill he came suddenly upon a scouting party of the enemy. He saw in a moment his danger, thought of a timely expedient and instantly put it in practice. Turning round as if addressing a large party, he shouted at the top of his voice: “Here they are! run up my brave fellows—quick now—and we’ll make them all prisoners!” The foemen, supposing they were immediately to be overpowered, took to their heels in double quick time; leaving the honest Dutchman

alone in his glory. As may be supposed, he lost no time in regaining his own station.—*Everet Yates*, of Fultonville.

*Henderson's or Andreas Town and its Destruction.**—The facts here given were obtained at a personal interview in 1852, with the venerable Adam Bell, a son of Frederick Bell, Jun., named in the narrative, who was born at Andreas Town, July 22, 1773. Although then 80 years old, we found him busy—a pretty good hand—in the hay field with his son Peter, who was one of the jury in the celebrated trial of “Uncle Nat” Foster, for shooting an Indian on Brown’s Tract, in 1833.

Some ten or fifteen years before the Revolution, a small settlement was begun on Henderson’s patent, situated in the northern part of the present town of Warren, some eight miles southerly from Mohawk village. The names of those pioneer settlers remembered were Frederick Bell and his son Frederick Bell, Jr., Frederick Hawyer, — Bowers, John Osterhout, Adam Stauring, Jacob Wollaber, Frederick Leppard and Paul Crim. There were probably a few other settlers not distant from them, whose names were not remembered. The last two settlers named took up 1000 acres of the patentee, and upon this land these hardy yeomen broke ground, each occupying 100 acres. They went there from the German Flats, and as believed, were all Germans. They located near together, most of them on a road which they opened north and south through the settlement. At the beginning of the Revolution, they had each cleared nearly 50 acres of their lands, and had erected good framed dwellings, and were living comfortably. They had a German school which was taught in Crim’s dwelling; where their spiritual wants were occasionally supplied, by Rev. Abram Rosekrans, pastor at the old Herkimer stone church, distant some seven miles from Andreastown.

When the struggle for liberty began, this little colony was found arrayed as most of the German settlements were, against oppression. In 1777, when the Indians and tories began their midnight orgies for some victim’s pyre; this handful of patriots removed to Fort Herkimer. When people were obliged

* This settlement was first called Henderson’s Town after the patentee of the lands; but from some cause, after a while, it came to be called Andreas Town. It is now known as Jordenville, in Herkimer county, N. Y. The centennial of the destruction of this place was celebrated at Jordenville, July 18, 1878, when stirring addresses were given by Hon. Samuel Earl, Hon. G. M. Cleland and Hon. A. M. Mills.

thus to leave their homes, they not unfrequently stole back to look after them, and secure if possible a part, at least, of their crops. This, notwithstanding the great hazard, some were enabled to do, from time to time, and escape the murderer's rifle and tomahawk. When convenient, a party of soldiers was sent from the nearest garrison to guard such laborers; but the enemy kept an eye of espionage on abandoned settlements where growing crops were left which must be harvested to sustain life, and scores of victims were there surprised and many an acre of waving grain, was stained by the life-blood of its exposed cultivator.

In July, 1778, Stauring, Leppard, Hawyer and the two Bells, father and son, went to Andreastown to secure some hay, prepared to stay several days. At this time, Fred. Bell, Sen., was an old man and a widower, but the wife of the younger Bell, with the wives of Stauring and Hawyer joined the party to cook for them, and render such aid as they could. With the workers were two boys, one a son of Stauring, then in his teens, and Richard, a son of Fred. Bell, Jun., some eight years of age. Just after breakfast on the morning of the 18th, when the men were engaged in their pursuit, a party of Indians with several tories, one of whom, some say Capt. Caldwell, led them, appeared suddenly in the settlement. The Bells, father and son, chanced to be near their dwelling, and as the Indians approached it, the latter, who had often said he would not be taken alive, ran into the house and was shot through a window while in the act of taking down his gun from a pair of brackets.* His father, who was arrested near the door, was ordered to catch a grey horse, owned by the Bells, which was in a field near and told that his life should be spared if he got it; but as he was climbing a fence into the field, he was shot down and there scalped—the enemy, no doubt, fearing to trust him any distance from them.

The firing at Bell's seasonably alarmed the three men at work some distance off, and they fled and escaped to Fort Herkimer. The enemy arrived at Stauring's dwelling too soon after the

* Almost every dwelling in the land at this period, was finished over head with the beams or sills supporting the upper floors, exposed in the room below; being planed smooth as were the floors in sight, and thus left; sometimes painted and sometimes not. Cleats were often nailed across those sills in the kitchen, and articles laid upon them, or wooden hooks were nailed to them for the same purpose. Upon a pair of such hooks in one corner of the room, Bell's gun was suspended.

firing for any of the inmates to escape, but young Stauring in attempting to do so, was shot down at a little distance from the house and killed, while the Bell boy was made a prisoner. The women were preparing to bake bread when the surprise came, and young Stauring had been providing oven-wood. No indignity was offered the women, if we except their being divested of several articles of clothing, ere they fled from this terrible scene. This war party as was subsequently learned, was sent thither by Brant, who was then in the vicinity of the Little lakes only a few miles distant, with a large force; being instructed by him before it left his camp, not to kill or capture any women at that place; and having secured what plunder they could, such as eatables, clothing, guns and three reeking scalps, the destructives reduced all the dwellings in the settlement to ashes, and with their little prisoner—who was compelled to witness the conflagration of his birth place, in which was the body of his father, they soon after retired.

A party of soldiers from Fort Herkimer, accompanied by several citizens of that locality, went to Andreastown the day after its misfortunes and buried the remains of the elder Bell and young Stauring. The bones of Frederick Bell, Jun., were taken from the ashes and buried some time after.

At the invasion of the enemy under Brant and several other Indian and tory leaders in July, August and September, 1778, in and around the Mohawk valley; many of the settlements were pillaged and destroyed, more especially those upon the south side of the river. In a letter written in September, at one of the frontier posts, by Col. Klock to Gov. Clinton, and sent by "Col. Fisher and Zep. Batchellor, Esq.," (it being without date), he thus observes:

"I beg leave to represent to your Excellency the most deplorable situation of this country. The enemy have, from time to time, desolated and destroyed the settlements of Springfield, Andreas Town, and the German Flats; by which at least *one hundred and fifty families* are reduced to misery and distress. People who were in flourishing circumstances are thus, by one wanton act, brought to poverty.

"Notwithstanding I have repeatedly wrote our situation down and asked relief, we have obtained none except Alden's regiment, which is stationed at Cherry Valley, where they remain

in garrison. Woful experience teaches us that the troops in Cherry Valley are by no means a defense for any other part of the country. [After speaking of the ungovernable spirit that influenced the conduct of some of the settlers, the desertion of a part of the militia to the enemy, and the necessity of immediate succor, he adds]: From the information we are able to collect from prisoners and otherwise, we learn that the enemy, when at the German Flats, were 500 or upwards strong, commanded by Capt. Caldwell—that they intended soon to make another incursion, and that a reinforcement of 500 or 600 was on its march to join the enemy.”

During the invasion above noticed, nearly 1000 horses, cattle, sheep and swine were killed or driven away. The settlers at the German Flats, by receiving timely notice of danger, with few exceptions, fled into the neighboring forts and escaped the tomahawk. The loss of so many dwellings, with most of their furniture, and barns well filled with the recompense of the husbandman's toils, must have been a most serious one to this district.

In connection with the extract of Col. Klock's letter to Gov. Clinton, showing the destruction of the Herkimer county settlements, written, as believed, about the 1st of September, 1778, justice requires us to mention the fact that, but for the timely arrival of John Helmer, one of a scout who met the enemy in Otsego county, and ran much of the way to the German Flats, arriving the evening before the invasion,* scores of citizens must have been slaughtered. His herald gave them an opportunity to escape to Forts Dayton and Herkimer, with some of their effects—they had little time to hide any, and the rest with not a few treasured keepsakes were destroyed the next day in the general conflagration, which burned all the dwellings and well filled barns of a large portion of the Herkimer county settlements. The *Remembrancer* says, the enemy in these incursions burned 63 dwellings, 57 barns, three grist and two saw-mills; and drove off 235 horses, 322 cattle, and 263 sheep; besides hogs and poultry not mentioned. The sight of the conflagration from the forts in the morning, is said to have been mournfully picturesque and grand beyond description.

* Stone's Brant.

Capt. Henry Eckler, his Escape from Brant, at his own home and the Destruction of his Property.—In 1845 I published an account of Capt. Eckler's escape from Brant, not far from Fort Herkimer, as believed in 1781, which is here given, with the events of that year: In 1858 I was informed by John Eckler, a relative of the Captain, that the latter escaped from Brant at his own home at the Kyle, now a few miles from Van Horns-ville. This must have been in 1778, at the time when the Springfield and Andreastown settlements were destroyed. As Brant entered his door, Eckler sprang out of one on the opposite side and fled into the forest. The chieftain pursued but a short distance, and as Capt. E. refused to stop at his bidding, he fired upon him. At the moment Brant fired, one of Eckler's knee-buckles caught in a bush and threw him down, the bullet passing over him. He then easily made his escape, as Brant seldom ever ran any distance in person to secure either a prisoner or a scalp. In the absence of testimony, it is believed the female part of Capt. Eckler's family were allowed to escape while his buildings were being plundered and destroyed. Capt. E. had been there several years and had been a very successful pioneer. It is said he had a few not distant neighbors, but of them or their fate I am not informed. Samuel Earl, Esq., of Herkimer, assures me that he has a paper written in German and signed by Capt. Eckler, which records his property destroyed by the enemy as follows:

"Three hundred skipples of oats, worth £30; 80 skipple wheat, £16; 100 skipple peas, £20; 12 loads hay, £15; 200 skipple potatoes £20; 80 pounds flax, £8; my house and barn; two barracks, £25; three milch cows, £15; household furniture and clothing, £10; and hard money, £12." If this property was destroyed before crops were secured, some of the loss must have been estimated. Here is a picture of what many individual losses on the frontier were, had they been specified.

The following events are believed to have been attendant upon the invasions of 1778:

Murder of Peter Piper and Wonderful Escape of his Wife.—

"They fade away and 'scape what others feel,

"The pangs that pass not by—the wounds that never heal."—*J. Moir.*

An unexpected visit of the enemy surprised the family of Peter Piper, residing a few miles from Fort Herkimer. Piper,

his wife and several children, who chanced to be outside their dwelling, were pounced upon by a band of Indians and Tories and all killed—at least so thought their tormentors, who also sacked and burned their dwelling. After hours of unconsciousness, Mrs. Piper, who had been scalped and dreadfully mangled, revived—an object of horror even to herself. After wandering for some time wildly about the premises, finding her friends all dead, her house reduced to ashes, she resolved, in her feeble tenure upon life, to gain the dwelling of a distant neighbor.

Weighed down with grief and faint from loss of blood, she had gone but a little distance when she met Peter Remshaler, a Mohawk Indian, with whom she was acquainted. As he ran up to her, tomahawk in hand, she dropped upon her knees and begged for her life, which he agreed to spare. She had no scalp-lock now to tempt his cupidity, even if his sympathy had not been excited. He advised her to go directly to Fort Herkimer, accompanied her, and even carried her in his arms a part of the way; but, fearing surprise, left her to proceed alone some distance, telling her, as he departed, to "Be brave, go forward, and, if possible, reach the fort." She gained the goal and in a state of exhaustion, sank into the arms of friends. Contrary to all expectation, she survived her many wounds, gave birth to an infant a few weeks after receiving her injuries, and lived some years after the war. Who, at this day, can justly realize the perils, privations and sufferings of the pioneer settlers; when the wolf of hunger stood at one door of his rude hut, and an armed savage at the other.—*Saura Munn*,* who well knew Mrs. Piper.

* The reader asks, who was Saura Munn? She was rather a stout built colored woman, though not tall, living near Ilion, with whom I had an interview July 16, 1851, through the kindness of Mr. John Golden, an innkeeper at Mohawk, who desired my opinion upon her age. At that time tradition called her 116 years old. I found her a very tidy and intelligent old woman, in remarkably good health and well cared for by the town of German Flats—to its credit be it said—which was boarding her with the widow of Selden Morgan, a very excellent white woman. To the question, "Saura, how old are you?" she replied, "Ah, that is more as I can tell," "Speaking of her age," said Mrs. Morgan, "Saura was an old woman 60 years ago, as I well remember." I learned from her that she was born in Freysbush, and that quite early in life she was a slave in the family of Col. Hendrick Frey, whose family, at that period, was one of the most polished in western New York—the Colonel being on intimate terms with Sir William Johnson and other officers of the government. The very appearance of Saura at our interview, gave evidence of good breeding. She could remember that she was married at about 20, and had several children before the Revolution began. 60 years before I saw her, she must have been in the neighborhood of 50, to have been

Fate of a Fort Herkimer Scout.—The enemy, in this invasion as believed, fell in with a scout from Fort Herkimer, consisting of three soldiers who were going to a small settlement (in the now town of Columbia) called Elizabethtown; after Elizabeth Shoemaker, who had been given lands there by her mother. Henry Diefendorf now (1849) lives on this Shoemaker place. The names of the scout were Conrad Olendorf, Peter Bellinger and Mattice Wormwood; the latter being on horseback. They were fired upon by the enemy in ambush, Bellinger and Wormwood both were killed, and Olendorf captured and taken to Canada. The two slain were scalped, stripped naked and laid across the road side by side, in which position they were afterwards found by friends and buried.

Surprise and fate of a Scout from Fort Dayton.—A scout, consisting of some half a dozen men, sent from Fort Dayton on a reconnoissance south of Ilion, as believed, in 1778, was fired upon by a numerous foe and all killed but two, a man named Bauder, from Stone Arabia, and one Weaver, from the German Flats. The two named began an instant retrograde flight, pursued by a dozen yelling Indians. After running several miles, not having seen their pursuers for sometime, the fugitives arrived at Rudolph Shoemaker's (where informant then resided), fatigued and hungry, and asked for food. Mrs. S. told her unwelcome guests that the enemy were all about, and they must instantly flee to Fort Herkimer. They asked her to conceal them, but placing some bread and meat in their hands she bade them fly for their lives to a swamp in the direction of the fort. Their retiring forms had hardly gained the forest, when several Indians arrived at Shoemaker's, demanding of Mrs. S. the

denominated old: supposing her to have been 50, 60 years before, she would have been 110 at our interview. But estimating her at 80 in 1775, that would have made her 46, 50 years before, or 105 at our interview. She was no doubt in the neighborhood of 110 when I saw her. She was kindly spoken of and much respected by her white neighbors; whom she often interested by recounting customs in her early life, and scenes of the Revolution, of which period she had a vivid recollection. Before that period she had been transferred to the family of Rudolph Shoemaker, a well-to do farmer, who was a go-between in politics, residing in the war at the upper end of Mohawk village. Here she had an opportunity of witnessing many "neutral ground," scenes, and among them the capture of Walter Butler and Han Jost Schuyler. Her great age (she was the oldest person in the Mohawk valley) made her an object of much interest. She began seriously to express her opinion that "God had forgotten to take poor Saur." As this genus of servile laborers has nearly disappeared, I thought it best to make mention of this one of the faithful and better class.

whereabouts of the fugitives they had traced to her door. She replied that they had been there but had gone on to the fort. They were loth to credit her story, when she told them they could search it and be satisfied ; and they soon after withdrew. Leaving the swamp at a favorable moment, the two friends gained the fort in safety.

An Indian named Nickus, either of this or some other hostile war party, told the slaves in the Herkimer settlements, that they were so poor they had nothing to be killed for—their scalps would not bring a bounty—and therefore they were not in any danger of being harmed, unless they took up arms for their masters.—Facts from *Saura Munn*.

A Fortunate Escape from Death or Captivity.—Here is an incident also believed to have transpired in the Summer of 1778. Some 40 or 50 persons were harvesting wheat on “Campbell’s Flats” (as formerly known), on the south side of the Mohawk, distant a mile or more from Fort Dayton. The party consisted of citizens, soldiers, and quite a number of women and children ; the latter being engaged in raking and binding. When all were busily occupied, sixteen Indians, including painted Tories, were discovered on the opposite side of the river, between the laborers and the fort ; after whom the armed Americans made pursuit, easily fording the river at that point. The enemy were fired upon and returned the fire, wounding P  ter Foltz in his thigh. All the laborers also followed the soldiers across the river, thinking they would be safer, and the whole party reached Fort Dayton in safety ; the wounded man being borne hither by his friends.

It was afterwards supposed that the circumstance of the women and children being present, saved the unarmed men from falling into the hands of the enemy ; as but for them they would have remained on the south side of the river. It became known subsequently that 80 of the foemen were concealed against the hill above the laborers, and 70 below ; the latter being at a place known as the dug-way, to the eastward of Mohawk village. Had the soldiery pursued the Indians and the laborers remained in the field, they would doubtless have fallen an easy prey. It was evidently the design of the retreating party to expose their pursuers to the fire of the enemy on the west, and bring the laborers between a cross fire. Two soldiers going

from the harvest field before the enemy appeared on the north side of the river, passed their concealed foes at the dug-way unmolested. Facts obtained June 23, 1845, from *Adam Rasback*, then 67 years old.

Fort Dayton.—Although I have elsewhere spoken of the erection and location of this fort, let me here say a few words about it. It was the most important military post in the Herkimer county settlements, and was located to protect the citizens upon and around the German Flats; a term given to the broad intervale lands between the present village of Herkimer and the river. In the organization of the towns—as I have elsewhere shown—the error was made in the Legislature, of transposing the names of German Flats and Herkimer. After the destruction of Fort Stahwix early in the summer of 1781 (burnt not by the enemy or an incendiary, but by accident), Fort Dayton was more strongly garrisoned than before, as it became the extreme military out-post of Western New York.

Death of John Bellinger and Escape of his Comrades.—On some occasion during the war and believed to have been in 1778, John and Christopher Bellinger, brothers, and Philip Harter, were on the flats between Fort Dayton and the river getting hay. John Bellinger was some 25 years of age; his companions were several years younger. As John was engaged in pitching hay into a window with a fork, and his friends in raking at a little distance from him, a tory, named Harmanus House, and two Mohawk Indians appeared in a corn field near the laborers. The latter having taken the precaution to carry their guns to the field, had laid them upon the trunk of a wind-fallen tree near where they were at work. Christopher first discovered the foes approaching, and shouted the prophetic words of the times—"The Indians!"

John Bellinger was an uncommonly strong and courageous man, and withal swift on foot. With uplifted fork he ran directly for the guns, quite as near to which was his tory foe; his brother and Harter at the same time fleeing for the fort, pursued by the Indians. As John neared his own gun, House drew up to fire on him, but before doing so he called back his comrades by a signal whistle. He then fired, and one of freedom's boldest champions was weltering in his gore. Christopher and Philip reached the fort in safety. There were other Indians

concealed near the field, as was afterwards understood, who dreaded the vengeance of John Bellinger more than that of a score of ordinary men. The enemy obtained, with his scalp and the plunder of his person, the three guns which the young men had taken to the field. The loss of this brave partisan was severely felt in the German Flats, for his was one of the master spirits of that section, just suited to the times. But, like many noble young Americans, he was surprised and slain, either from envy or the British value to a tory neighbor of his scalp-lock. House called back his accomplices to assist him, fearing if he fired and missed his victim, and their guns were unloaded, his fate would be sealed. He was well acquainted with Bellinger before the war. The remains of the fallen hero were taken to the fort and buried with becoming respect.

Facts from *Adam Rasback*, corroborated by *Frederick P. Bellinger*, in 1845.

The Temerity of an Indian at Fort Dayton.—I have found, in making historical gleanings, that it was extremely difficult to obtain the day, month or year when some events transpired, however well memory may have kept them in life. Here is one of many such which I have.

On some occasion during the Revolution, and probably in 1778, Peter F. Bellinger, who lived in the vicinity of Fort Dayton, was on duty at that post when an Indian made his appearance upon the declivity of the hill northwest of it. Bellinger was a sentinel upon that side of the fort, and on discovering the Indian, who was armed with a rifle and moving on a trot, he raised his piece to salute him, but ere he had a good aim, as the shot was a long one, the warrior fell behind a stump. With his piece still up, the sentinel stood watching to get another glimpse of the blanketed form, his own head and shoulders being exposed above the pickets, when he discovered the flash of the warrior's rifle beside the stump, and fell back, if possible to avoid the ball, which, however, entered his left shoulder and passed through under the collar-bone. Though so dreadfully wounded, Bellinger grated his teeth and wanted to follow his adversary, who fled and escaped with impunity.

Why this Indian evinced such unusual temerity is unknown. Possibly his object was to elicit pursuit and draw his followers into an ambuscade. It was a long time before Bellinger's wound

healed ; nearly 30 pieces of the bone working out before that event, and three pieces of a metal button which the bullet struck and carried into the wound.—From *Col. Fr. P. Bellinger*, a son of F. P. B., corroborated by *Paul Custer*.

Capture of Henry Stauring.—Old Adam Stauring, as familiarly known, was at work on his farm in New Germantown (now town of Frankfort, N. Y.), as believed, in 1778, when he was captured by a party of Indians and taken into the forest, where they encamped, made a fire and had a war dance, followed by the sharpening of their knives. They asked him, significantly, if he knew what they had sharpened their knives for, saying they would call him up at five in the morning. He was tied between two Indians when they laid down to rest, and when they were all asleep, he fortunately reached one of their knives, cut his cords, worked his way out from his foes and escaped. At a little distance he concealed himself under a fallen tree, and judged they had discovered his loss at the end of half an hour, as in about that time some of them in pursuit came and stood upon the log over him. They gave over the pursuit and returned to their camp-fire, when he left his concealment and reached Fort Germantown, a little stockade, in safety. His brother Adam, a very tall and stout man, was afterwards captured by the Indians, who stood in no little fear of him. Said informant, "Nature had given him the faculty of 'looking sour,' and when he fixed his eye on an Indian he made him wince." Indeed, his neighbors sometimes quailed under his assumed ferocious look.—*Adam Bell*, of Andreastown, in 1851.

Indians Around the Dwelling of Peter Bellinger.—In the Revolution it was the usual custom of exposed settlers on the frontiers of New York, except in the winter season, to go to the nearest military post and tarry over night for security. On some occasion during the war, at a season of the year when a foe was unlooked for, part of the family of Peter Bellinger—which was accustomed to seeking nightly refuge at Fort Dayton—remained at their house west of the fort. Col. Frederick P. Bellinger, now (1850) resides on the site of the house in question. The members of the family which thus braved danger, were Mr. Bellinger and two sisters. On the night referred to, about 9 o'clock, a noise was heard at the back door, as if some one was attempting to get in *sans ceremonie*. The

two ladies were in the kitchen at the moment, and their brother in an upper room. One of them enquired, "who is there?" and receiving no answer, conjectured the visitants were Indians. As silently as possible one of the sisters communicated her suspicions to her brother, who told her to go back and with her sister to make as much noise as she could, calling the names of certain persons as though they were in upper rooms.

That woman, licensed to make a noise in the world can do it, was satisfactorily proven at this time. The sisters at the top of their voice—and women had lungs at that period—began to shout and call for Peter, Stuffle, Nicholas, Yerry, Christian, Yacob, Adam, Hans, Conrad, Fritz, and possibly a dozen other High Dutchman to come down to their assistance. The first one called answered the summons, and as he had to represent the whole catalogue of braves, *he did come down*, and the manner of his coming was a caution to eavesdroppers; for a span of hopped horses would have found themselves rivaled by the thumping in the stairway. When the broken chairs, and various adornments of the garret had ended their dance terrific at the foot of the stairs, followed by Peter, who, in a voice of thunder, such as never rang through the walls of his old dwelling before, ordered *every man to his post*, a dead silence followed. The ruse succeeded to a charm; no further attempt was made to force an entrance, and although the vigilance of the inmates lasted the live-long night, nothing more was heard from without, save the whistling of the night air.

There had been a light fall of snow just at night, and the morning light discovered the moccasined tracks of four or five Indians about the house, while under the window a scalping knife was picked up, which had no doubt fallen from the trembling hand of its owner, when Peter was coming down stairs. Thus were the minions of Britain often prowling about in the frontier settlements—

"Led by the moon, when, at the midnight hour,
Her pale rays tremble through the dusky gloom!"

From *Rev. E. O. Dunning*, who had the facts from *Mrs. Myers*, a daughter of Peter Bellinger. *Col. C. F. Bellinger* corroborated this story, and placed the event in the fall of 1777 or 1778. The enemy burnt this dwelling subsequently.

An Anecdote of Capt. Nicholas Dygert while a Prisoner.—Among the captives made by the enemy under Brant in 1778, was Nicholas, a son of Peter Dygert, taken near the Upper Mohawk Castle. The destructives returned by the southwestern route, and at Oquago this prisoner had to run the gauntlet, after which ordeal he was given to an old squaw, to supply the place of a lost son. He suffered severely from hunger on his way to Canada. One day when almost famished, he observed his new *mother* make several attempts to eat a hot dumplin, which she could not master for the want of teeth. After rolling it about in her mouth for a time, she cast it to her dog; but hardly had the animal seized it in his teeth, when Dygert caught him by the ears, and after a long shake he forced the dainty morsel from his jaws and transferred it to his own. The interference of her *son* with her will displeased the old woman, and seizing him by his ears—which freedom he dared not resist; she shook him until he restored to the dog his dinner. Brant had lived a neighbor to Dygert before the war, and apprised of this incident immediately after it happened, he sent him a plate of succotash. Dygert was exchanged soon after his arrival in Canada, returned to his native valley, and was afterwards given the command of a company of militia. He assured his friends on his return from captivity, that his mouth never watered after any dainty, as it did for the morsel the squaw and the dog had had in their mouths.—*Dr. Joshua Webster*, who had the story from Dygert.

Prisoners Made in Minden.—At the invasion of Brant in 1778, George Lighthall, John, a son of Godfrey Brookman, and John Cramer were captured, though it is believed they were not together—by a small party of Indians. On reaching Andrestown, for some unknown cause, Cramer was killed and scalped, and further on after Lighthall had made several attempts to escape, and the party were journeying with Brant, to whom he was well known, that chief happened along and saw the prisoner with a very downcast look; and in a spirit of railleury he asked him what the matter was? "I suppose," said Lighthall, "you know that my captors are about to kill me for attempting to escape." Brant at once investigated the matter, and appeased the enraged captors by the promise of *two gallons of rum* on their arrival in Canada. Thus was the life of the

captive saved and his countenance brightened. Arriving in Canada, he was offered his choice, to enlist into the British service, or go to Oswego and work on the fortifications. He chose the latter, but had not been there very long ere he made his escape, and this time reached his home. When first captured he said he was pursued by three Indians, who drove him to a marsh where he mired, or else he would have escaped. Brookman seemed to find more favor with his foes than did some prisoners—not suffering so much in running the gantlet. He was exchanged and returned home at the end of six months.—*Baltus Dillenbeck*, and others.

Battle of Monmouth.—The English government on being officially informed of the treaty of alliance between France and the United States, declared war against the former; and thought it prudent to concentrate its forces. On the 18th of June, the British troops under Sir Henry Clinton evacuated Philadelphia, and set out for New York. Gen. Washington hung upon his rear, watching a favorable opportunity to give him battle. On the 28th of that month, the battle of Monmouth was fought. Both armies were flattered during the day by alternate success, and encamped in the evening on the battle ground. Washington slept in his cloak after the fatigues of that day, in the camp of his brave men. In the night, Clinton silently withdrew, thus conceding the victory of the preceding day to the *spangled banner*. The loss of the Americans in this engagement was from 200 to 300 in killed and wounded, and that of the enemy about 1000, nearly half of whom were killed. The day on which this action was fought, was extremely hot, and the suffering of both armies was very great for the want of proper drink. Says the *Journal of Col. Tallmadge*: “Many died on both sides from excessive heat and fatigue, the day being oppressively warm, and the troops drinking too freely of cold water.” *James Williamson*, a soldier who assisted in burying the dead after the battle, assured the writer that he saw around a spring in a grove not far from the battle field, the dead bodies of 12 soldiers, supposed to have been victims of cold water.

A Heroine.—American historians have recorded few instances of female patriotism and bravery, which rival the following: In the battle of Monmouth a gunner was killed, and a call was made for another, when the wife of the fallen soldier,

who had followed his fortune to the camp, advanced and took his station; expressing her willingness to discharge the duty of her deceased husband, and thus revenge his death. The gun was well managed and did good execution, as I have been informed by an eye witness. After the engagement, Gen. Washington was so much pleased with the gallant conduct of this heroine, that he gave her a Lieutenant's commission. She was afterwards called "Captain Molly."—*Capt. Eben Williams.*

A short time after the battle of Monmouth, Lieut.-Col. William Butler, with the Fourth Pennsylvania Regiment, and three companies of *rifle men* from Morgan's corps under Maj. Posey, commanded by Captains Long, Pear and Simpson, were ordered to Albany, and from thence to Schoharie. While there he commanded the Middle Fort. The command of the Schoharie forts devolved on Col. Peter Vrooman during the war, when no continental officer of equal rank was there.

Among the rifle men who went to Schoharie at this time, were some most daring spirits—men whose names should live forever on her fairy mountains and in her green valleys. We do not believe it necessary, although it is a fact too generally conceded, that glittering equalets are indispensable in forming a *hero*. Of the brave soldiers sent to aid the Schoharie settlers in their defense, and guard from savage cruelties the unprotected mother and helpless orphan, all of whose names I would gladly chronicle could I collect them—were Lieut. Thomas Boyd (whose tragic end will be shown hereafter), Timothy Murphy, David Elerson,* William Leek,† William Lloyd, a sergeant, John Wilber,‡ Zachariah Tuffts, Joseph Evans,§ Felix Hoevert,|| Elijah Hendricks, John Garsaway, a very large man, and Derrick Haggidorn. Nor should we forget to name several of the native citizens who encountered many dangers in the discharge of

* He was married in Schoharie during the war, and became a permanent resident of the county. He was a *ranger* for several years, and, as he stated to the writer, an extra price was set on his own and Murphy's scalps by the enemy. He was 95 years old at our interview in 1842.

† He married the wife of Henry Becker, a tory who went to Canada. Becker came back after the war, but could not get his wife again. Leek went westward and died there.

‡ Was from Reddington, Pennsylvania. He was a carpenter by trade, married a Miss Matice and settled on Charlotte river.

§ Evans married a daughter of Tunis Eckerson.

|| Remained in Schoharie county after the war.

their duty ; of the latter were Jacob and Cornelius Van Dyck, Jacob Enders, Bartholomew C. Vrooman, Peter Van Slyck, Nicholas Sloughter, Yockam Folluck, Joackam Van Valkenberg, * Jacob Becker, Henry Hager and Thomas Eckerson.† There were no doubt others equally meritorious, whose deeds are unknown to the writer.

Fate of a Scout, etc.—The following facts, relating to the attempted arrest and death of Christopher Service, a tory of no little notoriety, living on the Charlotte river, were communicated by *Judge Hager, Mrs. Van Slyck, and David Elerson.*

The people of Schoharie had long suspected Service, who remained with his family, on the Charlotte river, entirely exposed to the enemy, of clandestinely affording them assistance. Captain Jacob Hager, who was in command of the Upper Fort, in the summer of 1778, sent Abraham Becker, Peter Swart (not the one already introduced), and Fr  derick Shafer, on a secret scout into the neighborhood of Service, to ascertain if there were any Indians in that vicinity, and to keep an eye of espionage on the tory. They arrived in sight of his dwelling after sundown, and concealed themselves in the woods, intending to remain over night. After dark the mosquitoes began to be very troublesome, but the party did not dare to make a fire to keep them off. Becker told his companions he was well acquainted with Service, having lived near him for some time ; said he would go and reconnoitre, and if there were none of the enemy abroad, he would inform them, in which case all agreed to go to the house and tarry over night. Becker, after a short absence, returned with the assurance that the "coast was clear," and that he had made arrangements for their accommodation ; whereupon all three went to the dwelling. As they approached the door, the light was extinguished, but Becker went in, followed by his friends. They advanced to the centre of the room, at which time one of the family re-lit the candle, the light of which showed Swart and Shafer their real situation. Along the wall, upon one side of the room, were arranged a party of armed savages, who instantly sprang upon and bound them.

* Killed in battle near Lake Utsayantho, in 1781.

† He was interred in the old Middleburgh ground. The head stone reads: "In memory of Tunis Acker-on, who died January 10, 1797, at the age of 67 years." Tunis is the Low Dutch of Thomas.

The two prisoners were kept there until morning, when they were hurried off to Canada. Becker, who had not been bound, was suffered, after giving the Indians his gun and amunition, to depart for home. He returned to the fort, and reported that the scout, near Charlotte river, had fallen in with a party of Indians in ambush, from whom they attempted to escape by flight; that he was in advance of his comrades, who were both captured; that he came near being overtaken, when he threw away his gun and equipage, and thus relieved, made his escape. Shafer, who remained in a Canadian prison until the war was closed, returned to Schoharie and made known the above facts. Swart never returned to Schoharie. He was taken by distant Indians, as his friends afterwards learned, beyond Detroit, where he took a squaw and adopted the Indian life. The above narrative was published in the spring of 1845, and in the *Cherry Valley Gazette* of July 30th, following, a letter was inserted by the late Abram Becker, giving an excuse for the conduct of his namesake, as shown in the context. He stated, in substance, that the scout was captured before arriving at the house of Service.

This hardly seems as plausible an account of their capture, as the one given in the manuscript of Judge Hager, corroborated by his neighbors. The writer's excuse for the hypocritical action of the returning member of the scout to the fort was, that he had been partial for years to a daughter of Service, on which account her father had interceded to prevent his going to Canada, and that he was set at liberty by the enemy under an oath "not to disclose what he had seen and heard during the scout." That he had conscientiously regarded his oath, and when denounced at the fort for his duplicity (which had by some means leaked out) "he fled to save his life," though where he fled to is not stated. According to Mr. Becker's explanation "love" was the hinge upon which this affair turned; and as Cupid alone had, and still has, the key to unravel not a few mysterious actions of the war, the reader can judge how far the little god is to be credited in this matter of making a man stultify his fealty to his country. At an interview with the venerable Judge Hager after this letter appeared, he assured the writer that Shafer, on his return from Canada, declared, in great wrath, that if ever he met Becker, he would be the death of him.

From the commencement of border difficulties, Service had greatly aided the enemies of his country, by sheltering and victualing them, in numerous instances. He was comparatively wealthy, for the times, owning a well-stocked farm and a grist-mill. When the tories and Indians from Canada were on their way to destroy the settlements, they always found a home at his house, from whence, after recruiting, they sallied forth on their missions of death. Several attempts were made to take him before the Schoharie committee, previous to his joining Brant in his expedition against Cobelskill.

Death of Capt. Charles Smith.—Soon after the return of Becker with his hypocritical narrative, Col. Butler sent Capt. Long, with some twenty volunteers, in the direction of Charlotte river to reconnoitre, and if possible discover some traces of the enemy. One object of the expedition was to arrest Service and take him to the Schoharie forts, or to slay him in case of resistance. Arriving near the head waters of the Schoharie, Capt. Long unexpectedly took a prisoner. On his person he found a letter directed to Service, and by it, learned that Smith, its author, a tory captain who had enlisted a company of royalists on the Hudson near Catskill, was then on his way to the house of Service, who was desired in the letter to have everything in readiness to supply the wants of his men on their arrival. Learning from their prisoner the route by which Smith would approach, the Americans at once resolved to intercept him. Some 15 or 20 miles distant from the Upper fort, while proceeding cautiously along the east side of the river, Smith and his followers were discovered on the opposite bank. Capt. Long halted his men, and proposed to get a shot at Smith. It was thought by some of the party an act of folly to fire at so great a distance, but the Captain, accompanied by Elerson, advanced and laid down behind a fallen log. Some noise was made by this movement, and the tory chief stepped into an open piece of ground a little distance from his men to learn the cause of alarm, and thus fairly exposed his person. At this moment the rifles were leveled. Capt. Long was to fire, and in case he missed his victim, Elerson was to make a shot. At the crack of the first rifle, the spirit of Smith left its clay tenement to join kindred spirits. The scout then advanced and poured in a volley of balls, wounding several, and dispersing all of the tories. Thus

unexpectedly did justice overtake this company of men, whose zeal should have led them to serve their country instead of her foes.

Oct. 27, 1846, I met Abram Richtmyer of Conesville, from whom I learned the following facts : In 1764, his father, Peter Richtmyer, with others, located in Conesville, then called "Dies' Manor," six miles from Schoharie creek, and some distance from any neighbors. He, with 11 others, was taken to Harpersfield, when Capt. McDonald was there (in 1777), who administered an oath of allegiance to them, which was to be of no effect if they were not called upon to bear arms against King George ; after executing which they were paroled. Richtmyer had hardly reached home when, that same afternoon, Peter Cole, a tory from the Helleberg, came with a party and again made him a prisoner. As one of the first salutations, Cole struck him with a musket. While plundering the house, one of Cole's men threw a piece of her linen on the floor, and as Mrs. R. stooped to pick it up, one of the tories, to manifest his loyalty to the King, drew up and snapped his gun at her breast, which, fortunately, missed fire, and he was prevented from a second attempt.

They plundered the house and took five horses, which they loaded with plunder the next morning and proceeded to Lar-away's, on the Schoharie. There he was bound over night between two tories. From thence he was taken to the east branch of the Delaware, to the house of one Kittle, a tory. Kittle's wife told Cole "it would be easier to carry scalps than prisoners." Seeing his gun in Cole's hands, and knowing it was not sure fire, he made his escape from him, and the fifth night he returned to his anxious family, which he removed to Schoharie : and not long after his buildings were all burned ; as were probably those of patriotic neighbors. Peter Richtmyer was one of the volunteers under Capt. Long, sent to arrest Service. Smith was advancing with 90 men, and when shot by Capt. Long, who planted a rifle ball between his eyes, he was in full Indian costume. After Smith fell, a few shots were exchanged, when his men precipitately took the back track. Capt. Smith had declared he would have Richtmyer's scalp, but he lost his own, as one of the party ran through the creek and scalped him. The late Judge Abeel, of Catskill, who was under Capt. Long at this time, received a musket ball in his shoulder, which Richtmyer

cut out with a razor. The royalist, Peter Cole, came back after the war and was arrested and confined at Albany to be punished for his evil deeds, and Mr. Richtmyer was twice subpoenaed there as an interested witness, but the trial was postponed until he became lousy, and he was finally liberated.

Death of Service.—After disposing of the Catskill loyalists, Capt. Long and his companions directed their steps to the dwelling of Service. On arriving near, proper caution was taken to prevent his escape, and Murphy and Elerson were deputed to arrest him. They found the tory back of his house, making a harrow. On the approach of the two friends, Mrs. Service, suspecting the object of their visit, came out and stood near them, when they informed her husband the nature of their visit. Service called them “d—d rebels,” and retreating a few steps, he seized an axe and aimed a blow at the head of Murphy. But the man who could guard against surprise from the wily Indian, was not to fall thus ignobly. Elerson, who stood a few feet from his companion, as he assured the author, “told Murphy to shoot the d—d rascal. The wife of Service, seeing the determined look of Murphy, caught hold of his arm and besought him not to fire. He gently pushed her aside, and patting her on the shoulder, said, “Mother, he will never sleep with you again.” In another instant, the unerring bullet from his rifle had penetrated the tory’s heart. Capt. Long and his men now advanced to the house, in which was found *forty loaves of fresh bread*, proving that some notice had already reached there, of Smith’s intended visit. Many have supposed that injustice was done to Service. The author has taken considerable pains to inform himself on this point, and finds proof most satisfactory, that from his ability and willingness to supply the wants of the enemy and his retired residence, he was a very dangerous man to the cause of liberty.

An old tory, who returned after the war, and died a few years ago in the town of Mohawk, was accustomed, when intoxicated, to “Hurrah for King George.” At such times he often told about being in person at the house of Service, who, as he said, “lived and died a tory, as *he* meant to” Had not Service made an attempt on the life of Murphy, he would probably have been confined until the war closed, and then liberated, as was the case with several wealthy royalists. The property of

Service was confiscated in the war. Some years ago, a son succeeded in recovering the confiscated property of his father, and thus came into the undivided possession of an estate amounting to eight or ten thousand dollars. The fortune thus obtained, however, was soon dissipated.

In the latter part of August, 1778, the Lower Schoharie Fort, but recently completed, was commanded by Lieut.-Col. John H. Beeckman.

Desertion became so frequent at Fort Stanwix in the summer of 1778, that Col. Gansevoort ordered five men, who deserted August 10, and were captured by Tuscarora Indians 50 miles away, on their route to Canada, to be shot. The order was executed August 17th, at the head of the regiment. Gen. Washington approved the act as a measure of necessity.*

Otsego County Settlements.—At the beginning of the war, Cherry Valley had become the foster settlement of some half a dozen or more smaller ones within a distance of 30 or 40 miles, embracing Harpersfield, New Town Martin, Springfield, Little Lakes, Laurens, Morris, etc. The different settlements were usually approached via Cherry Valley. Some of those named, with others, made up Old England district of Tryon county. Campbell says, Brant's first movement in those settlements was at Springfield, in January, 1778, 10 miles from Cherry Valley, where, as he says, the men who did not escape, were captured, while the women and children were collected in a house, and by Brant's direction were left unharmed.

The incursion into Springfield, is believed to have been late in June, 1778. At this time three families were on the east side of Mud Lake, viz: those of Alexander Sprague, one Corey, and a third name not remembered. They were about a mile north of Springfield Centre, on a road leading to the Kytle settlement. The male members of these families had gone to Cherry Valley; when the residue of them on being alarmed, set out, as it was understood they should, to go to Fort Plain, some 15 miles distant. It was late in the day, and fearing they might encounter the foe, those women with their children concealed themselves for the night under a fallen tree-top, in the swamp of the late Deacon Beach. Early in the

* Stone's Brant.

morning the fugitives were astir, but had not gone far from their place of concealment, when, to their surprise, they discovered the chieftain, Brant, standing upon a stump, looking anxiously toward them. He recognized them as friends, and by signs, motioned them to silence and back to concealment; instructing them, so far as he could, by the same telegraph, what course to pursue. In the after part of the day they reached Fort Plain in safety. After the war they again resumed their sylvan home. These facts were obtained in 1859, from the late Davis Hopkins, then nearly 70 years of age. He was a native of Sharon, Ct., and having married Miss Susie Ann Reynolds, of Litchfield, Ct., removed in 1816, to the neighborhood of the families named, where he resided for the next 19 years. He assured the writer that he had often heard those women together, tell the story of concealment and escape from the Indians through the generosity of Brant; for had he allowed them to proceed in the direction they were pursuing, they must have been slain or captured by his blood thirsty followers. Among the pioneer settlers of Springfield, and near to the families above named, was Capt. Thomas Davy, who was killed in the Oriskany battle. He was an Englishman by birth. His descendants still reside in Springfield, but where his family sought safety after his death in 1777, is uncertain. Capt. Davy is not believed to have been in command of a company at Oriskany, but was there as a volunteer, and possibly with some of his neighbors. He is supposed to have been a militia Captain, before he settled in Springfield. In a historical sermon upon the early history of Springfield, delivered by Rev. P. F. Sanborne, July 16, 1876, it is stated that settlements were first made in that town in 1762, when, as he says, five families went thither, those of John Kelley, Richard Ferguson and James Young, in the eastern part; Gustavus Klumph and Jacob Tygart, at the head of the lake. Two sons of Tygart, John and Jacob, were with other citizens, taken to Canada as prisoners. Mr. Sanborne names as another settler, a Mr. Spalsburg, and there were doubtless others not now remembered. The Davy family is still represented in Springfield.

Here are several interesting papers, which, in 1866, found their way from Brunswick, Me., into the Historical Magazine of New York, some of which are published on page 20 and

others at page 172, where they are accredited to Ed. Ballard of that place, who is, no doubt, a relative of Capt. Ballard, named in the context. The latter was an officer under Col. Alden, at Cherry Valley, in the summer of 1777. Here is an affidavit made before Peter S. Dygert, a justice of the peace then in the town of Palatine, Tryon county. I have corrected the orthography, that my readers may understand it. The deponent's name was George Knouts but it was more frequently written Cannouts. He has been called a Springfield prisoner, but it is not improbable he was a pioneer settler at the Little Lakes, now Warren. His capture took place in 1777, but just where is uncertain. I learned from a grandson of Mrs. George Knouts, who was a House before marriage, that she was tomahawked and scalped by an Indian, in the invasion of 1778, and left for dead—that she was found, cared for, recovered and lived to be 115 years old. She saved her son Adam from the enemy, by concealing him under a heap of brush, as they were approaching. This paper bears date after his exchange in Canada, and return to the Mohawk valley.

“PALATINE, *March ye 28, 1778.*

“George Knouts declareth upon oath that he was a prisoner with Brant last summer, at old Mr. Tunnicliff's; that the said Tunnicliff supplied all Brant's party with provision freely, and that Brant made a bargain with Tunnicliff for three oxen for *thirty-six pounds*; and gave said Tunnicliff a writing under his hand for them; and that a servant lad of Tunnicliff told said Knouts, that his master had let Brant have 500 weight of cheese and 10 or 12 cows but a little before that time, and that the said Tunnicliff's son was at his liberty when he saw him there, and wore the same token on his hat that Brant's own men wore; which was a piece of yellow lace, and farther saith not.

“GEORGE ^{His} X KNOTS.
mark.

“Sworn before me the day above mentioned,

“PETER S. DEYGERT, *Justice.*”

“CAUGHNAWAGA, *July 10. 1778.*

“SIR—At the request of Lieut. Samuel Buffington, I now inclose you a duplicate letter from Gen. Washington to Gen. Gates, setting forth the advancement and situation of the

armies at that time ; and also the latest particulars of the engagement, wherein you will perceive the loss on both sides. Please show this to Maj. Clyde and Maj. Campbell, and the rest of the principal people at or near your station ; which will be a satisfaction to them as they have not an opportunity to get the news in that quarter; you will also please let your company know that I have no orders to supply your parts with provisions.

"I am sir, Your hble Servt,

"JELLES FONDA.

"*To Capt. William Hudson Ballard,*
At Cherry Valley.

The action referred to was no doubt the battle of Monmouth, N. J., which occurred June 28th. Mr. Fonda, who was Commissary in the Mohawk valley, in this letter calls Samuel Clyde and Samuel Campbell both Majors. As I have elsewhere shown, in the first organization of the Tryon county militia, August 26, 1775, Mr. Campbell was not named for any office; but Clyde was named as Adjutant of the Canajoharie regiment, of which Nicholas Herkimer was Colonel and Ebenezer Cox Lieut.-Col. Herkimer not long after was promoted to brigadier, and Cox to a colonelcy. It was an early army custom for some of the field officers to hold the ostensible command of a company in their regiment, and Clyde was appointed captain of the first company. In action such companies were under the immediate command of a first or "Captain Lieutenant." In the first organization only one major had been appointed to each regiment, and no quartermasters; and about a month later William Seeber was chosen the other major of Cox's regiment. He was mortally wounded the next season at Oriskany, and it is presumed Clyde was appointed to his former position. When the brigade received its additional officers it was proposed to raise a regiment of *minute men*, and its field officers were named, George Herkimer for Colonel and Samuel Campbell for Lieut.-Colonel, but the records of the time show no company organizations, and it is supposed this was the end of the regiment. To a petition to the Prov. Cong. of New York, of the inhabitants of Cherry Valley, New Town Martin and Springfield, dated at Cherry Valley, 1 July, 1778, the only military names to it were Samuel Campbell, Major,

and Samuel Clyde, Captain.* The commissions of Clyde and Campbell can only determine when they were honored by an active Colonelcy.

Gen. Stark was in command at Albany in the summer of 1778, and there had correspondence with Capt. Ballard, some of which is preserved. June 23 he wrote the captain as follows: "Sir, you are to proceed with the party under your command to Caughnawaga, there, or as near that place as you, with the advice of your and the other officers in that quarter, shall judge most convenient to defend, and stop the progress of Brant, the Indian commidant [commandant]; nevertheless you are not to begin an engagement, but to suffer the militia from this quarter to make the first attack and you to support them as you may think most proper. If you should find that Brant has crossed the Mohawk river on his way to Crown Point, you will then return with the detachment.

"Wishing you success, I am,

"JOHN STARK, *B. G.*"

"If you should stand in need of any horses or carriages, you are to apply to the Quartermasters, all officers both civil and military [who] are ordered to supply you with anything you may want; given under my hand,

"JOHN STARK, *B. G.*"

Just where Capt. Ballard was stationed does not appear, but on July 4th, Gen. Stark wrote him in answer to a letter of the 1st instant, in which he said: "Concerning those disaffected persons, if they will not come within the lines and swallow the oaths of allegiance with a good stomach; you must take the trouble to take them in, and use your utmost endeavors (by usages becoming villains) to make them (after a season), valuable subjects. * * * * *

The militia from Berkshire county must be sent down, but you are to stay till further orders."

Here is a letter to Capt. Ballard, which I find in this connection. It is dated:

"CHERRY VALLEY, *July 15, 1778.*

"DEAR SIR—We are exceedingly sorry that you are not

* Calendar of N. Y. Hist. Manuscript, vol. 1, p. 375.

likely soon to be with us, yet we hope from what Col. Stacey said yesterday, if there is no great danger at Fort Stanwix, your regiment will reinforce the other frontiers of this county, which we trust will be so, and in that case hope you'll again be with us. That any strong party should come against Fort Stanwix is unlikely, for the commanding officer at Schoharie writes that they find by spies as well as by prisoners taken, that Butler is on the Susquehanna, and that the settlements on the Susquehanna and Delaware are occupied by considerable numbers of the enemy, that *eleven hundred* of them talk of striking us a blow e'er long; they have certainly had large supplies of provisions, having drove from the Delaware at once 101 head of cattle. [The reader will remember, Wyoming was destroyed the first week in July, but news necessarily spread tardily.] If any extraordinaries transpire pray write.

"Give our compliments to Col. Stacey and Lieut. Buffington.

"We are sir, your most obt. servants,

"SAMUEL CLYDE,

"MOSES YOUNGLOVE."

Dr. Younglove, who was made a prisoner the year before at Oriskany, had been exchanged, and was again on his professional duty in Tryon county. Here is a letter from Col. Alden to Capt. Ballard. And here I beg leave to state what Isaac Degraff, of Schenectada, said to the writer of that officer, viz: "That he should never have been sent to Cherry Valley, as he knew nothing of Indian warfare—that he was not only very incompetent for the position, but also a very intemperate man." All Revolutionary officers were not expected to be scholars, but all Colonels should have known how to spell *tories*, when they were having constantly to deal with them. In this letter, the main part of which I shall give corrected, the word is twice written *torreys*.

"HEAD QUARTERS, CHERRY VALLEY, Aug. 7, 1778.

"SIR—You will proceed with the party under your command, taking direction for your route of those persons that are with you as pilots. You will endeavor to make discoveries and get all the intelligence possible of Brant and his party. If you discover any party of the enemy, and judge them too strong for you to engage, you will return and report to me.

"You will take all precautions on your march to prevent the enemy from taking advantage by ambush. In your route if you find any of the effects of the tories, or persons gone to the enemy, you will secure the same by bringing them into this garrison; also tories or any of the people which you have good evidence, have been or are disposed to assist and support the enemy; likewise such persons with their effects as you think are greatly exposed to the enemy.

"ICHABOD ALDEN, *Col.*"

Here is an attache or postscript to the above given verbatim-et-literatim: "Beg General Starck to send som money and bring on the offers (officers) and soldgers if to be spared by the general. Bring on my Kag of Sperets get my tee and Shougr of Lewton troubridge (Luther Trowbridge) tell tucker to House the wagon get sum seeling wax." The writer can punctuate to please himself; but this is a fair specimen of his scholarship; he wonderfully misplaced his capital letters. Six days later, Capt. Ballard, furnished with the following orders was sent to Albany.

"HEADQUARTERS, CHERRY VALLEY, *Aug. 13, 1778.*

"SIR—You will proceed immediately with a number of tories (who you brought to this place prisoners) to Albany. You are to take a guard sufficient for you from the militia. When you arrive at Albany you will deliver the prisoners unto General Stark, then you will return and join your regiment.

"ICHABOD ALDEN, *Col.*

Here are several letters from Gen. Stark, which are presented with those preceding, to show the reader what kind of events were often transpiring at the principal frontier outposts:

"ALBANY, *15th of August, 1778.*

SIR—I received yours of the 12th inst. and am glad to hear of the success of your scout: a few such strokes will make the enemy watch their frontiers, and give us peace. Those tories you sent, I shall take care that they shall be properly treated; and as for the plunder that Capt. Ballard's scout has taken, that did belong to the enemy; you will order to be divided amongst the people that took it; if any has fallen into their hands be-

longing to the honest inhabitants, you will be pleased to deliver it up to the proper owners.

"See that Capt. Ballard and his party cause such persons to divide the plunder as they think will do the most justice to the party; also that you order a court of inquiry to examine into the matter, and see what part ought to be returned to the owners, and make report of your proceedings to me.

"You wrote you have (had) been obliged to employ some of the inhabitants to assist you in building a fort: the accounts must be sent down, properly attested to, and I make no doubt but they will be allowed of. But I cannot send you any money till I have orders for so doing; if your scouts should be fortunate enough to fall in with any more of the painted scoundrels (tories), I think it will not be worth their while to trouble themselves to send them to me, your wisdom and that of your scouts may direct you in that matter.

"I am, sir, your most obedient, hum. serv.,

"JOHN STARK."

"ALBANY, *Aug. 22, 1778.*

"*To the Committee of Albany:*

"GENTLEMEN—I received yours of yesterday, informing me of your desire to have the tories Capt. Ballard brought here the other day.

"I assure you I have no intention to keep them; you write for twelve, as being inhabitants of the State, one of whom I look upon as a prisoner of war, and shall hold him as such. The other eleven I have given orders to be delivered up to you.

"As to the cattle and sheep brought in by Capt. Ballard, I have directed Col. Alden to have a court of inquiry sit upon them, and make report to me; as I thought the owners had not been concerned in any conspiracy against the United States.

"I am," etc.

"JOHN STARK."

"ALBANY, *3d October, 1778.*

"SIR—Yours of the 30th Sept. has come to hand. I highly approve your proceedings concerning the tory effects; should advise you to keep the money in your hands for the present.

"I shall reserve the prisoners in my hands for the purpose of exchanging yours with Brant.

"The French King has published a declaration that his army and navy are to seize, plunder, take, destroy, all the property of the King of Great Britain, wherever they can find it, either by sea or land. This order was sent to Comte Darbau, supposed to be his Prime Minister of State.

"I am your H. Serv't,

"JOHN STARK."

"COL. ALDEN."

A Pretty Good Shot.—Isaac Quackenboss was under Col. Harper near the Susquehanna, as believed, in 1778; when happening to be alone, he discovered five Indians sitting on a log mending their moccasins. He was under the cover of a tree within gunshot of them, his gun being loaded with a bullet and four buck-shot. He supposed that if he fired on them, they would naturally conclude he was not alone—and his temerity construed rightly. He fired and two of them fell, and the surviving three ran off—and he ran too, though in the opposite direction. He got assistance, returned, and found the two dead warriors and the moccasins the party were mending; the survivors not returning from fear of another salute. From *John S. Quackenboss, Esq.*, a nephew of Isaac, corroborated by *Isaac Collier* a fellow soldier of Quackenboss at the time.

The Settlement of Laurens.—One of the most celebrated settlers of Otsego county, was Joseph Mayall, who located near the present village of Laurens in 1771 or '72, distant from Cherry Valley 28 miles, and as the path led more than 30 miles. For some account of Mayall and other settlers near him, I am indebted to the memory of Isaac Powell of Laurens, who, at our interview (about 1852), was 72 years old. Mayall was of Irish parentage, and removed thither from Cherry Valley. A year or two after Powell located in the wilderness, several families settled near him. William Ferguson, also of Irish lineage, removed there from Cherry Valley; and Richard Smith and John Sleeper (the latter in 1773), adventurers from Philadelphia and New Jersey. These settlers located upon lands owned by Charles Reed and others. Smith was a man of intelligence and comparative wealth, and when the war began he had already erected a two story framed dwelling, which, at the time mentioned, was still standing and owned by the heirs of John Allen.

This was the first framed dwelling in the town. When the war-cry rendered it hazardous for patriotic settlers to remain in their sylvan homes, Mayall and Ferguson removed to the Mohawk river, and Smith, it is believed, went back to Philadelphia.

In 1773, several settlers struck off into the wilderness 10 or 12 miles from Laurens, at the present village of Morris, in the town of Butternuts.* The first settlers here were Ebenezer Knapp and Benjamin Lull. The latter had five sons nearly grown up at this time, named Benjamin, Joseph, Nathan, Caleb and William; four of whom stood plump six feet in their shoes. Knapp had only one son and four daughters: Rachel, Jerusha, Elizabeth and Martha; who were nearly grown to womanhood. Eastwood Allen, a New Jersey Quaker, settled nearly equidistant from Mayall and Lull, about the time the latter moved in, and, believed, several years before other adventurers came in, whose names are now forgotten.

In 1776 the first marriage took place in Morris; the happy pair were Joseph Lull and Martha Knapp. The groom was nearly 20 and the bride a little under 14 years of age. At the beginning of border troubles, in 1777, Allen was among those who temporarily abandoned their forest homes, but the Knapp and Lull families resolved to remain, and for two summers longer braved the dangers of their abode, being obliged alternately to entertain whigs and tories, or the emissaries of the latter. I am not aware that any unusual inconvenience was experienced by the settlers on Butternut creek on account of the war, until the fall of 1778. Then, as appears by an obituary newspaper notice of the death of Mrs. Martha Lull, which took place Jan. 6, 1851, the Lull family had a corn-husking, in the midst of which fourteen Oneida Indians came there. Although armed—as, indeed, every body then was who could be—they declared themselves friendly, and no fear was entertained on account of their visit. They joined earnestly in the labor of the evening, partook bountifully of the collation which followed—a closing ceremony from time immemorial—and posting two of their number as sentinels, they laid down on the husks to sleep. As it was well known to the friends of liberty, that no

* This town and a mill-stream running through it, took their name from the circumstance of so many butternut trees growing along the banks of that creek.

settlers would be allowed to remain exposed to the clemency of the enemy, who would not feed them and furnish them desired information, the settlers on the Butternut creek were looked upon with suspicion by their more patriotic countrymen, as the sequel of this husking will show.

Sometime in the night a messenger announced at Lull's that a party of Continentals were approaching, and a moment after a shrill whistle near the door echoed through the night air, which brought in the red sentinels. In a brief space of time, the dwellings of Lull and Knapp were surrounded by armed men, and their male members made prisoners and hurried off to Cherry Valley. The scene was one of terror to Martha, the young bride, who then not only had an infant child in her arms, but was cumbered with the care of two motherless children of her husband's brother Benjamin. She earnestly enquired of the Indians what would be the fate of the prisoners, her husband being among them, but learned nothing except that their lives would probably be spared. The women and children were not molested, nor were the dwellings plundered.

At the time of this eventful husking, the younger Knapp, Martha's brother, had gone on some errand to Albany. Returning a day or two after and learning at Cherry Valley the condition of things, he went down with three horses and conveyed his sister and other friends yet in the settlement to that place, the road much of the way being designated by marked trees. After a brief detention in Cherry Valley, Joseph Lull was set at liberty, and early on the morning that place was so effectually destroyed, he and his family had started to go to Dutchess county—hearing the alarm gun at the fort when only four miles from it. It is presumed the other settlers on Butternut creek, did not return to their forest home to remain, until peace and social order were restored.

John Sleeper remained at Laurens when his neighbors left in 1777, resolved to continue his pioneer residence, and being a Quaker, trust to his Christian creed in neutrality for safety. He had erected a snug log dwelling, cleared a few acres of tillable land, supplied part of his larder from wild animals, and all things considered, was living comfortably when the war-dogs of Mars were let loose. Nothing serious disturbed the Sleeper family, which had alternately to entertain friends and foes,

until after the sacking at Cherry Valley ; when a party of Seneca Indians laid it under unwilling contribution. Sleeper remonstrated with Brant for the treatment—as the latter had, on several occasions, had his larder replenished by the family of the former. Brant apologized for the apparent want of gratitude—said he could not restrain his Seneca devils as he called his followers of the Seneca nation ; and advised his Quaker friend to return to New Jersey, until the war was over, lest his scalp and those of his family might go to Canada. He accordingly moved back to New Jersey, and to support his family opened a small store ; but he had not long occupied it, when some American arms stored on the premises were discovered by a party of Hessians, who burned the store and its contents. After the war was over, Sleeper returned to Laurens. From *Hudson Sleeper*, a grandson of John Sleeper, the facts concerning the latter were noted down. The first church edifice erected in Laurens, said Isaac Powell, was a “ Friends Meeting house,” which is possibly still standing ; it was 36 feet square, with a gallery.

But I return to Powell's recollections of Mayall. Moses Powell, the father of my informant, bought out Mayall and removed from Green county to Laurens, in 1801. Mayall remained six weeks after Powell took possession, and often amused the new comers with anecdotes of his earlier years. The settlers at Morris and those at Laurens, had for several years, to go to Cherry Valley to get their milling done. Lewis de Villa, a Frenchman, erected the first grist-mill in Butternuts. It stood on a small stream called mill creek, perhaps half a mile above its junction with Butternut creek, and distant from Louisville, one a half miles. The name of this village seems chosen to honor the name of its miller.

When compelled to abandon his forest home, Mayall was too fearless and patriotic not to give his country a share of his services. On some occasion he was on a scout with soldiers named McGown and Campbell toward Binghamton, and discovered the enemy under Brant. On its return the scout halted for the night at Mayall's dwelling in Laurens, intending to renew its march at an early hour in the morning. Some time in the night the backpart of the chimney fell in, and so unlooked for an event was construed as ominous of danger ; and the scout at

once resumed its return march, several hours earlier than was its intent—gave timely warning at Cherry Valley and prevented a surprise. The fall of this chimney was looked upon with great reverence, when subsequently it became known that Brant was then at Sleeper's, only a mile distant. The action of a hot fire on a chimney the frost had affected the preceding winter, no doubt caused its miraculous fall.*

When Mayall began his pioneer life, the country was full of wild game, and he was something of a Nimrod. The carcass of a deer often replenished his larder, while the pelt of a beaver often put money in his purse. So fond of trapping was he, that on the cessation of hostilities, he resumed the avocation. While trapping beaver on the Cherry Valley creek, he discovered three Tories approaching. He could have escaped them, but supposing, as the war was considered at an end, they would not disturb him, he met them. They at once made him their prisoner, against his remonstrances, took the lock from his gun, and compelled him to carry it; and started on the southwestern route for Canada. The prisoner determined not to be taken far from his home by any three men, and on arriving at the mouth of the Schenevus creek, where it became necessary to cross, he told his captors he could not swim. One of his foes set out to ford the stream and show its depth, and as the other two stooped down to take off their shoes, he clubbed his musket and knocked them down; when snatching up their loaded guns, he sprang behind a tree. The one in the water got ashore, and under the cover of a tree, but not until one knee had received a bullet wound. From his temporary shelter the wounded Tory begged for quarter, which, with fair promises, was granted; when, recovering the lock of his own gun, and retaining the extra guns for the interruption of his business, Mayall returned to Cherry Valley.

Mayall was an intelligent man, and was at one time supervi-

* Campbell has given an account of Capt. McKean's being at this place on a similar errand in June 1778, with five others; Sleeper assured the above Captain, that he was hourly expecting Brant with 50 followers. It was only in reference to the welfare of this pioneer's family, that McKean was persuaded to lodge elsewhere, probably at Mayall's dwelling. Mr. Powell seemed quite sure that Capt. McKean was not present at the fall of the chimney. Similar errands led rangers in a wide circuit all around the frontier posts; and many a stirring incident attendant on those perilous missions, is lost forever.

sor of Laurens, or the "Unadilla Country." He was remarkably well calculated for a border settler. He was a weaver by trade, and not unfrequently substituted standing trees for a part of his loom—his wife spinning the material to supply it. Sleeper built the first grist-mill in the town of Laurens, which stood near the lower end of the valley—it was the first mill erected below Cherry Valley. He also erected the first saw-mill, and Mayall the next. The latter observed to the Powell family, that he would not give much for a man in a new country, who could not take his team, plow and an axe to the woods, and make a harness in an hour, of linden or elm bark, with which he might plow the rest of the day. He removed from Laurens to French creek, a branch of the Alleghany, in Pennsylvania. The settlers in and around Laurens who had broken ground before the war, went back there after its close, and the country rapidly filled up with enterprising men. Smith resided in Laurens until 1802, when he went on a visit to Ohio and died there. One of his two sons, was the first sheriff of Otsego county. The descendants of Sleeper, Ferguson and Allen, were a few years ago, and perhaps are still in the town of Laurens.

John Tunnicliff an Englishman of enterprise, went with a few adherents before the war into the now town of Exeter, some two miles west of the southerly end of Schuyler's lake. He was obliged to abandon his home until the war was over. His descendants still reside in that neighborhood. Pacifer Carr, with one Smith and a few other genial spirits of royalty, located in the now town of Edmeston. Politically, friends of the enemy, they continued their retired abode for several years, if not for the whole war. A small settlement known as New Town Martin, was also made in the present town of Middlefield, between Cherry Valley and Cooperstown, but its inhabitants removed early to Cherry Valley, or less exposed localities. This place was so called after Peter Martin, from his connection with its land-purchase. At the beginning of the war, he left his family at Fort Hunter, from whence he went to Montreal as a trader and died there. He left several small children, one of whom was the late Jeremiah Martin, of Fultonville, N. Y., and another was Mrs. Elizabeth Becker, and widow of Matthias Becker. She was the mother of Mrs. William A. Haslet, of Fort Plain, at whose house she died. Among the first settlers at

this place were Eldred Hall, of New Jersey; Wilson and a Dixon.

Sad Fate of Eldred Hall.—On the breaking up of the settlement of New Town Martin, in the fall of 1777 or '78, Eldred Hall went to reside at Cherry Valley. He was an elderly man and a foreigner by birth. As he had a plenty of fodder there, on the approach of winter he drove some stock there and went every other day to feed the cattle. A heifer got astray, and going to look for it, in January, he never returned. A party of soldiers went down from Fort Alden and found his body, which had been mangled by the wolves, partially buried in the snow. It seems his visits had become known to a small party of Indians still lingering about the settlements, and presuming they would follow in his path, it was conjectured he had left it to avoid them, got down in the snow and perished. Indians, upon snow shoes, had passed near him, but as he was not scalped, it was presumed they had not killed him. The stray heifer was found alive, it having sustained itself by browsing on the twigs and bushes. The other cattle had broken into a hay-barrack and were doing well. Mr. Hall was living alone at the time of his death. *Isaac Maxfield*, who, at our interview in 1850, was 73 years old. Hall was the grandfather of Maxfield's wife.

The Destruction of Cherry Valley.—The first detailed account of the invasion and sacking of this place was published by Judge Campbell, in 1831, in his *Annals of Tryon County*, from which volume I shall draw liberally in my narrative of the affair. Born and reared on the spot, he had every facility for making a truthful statement. In the fall of 1778, it became known by Indian messengers at Fort Stanwix that the enemy meditated an attack on Cherry Valley; and on the 6th of Nov. a letter was sent from that station to Col. Alden, notifying him of the designs of the enemy, which, two days later, he acknowledged the receipt of by a Oneida Indian. The enemy were congregating at Tioga. Of this band of destructives, Walter Butler had sought the command, aching for an opportunity to avenge his imprisonment at Albany; from which not long before he had surreptitiously escaped. Brant, satiated with blood and plunder, was on his return to Canada, when, meeting Butler with his father's orders to join him, he

reluctantly did so. Col. Alden seemed to place little confidence in the information warning him in time from so distant a point ; and when the citizens desired to place their valuable effects in the fort and come there to sleep nights, he framed excuses to prevent them from so doing ; but said he would keep them properly warned by scouts. He sent out several parties, but the one which went in the direction whence the enemy were approaching, on the evening of the 9th, imprudently made a fire and laid down to sleep ; to awake prisoners of war.

The Cherry Valley Fort, when completed, was called Fort Alden, in honor of its commandant. On the night of Nov. 10th, the enemy still unreported by scouts, encamped about a mile southwest of the fort. They had learned from the drowsy scout they had captured, that Col. Alden and Lieut. Col. Stacia, with a guard, were quartered nights at the house of Robert Wells, a good citizen, residing perhaps one fourth of a mile from the fort. This is now the Joseph Phelon place. A little snow fell during the night, followed after daylight by a drizzling rain and a hazy atmosphere, which favored the silent approach of the enemy. A Mr. Hamble, who lived some distance below the village, came up that morning on horseback and encountered the Indians on their way to the house of Mr. Wells. Regardless of their challenge, although fired upon and wounded, he ran his horse to warn Col. Alden of his danger and then hastened on to the fort. A seasonable alarm gun probably aided a few to escape, but the snow made it unfavorable for some of the settlers to conceal their flight ; besides, the invaders were quite simultaneously at almost every isolated dwelling. Col. Alden delayed a few moments to call the guard together, which gave the enemy time to arrive, and just as they approached Wells', he ran toward the fort.

Death of Col. Alden and Capture of Lieut. Col. Stacia, as Found in a Manuscript of the Clyde Family.—As Stacia followed Alden in his flight, he was soon overtaken and captured by Brant in person. Seeing the Colonel fleeing, Brant learned from Stacia who he was, and leaving his captive with his followers, he, in person, pursued Alden, and on nearing him called upon him to surrender, but instead of doing so he turned and snapped a pistol at him, whereupon he ran up and tomahawked

him, inflicting three blows upon his head, when he fell and was scalped. His guard were also all captured or slain. Brant said afterwards he intended to capture the Colonel, but when he attempted to shoot him, he killed him in self-defence.

The family of Mr. Wells consisted of his wife and four children, his mother, brother John, sister Jane and three domestics. One of his children, a son, named John, chanced to be at school at Schenectada; but the rest of the family, eleven members in all, were cruelly murdered and scalped—for the value of their scalp-locks. A tory afterward boasted of having killed Mr. Wells when at prayer; but such a boast would not only have come with good grace from Capt. Butler, but from nearly every white man with him. Miss Jane Wells, reputed as a most amiable and benevolent girl, fled from the house and attempted to conceal herself behind a wood-pile, but was pursued thither by a savage. As he approached her she begged for her life in his own dialect, and Peter Smith, a former domestic in the Wells family, now one of the rangers, coming up, also interceded for her life, but in vain. Holding her by one hand he felled her to the ground with his tomahawk. It has been stated that Col. Butler was afterwards heard to say—"I would have gone miles on my hands and knees to have saved that family, and why my son did not do it, God only knows." Col. Butler need not have expressed any surprise that his son did not spare the Wells family: it was his nature only to indulge *hatred and revenge*; and as regards himself, any one reading his peremptory order to a poor prisoner begging for his life at Wyoming—to walk out and be shot down like a dog, some three months before—would naturally say this manifestation of false sympathy was for mere "buncombe." The village pastor, Rev. Samuel Dunlop, who resided on the old Dr. White (now Mrs. Cox place), was with his wife and daughter at home when the enemy arrived there. Mrs. Dunlop was killed and scalped, but the old gentleman and his daughter were saved by Little Aaron, an Oquago chief, who had often partaken of their hospitality. He succeeded in saving their lives, but the shock of the morning was so terrible, enfeebled as he was by old age, that Mr. Dunlop survived it only about a year. Mrs. Robert Wells was a daughter of Mr. Dunlop.

A settler named Mitchell, who lived a mile east of the vil-

lage, from some part of his farm, now owned by George Clark, saw the enemy approaching him, and fled from them to a place of safety in the woods. On returning to his house he found his wife and four children all tomahawked and scalped, his house plundered and set on fire. He put out the fire, and finding life in one of his children, a little girl nearly a dozen years of age, he was caring for her at the door, when he saw another hostile party approaching. He concealed himself a little distance from the house, and soon saw a tory, named Newberry, from the Mohawk valley, whom he knew, approach the reviving girl and, with a hatchet give her a death blow. On the following day Mitchell drew his slaughtered family to the fort on a sled, and, assisted by the soldiers, he buried his wife and children in a single grave. I shall have occasion to show that justice overtook Newberry the next season at Canajoharie. A party of the enemy surrounded the house of Col. Campbell, in his absence, plundering and burning it, making his wife and four children prisoners, who were all taken to Canada. A few citizens escaped to the Mohawk valley, but 32 of them, mostly women and children, were slain, as were also 16 continental soldiers. Nearly all the dwellings in the settlement, with considerable furniture and clothing, and all the barns, well filled with grain and hay, received the incendiary torch and were consumed. Thus was a prosperous settlement in a single day reduced to penury.

Col. Clyde and Col. Campbell, as appears by Mr. Campbell's account, were both from their homes on the morning of the 11th, but whether they were at the fort or not does not appear. Clyde lived about a mile westerly from the fort : his descendants are now on the place. Mrs. Clyde,* before the enemy reached her dwelling, gathering her eight children, one an infant, fled into the woods, where, under a log, she lay concealed all day and all night fasting and praying. She could hear the

* Mrs. Clyde, an intelligent and energetic woman, dreamed a third time that the enemy were burning the town and killing the inhabitants ; and that Molly Brant—who had been friendly to the family, appeared in those dreams and urged her flight to the fort. In the morning those dreams were fearfully realized. In consequence of those dreams, Mr. Clyde went early that morning to the fort, to get Col. Alden's consent to remove his family thither from their great exposure ; soon after which an alarm gun announced the destruction of the town already begun, and his return to his family cut off. — *Clyde family manuscript.*

yells of the savages in their movements as they passed near her concealment. In her flight she, by some means, had missed her oldest daughter, 10 or 12 years of age, but supposed she had reached the fort. On the morning after the rescue, Mrs. Clyde and her children with her, were found and brought into the fort ; soon after which the daughter, Nancy, who had been concealed all that time alone, was discovered and brought in, to the great joy of her friends. Who can imagine the dreadful experience of that child, thinly clad, without food, hid all day and all night in the woods, alone, shivering in the snow and rain and constantly terror-stricken at the yells and carnage going on around her.

Living with Mr. Clyde at this period, was an apprenticed lad of 16, named James Simons, who assisted Mrs. Clyde in getting her children to a place of concealment, and who remained with her during that long day and night of suffering. Once in the night a small party of Indians crossed the trunk of the tree they were under ; at which time Mrs. Clyde passed her hand over the mouth of her infant child, and Simons thus muzzled their family dog. In the morning, Mrs. Clyde sent Simons to a hill between them and the fort, to see if the American flag was still floating ; and if it was, to gain the fort, if possible, and inform her husband, if living, of her place of concealment. The enemy was yet in the settlements, but he reached the fort in safety. With an escort of 14 volunteers, Col. Clyde found and brought his family to the fort in safety, although they were discovered and fired upon by the enemy, who tried to cut off their retreat, but the guns of the fort drove back the foe-men. On the destruction of their home, the Clyde family resided with a Van Alstine family at Canajoharie, until spring, and then removed to the vicinity of Schenectada, and remained there to the close of the war ; the Colonel spending his summer months at the military posts in the valley above. At Schenectada, the boy Simons enlisted into a Maryland regiment, while passing through there, and was killed at the siege of Yorktown. Nancy, the oldest daughter of Col. Clyde, grew up and married a Schemerhorn, of Schenectada, and Esther Clyde, who was the infant in her mother's arms, married a Ripley, and proved a smart woman. Catharine and Anne, other daughters, married, the former, Lester Holt, and the

latter, Maj. Thornton. The Col. James Campbell farm was a mile from the fort, and is now (1879) owned by Hon. W. W. Campbell.—*Clyde Family Manuscript.*

It would seem that a Mr. Cannon and his wife—the parents of Col. Campbell's wife, an old couple were made prisoners, he with a bullet wound. He had lived in Middlefield, but was now residing at Cherry Valley. His wife unable to keep up with the party, was felled with a tomahawk by the side of her daughter. He lived to be exchanged as a prisoner, and came back; but Catharine Montour, whose son had captured him, censured the son for not having slain him in Cherry Valley. Molly Brant Johnson, too, tried various means to have Lieut.-Col. Stacia killed. As is also made to appear, a Mrs. Moore, with four children were made prisoners at Cherry Valley, and taken with Mrs. Campbell and her children—one of which was a child in her arms—to Canada; the women and children captured there except them, being allowed to return to Cherry Valley, on the morning of the second day—more as believed from the humanity of Brant than of Butler. The Moore family, I suppose to have been that of James Moore, as John Moore, also of that place then had children grown up. The latter was a delegate to the New York Provincial Congress in September, 1775. Both men, were, in fact prominent citizens. This Moore family, lived about a mile northeast of the village, where Hiram Flint now resides. The enemy claimed in this expedition, to have taken about 50 scalps. Several attacks were made upon the fort during the day, but they were futile without artillery. Most of the enemy with between 30 and 40 prisoners, are said to have encamped the first night about two miles south of the fort. After allowing a part of the women and children to return, the party passed down the Susquehanna and up the Tioga, following the usual southwestern route into the Genesee country; where a division of prisoners took place.

Here is an incident retained by Mr. Campbell as occurring at the destruction of Cherry Valley, going to prove the generosity of Brant. It seems a pity he had not learned the woman's name, whose life was thus preserved. As the narrative is given, Brant in person entered a house in which he found a woman in her avocations seemingly unconcerned, when the following scene transpired :

"Are you thus engaged," said the chieftain, "when all your neighbors are murdered around you?" "We are King's people," she replied. "That plea will not avail you to-day. They have murdered Mr. Wells's family, who were as dear to me as my own." Said she—"There is one, Joseph Brant, if he is with the Indians, he will save us." "I am Joseph Brant, but I have not the command, and I do not know that I can save you; but I will do what is in my power." While speaking, several Senecas were observed approaching the house. "Get into bed and feign yourself sick," said Brant hastily. When the Senecas came in, he told them there were no persons there, but a sick woman and her children, and besought them to leave the house, which they accordingly did. As soon as they were out of sight, Brant went to the end of the house and gave a long shrill yell; soon after, a small band of Mohawks were seen crossing an adjoining field with great speed. As they came up he addressed them: "Where is your paint? here, put my mark upon this woman and her children." As soon as it was done, he added: "You are now probably safe." And she was.

The claim of captives was thus indicated by the significant mark of a tribe; whose totem was seldom ever disregarded.

Agreeable to a statement of Thaddeus Scribner, made Sept. 4, 1832, to Hon. Geo. M. Scott, of Ballston, he was on duty under Capt. Van Denbergh at Fort Plank, three miles west of Fort Plain, in the fall of 1779 (he meant 1778). He said—"We were then commanded by Lieut. Col. James Gordon. While we were at Fort Plank (that is, Capt. V's company,) we received news that the enemy were at Cherry Valley. Our regiment united with the regiment of German inhabitants under Col. Klock and marched immediately to Cherry Valley, from which the enemy had been gone two hours. I assisted in burying the dead, etc." The inference to be drawn from this statement is, that Lieut. Col. Gordon of the Saratoga militia, was in command at Fort Plain and its neighboring posts in the fall of 1778.

The sufferings of the prisoners on their way from Cherry Valley to Canada must have been very severe: especially of the women and children, illy fitted to endure the fatigues of a

journey of three or four hundred miles, at that inclement season, while,

Houseless were those who from the wood returned,
The fate of relatives to mourn;
As other friends to "living death," they learned,
By "human fiends," were captive borne.

The following anecdote was related by Joseph Brant after the Revolution, to John Fonda while at his house near Caughnawaga. Brant, on being censured by Fonda for his cruelties at Cherry Valley at the time of its desolation, said the atrocities were mostly chargeable to Walter Butler. He then stated that among the captives made by him at that place, was a man named Vrooman, with whom he had had a previous acquaintance. He concluded to give Vrooman his liberty, and after they had proceeded several miles on their journey, he sent him back about two miles, alone, to procure some birch bark for him; expecting, of course, to see no more of him. After several hours Vrooman came hurrying back with the bark, which the chieftain did not want. Brant said he sent this prisoner back on purpose to afford him an opportunity to escape, but that he was so big a fool he did not know it; and consequently he was compelled to take him to Canada.—*Mrs. Evert Yates*, a daughter of John Fonda. *Mrs. Yates* lived several years after this anecdote was first published, and always certified to its truth.

An Original Letter of then Lieut. Col. Clyde.—Written two months after the event, giving the condition of things at Cherry Valley at the time of its destruction. It was dated at Canajoharie (where, with his family, he wintered that season), Jan. 8, 1779, and was directed to his Excellency, George Clinton, at Poughkeepsie. It is preserved in the Clyde family, which by some means, recovered it from the Clinton papers.

"DEAR SIR—The unhappy circumstances that we are reduced to by the late massacre and destruction of Butler and Brant at Cherry Valley, I cannot help acquainting you of; and of the hard struggles and difficulties we have had these two years past to maintain our settlement; being a frontier and the disaffected amongst us doing their endeavors to disappoint all our wishes, by giving the enemy intelligence and robbing us of our cattle and horses (so), that we scarce could lay down one night

but in fear of our lives. This last spring, when we found that the enemy was collecting at Tunadilla, and that they intended to cut off the frontier settlements, we immediately informed our generals at Albany that we must either quit the settlement or they must send us some troops to help us ; which, if they could not do, to give us notice, that we might move away. But they seemed to make light of our intelligence ; sent us word that we must by no means quit the post ; that they intended to protect it, but that they did not think that we should be disturbed either by Indians or tories that summer. This was about 12 days before Cobelskill was burnt. Then we assembled together and picketed in our meeting house ; brought in our provision and effects, and with the assistance of the militia, maintained the post till Col. Alden arrived with the continental troops, who immediately ordered us out of the garrison which we had made ourselves. He would not allow us the liberty to keep one chest in it, saying that he would protect us.

"Few of us having wagons to hide our effects away, were obliged to carry them back to our houses again, and so retained them there in fear till we was drove out by the enemy. Gen. Hand, being in Cherry Valley a few days before the attack, recommended to us to move in our effects to the fort ; but when he was gone, Col. Alden would not allow of it, saying that he had out good scouts, and that he would give us timely notice when to move in. It was not in our power to convince him that the enemy would attempt to come there, which occasioned us the loss of our all. The greater part of us have neither provision, body clothes, nor bed clothes to cover us in this cold season of the year ; and that if we cannot get some little relief to help us through the winter, we must suffer, either by cold or hunger. We cannot get either clothing or grain to buy for money if we had it. We are mostly moved to the river, but can get no further. The inhabitants here are in general riding down their grain and effects, and storing them, and hold themselves in readiness to move as soon as they hear of the approach of an enemy ; and those that can't help themselves must fall a sacrifice to their mercy. This, sir, is real fact. From your obedient and humble servant.

"SAM'L CLYDE.

"*Canajoharie, Jan'y 8, 1779.*"

Death of John Thompson.—Here is an event that I believe authentic. Soon after the destruction of Cherry Valley, a small party of friends went thither on horseback on some errand, one of which number was John Thompson, a son of Alexander Thompson, an early settler of that place. On their return, from some cause Thompson's friends were some distance ahead of him on his arrival at the brimstone spring, not far below where Lieut. Wormuth had been killed the preceding May, when he was fired upon by concealed foes, and fell with a broken leg, his horse being killed. The Indians, running up, dispatched and scalped him. This act, says informant, was witnessed by one Hurlbut, who lived below there. The victim was unmarried and in his early manhood, and his remains were buried in the village yard at Cherry Valley. This narrative was given the writer Feb. 11, 1859, by *Thomas J. Thompson*, a son of Maj. James Thompson of Cherry Valley, who was then 65 years old.

Death of a Little Girl, and Capture of Two Others, near Fort Herkimer.—The following narrative was furnished the writer by Dr. Eli Fox, of Mohawk village, Herkimer county, substantially as here given.

Christian Sharrar, who resided near Fort Herkimer, was killed at the battle of Oriskany, leaving a widow and two daughters, Margaret and Nancy, aged seven and nine years. On the morning of October 20, 1778, those sisters and Lucinda Belinger, a girl of eight summers, went with a female slave (owned by Frederick Fox), to look for cows back of the fort. At a hickory tree, one fourth of a mile from home, the girls all lingered to gather nuts, not far from the present residence of James Edick. The wench had not gone far beyond them, when she discovered half a dozen Indians approaching, from whom she fled for the fort. As she passed the girls she shouted *Wilder Kummer!* Indians coming.

Not realizing their danger, the girls lingered, and in a moment, a party of Tuscaroras, led by a sachem called *Flat Kop*—Flat Head—were at the tree. The girls were all up in the branches and hoped to escape observation, but the delusion was fatal. In broken German, they were ordered down, and the sisters obeyed the mandate, but Lucinda refused to come down, when Flot Kop shot her dead. A brush fence ran under the

tree and she fell to the ground on the opposite side, and as the Indian was about to leap the fence for her scalp, Peter Bellinger, her brother, who had heard her scream, showed himself with a pitchfork in hand, at the door of a barn near, and comprehending what had happened, raised as if to shoot the Indian if he attempted to cross the fence. The latter supposing Bellinger armed with a gun, hesitated in taking the chance to



Murder of one, and captivity of two other little girls.

lose his own scalp to procure that of his victim. In the meantime, the report of the gun and the screams of the old negress, had alarmed the garrison, and seeing the troops approaching, the villain followed his comrades who had snatched up the sisters and were on the back track for the forest. The pursuing party possibly fearing an ambuscade, made slow pursuit,

and the girls were borne away into a Canadian captivity, enduring hardships on their journey, which older prisoners would have shrunk from.

When captured, they were made to walk until they became footsore, and then were placed astride of an old horse stolen in the neighborhood. Nancy, the younger sister, often fell off, for which Flot Kop threatened to kill her, but her life was spared at the request of a tory, who joined the party at the old Shoemaker place, where Ezekiel Spencer formerly lived, and where the party obtained breakfast. Upon arriving in the Indian country, Flat Head having no children, took the girls to his own home. They were usually treated kindly, except when their red father came home drunk; and on such occasions as quickly as possible their squaw mother concealed them beyond his reach. When ransomed at the close of the war at a British post, their foster-mother came with them as far as Fort Stanwix, telling them if their white mother did not treat them well, to send her word, and she would come after them. Their parting with her was very sad. They had become in all but color, two little squaws, for they had forgotten their German, and could only express their wishes in the Indian language. They had been by some means informed, that their natural mother was dead, and hence were more indifferent about returning, than were most liberated prisoners.

When brought into their native valley, thoroughly washed in the Mohawk, and clad in such costume as their neighbors, they were again two pretty children; though for some time more Indian than German in language and manners. During the transfer from filth to cleanliness, and the removal of their Indian toggery, for English dress, they fought like wild beasts, and Nancy had to have her hands tied for a time to prevent her from tearing off her clothes; which restraint made her desire to return to her wild-wood home: some of the novelties attending which were fascinating to children. Indeed, restraint had to be used to keep her from returning to Canada, and often was she heard shouting for her Indian mother to come and take her away; but like her sister with her German tongue returning, under the soothing influence of her mother and friends, she once more became reconciled to the scenes and customs of her juvenile home, and at the age of 18, she mar-

ried Peter Fox, a resident of Fort Herkimer, and raised a family of six children. In her old age she lived with her son Frederick, in Ilion, and there died in 1845, at the age of 75 years. In recounting to her friends the recollections of her life spent in the forest, she always spoke very kindly of her adopted Indian mother. She was the grandmother of Dr. Fox, mentioned at the beginning of this story. Margaret Sharrar married George Edick, raised a family of eight children, and died in the town of Columbia, Herkimer county, about the year 1827. Thus has been treasured in the memory of this family, some of the scenes which will faintly reflect to the reader scores of others akin to it, which, for the want of treasuring memories, have irrevocably passed into the vortex of oblivion.

Incidents in the Life of Jacob Shew.—The narrative of the venerable patriot, Jacob Shew, of his own captivity, and that of 15 other captives, made in the Mayfield and Sacondaga settlements; from conversations with him prior to 1850, at which time he was a resident of Fulton county, N. Y.

To follow the footsteps of a soldier long after his fatiguing marches and counter-marches are ended, and with him in imagination fight over his battles, sharing his dangers and privations; though it prove a thankless task, is nevertheless a profitable and pleasing one. If we would know the true value of our *liberty*, we must learn its cost in blood, sweat, tears, hunger, pain and privation; following the pioneer settler to his peril-encompassed log tenement. The history of interesting localities is to a nation, what inlets are to the mountain rivulet.

The pride of the *old* world has ever been her princes and her nobles, the one inheriting though seldom meriting a crown—or tyrannic rule over serfs—the others made such by some farcical ceremony, to live drones and blood-suckers on the producing classes of community. The pride of the *new* world—particularly that portion which we inherit, is also her princes and her nobles; the former rendered such by the voice of a free and intelligent people—the latter, not by form and court favor, but by true valor and deeds of noble daring. And although it may be said that Americans have no grandfathers, many of her most distinguished sons and daughters having risen from obscurity—yet will Americans date an ancestry of real nobility,

christened in the blood of freemen, and destined in its moral influence to emancipate the world from oppression.

Godfrey Shew, the father of Jacob Shew, emigrated from Germany to this country, at the age of 19, and just before the French war. In that war, he was a soldier under Sir William Johnson, and was at the capture of Fort Ticonderoga, where he received a severe bullet wound in his right arm. At the close of the war, he went to Philadelphia, where he married a German girl named Catharine Frey, daughter of Henry Frey. It is supposed she was not the only child of her parents. On arriving in this country, the family landed in Philadelphia, at which time Catharine was nine years old, and she was sold into servitude to defray the expense of her passage, for the next nine years. The man who stipulated for her service was one of two brothers, Michael and Randall Hutchinson, citizens of Philadelphia. Not long after this child was thus disposed of, her parents removed to the Wyoming valley, with the understanding that at the expiration of her time, they would return for her; but as they did not come, she supposed they had been murdered in the French war. Fortunately the little stranger fell into Samaritan hands who appreciated her merits, and from whom she received parental kindness.

Soon after his marriage, Godfrey Shew removed to Johnstown, N. Y., and settled on a farm two miles to the westward of Johnson hall. He lived at this place eight or ten years, and then took up a farm of 100 acres under Sir William Johnson, 18 miles northeast of Johnstown, and near Johnson's fish house. Mr. Shew took possession with the promise of a permanent lease, occupying for a time a squatter's hut near the river. The Shew family erected and resided in a log dwelling in their pioneer residence at first, but they had hewn out timber for a framed building just as the Revolution began, and at its close, the timber was unfit for use.

The Shew Family, and Others Surprised by the Enemy.—Godfrey Shew raised seven children, five sons and two daughters, born in the following order: John, Henry, Stephen, Jacob, Mary, Godfrey and Sarah. The girls, when grown up, married Calvin and Alvin Jackson, brothers. When the struggle for liberty began, the Shew family were numbered among the patriotic ones of Tryon county; and although many of the

frontier settlers left their homes for less exposed situations when Indian depredations began in 1777, still the Shew family chose to remain and brave the dangers of their forest home. On the south side of the *great vale*, some two miles westward from Shew, dwelt Robert Martin and Zebulon Algar, occupying the same house; and four or five miles still farther westward lived Solomon Woodworth, who were also men of the times. They, too, remained exposed, after the British Indians were let loose.

John and Henry Shew had several times been on militia duty in 1776 and 1777, as had Solomon Woodworth, who was a sergeant. In the afternoon of June 2, 1778, Woodworth, having occasion to call on his neighbor Martin, found to his surprise, that his dwelling was tenantless, and conjecturing the family might be prisoners with the enemy; and armed with his unerring rifle, he went to Shew's to communicate his suspicions; arriving there early in the evening. Shew's family were all at home except Henry, who had accompanied Zebulon Algar to Johnstown on an errand. As it was too late and hazardous for Woodworth to return to his own dwelling that evening, he tarried over night at Shew's, and preparations were made to give the enemy a warm reception, should the house be attacked in the night. As a precautionary measure adopted, a large pile of stones was deposited at the head of the stairway, and Jacob was stationed all night beside it, ready to cast down his cold shot upon the foe. The inmates of the house were not disturbed during the night, and after breakfast in the morning, Woodworth, Mr. Shew and his son John went out to discover, if possible, what had become of the Martin family. Finding the house still deserted, the three proceeded in the direction of Summer House Point, two miles distant, in the hope of obtaining some trace of the absentees. On the way, John, who was a sportsman and a dead shot, saw a noble buck crossing his path, and forgetting his foes for the moment, he raised his rifle and shot it.

Leaving the animal where it fell until their return—where it probably rotted—the trio proceeded onward, but in a short distance they were surprised by a dozen Indians who had been encamped near; now drawn to the spot by the young hunter's rifle. Woodworth was about to flee, when the elder Shew, ob-

serving the Indians poise their rifles, seized and held him, fearing if he started he would be shot. It now turned out that about 100 of the enemy, Indians and tories led by Lieut (afterwards Major) Ross, had come from Canada by the northern route, many of them to remove their families thither. They were also desirous of taking back some patriots as prisoners, with the plunder their dwellings might afford. That they should not be thwarted in the main object of the expedition, they crossed the Sacondaga two miles below the Fish house, where they concealed their canoes, and from thence proceeded with great circumspection to the river settlements near Tribes Hill, where most of their friends resided. They avoided doing any act that might betray their visit to any of the little forts in the neighborhood and elicit pursuit and having collected the Indian and tory families sought, as expeditiously as possible, they were gathering to take their canoes, when fortune gave them the three prisoners named; having confined their range for prisoners and plunder to the dwellings of the outsiders of civilization.

In Philadelphia bush, north of Tribes Hill, they captured Charles Morris and his son John, George Cough and his son Henry, and an old gentleman named Eikler, who, for some unknown reason, was liberated; and passing through Fondas Bush they added to their prisoners, John Putman, Joseph Scott, John Reese, Herman Salisbury and Andreas Bowman. The prisoners named in this connection, as also Robert Martin and David Harris, a lad aged 16 years then living with the latter, were made captive on the 2d day of June; and the Shews and Woodworth, on the following day. On the night of the 2d, the enemy were encamped with their prisoners at a little distance southeast of Summer House Point. After securing Woodworth and his companions, the enemy proceeded directly to Mr. Shew's dwelling, which they had intended to visit on breaking up their camp in the morning.

When his father left home, he charged his son Jacob Shew to keep a good look out up the river for the foe. Mr. Shew's house was situated in a ravine between two gentle elevations, upon which Mr. Rosevelt and Mr. Grinnell erected nice dwellings about the year 1840. On the westerly one near the site of the Grinnell mansion, Jacob took his station. His vigils

had lasted perhaps two hours, when he descried a canoe containing several Indians coming down the creek from Summer House Point.* He had not heard the report of his brother's rifle some time before, and on seeing the canoe he ran home to report his discovery ; where the party with the prisoners named had already arrived from an opposite direction. Jacob and his brother Stephen now increased the number of prisoners to 16. Jacob, one of the youngest captives, was born April 15, 1763, being 15 years old when taken.

Could not Possibly Understand.—Several Indians among the invaders, the most of whom were Mohawks, were not only old acquaintances, but long the professed friends of Mr. Shew; from whom they had received numerous favors. The vicinity of his location being a great resort for fishermen and hunters ; at times a dozen Indians slept at his house in a single night, partaking, while there, the hospitality of his table. He was assured by Aaron and David, two of his Indian friends who were brothers, when they followed the fortunes of the Johnson family to Canada, that for the numerous favors they had received from their "white brother," as they called him, he should be duly notified of impending danger, and not be injured or captured in his isolated retreat. This promise of the Indians was heard by young Jacob. Accordingly, pretending not to consider himself a prisoner on reaching home, the elder Shew was very attentive to the wants of his quondam friends. Observing they were reserved and stoical, he took occasion to remind them of their former promises. David, with a guttural grunt and shrug of the shoulders, replied in his native dialect, "Yok-tah cock-a-rungkee !" (I don't understand you). Proving for once, at least, the old adage false, which said an Indian could never forget a favor.

Owing to a combination of circumstances, the enemy were more humane than usual in this invasion, as no women or small children were either killed or carried into captivity. The dwellings of all the captives, except that of Woodworth, which was several miles out of the way, were plundered ; and after

* When Mr. Algar and Henry Shew went to Johnstown, they concealed a canoe in the bushes, which they had used in crossing the creek at Summer House Point. The enemy found this boat, and in it several of their number passed down to the Sacandaga. This was the canoe seen by young Jacob Shew.

taking from Shew's house whatever they desired, the enemy suffered Mrs. Shew and her three youngest children to remain on the premises, but left them houseless ; for now being out of danger of pursuit, as they believed, the torch was applied and the house mostly consumed before the incendiaries left it. The barn would have escaped destruction as the party had all moved forward, but for William Bowen, a tory present, who also had received many favors from the Shew family. Looking back, the knave exclaimed, "What, are you going to let the cursed rebel's barn stand?" He then ran back some rods to the burning house, got a fire-brand, set the barn on fire and soon it was a heap of ruins.

The invaders under Lieut. Ross, who was a British officer, were all Indians but five, and well known to the Shew family. They were two brothers named Bowen, James Lintz, Sweeny, and Loucks. The latter was painted and clad like an Indian, but Mr. Shew recognized him soon after his capture and told him he need not paint to disguise his real character. Finding himself detected, he washed off his paint and did not again use it during his journey to Canada. Among the plunder made at Shew's, was about 500 pounds of maple sugar, which the family had made that spring and were husbanding with care to make it last through the year. The Indians' tomahawks were put in requisition, and soon all the enemy were running about with large cakes, the family not being allowed a morsel of it. This looked cruel to the children, whose mouths watered in vain for the sacharine plunder.

Mrs. Shew, after seeing her husband and two sons led off into the forest, and her buildings and their contents destroyed or carried away, set out for Johnstown, 18 miles distant, with feelings none can justly realize at this late day. A tory squatter, an old Irishman named Kennedy,* aided Mrs. Shew and her children in crossing the Kenneyetto at Summer House Point, from whence they proceeded to the house of Warren Howell,† a pioneer settler in Mayfield, eight miles from the ashes of her own home. The fugitives were kindly treated at Howell's,

* This Kennedy removed to Canada with his family not long after the event referred to

† This Howell held a Lieutenant's commission in the militia at the beginning of difficulties: proved faithless to the trust, and went to Canada with the Johnsons.

considering the bias of the family, and remained there over night. On the following day they set forward, and were met at Philadelphia Bush by Mrs. Amasa Stevens and Miss Hannah Putman,* daughters of Loadawick Putman, on horseback. They had heard of Mrs. Shew's misfortunes, and thus proceeded to meet and assist her in getting to a place of safety. Mrs. Shew tarried all night with the hospitable Putman family, and arrived the next day with her children at the Johnstown fort.

Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Algar, with their children, were kept in the enemy's camp on the night Martin was captured (possibly the families of other captives were), and the following morning were set across the Kenneyetto at Summer House Point, in the canoe which Henry Shew had left there, and proceeded on by Sir Wm. Johnson's road *via* Philadelphia Bush to Johnstown, where they arrived before Mrs Shew.

Of the plunder taken along by the enemy, were four good horses, one of which belonged to Algar, the others to the Shew family. From Shew's place the party proceeded down the river to their canoes. Increased, as the party was, by 20 or 30 Indian families, from Tribes Hill, and the prisoners, the watercraft—some 20 canoes, including the one from Summer House Point—was found insufficient, and two large elm trees were cut down, from the bark of which two canoes were made and put afloat in about three hours, each carrying four or five men with their packs. A part of the warriors swam the river with the horses and proceeded along its northern shore, while the remainder, with their prisoners and families, floated down the river in canoes. At the rapids, about 20 miles from the starting point and near the present village of Conklingville, the party halted for the night, the canoes being all drawn on shore.

An Indian chief named Peter Sword, who made known his sir-name to the prisoners by significantly extending his right arm, appeared to share the command with Ross; having, much of the time, the most to say. The prisoners were assembled every night and morning and counted in a novel manner. Peter, standing upon his feet, would drop his hands upon his knees, strain open his eyes like a monkey, and for every

* Miss Putman, then a girl in her teens, after the war became the wife of Jacob Shew. The murder of her father, brother, and sister's husband in May, 1780, is related elsewhere in this work.

prisoner give a shrill whoop, to be numbered by another of the party. He seemed pleased when, at the end of his labor the first night, the invoice ran up to sixteen. He also made a speech every morning to the Indians, just before or just after numbering the prisoners. In counting the captives at the first morning's dawn, the tally fell short one; when Peter sprang up from his recumbent position in evident surprise, and hastily scanning the prisoners he exclaimed in no very good humor—"Ump! Yankee gone!" The most of his prisoners were Germans.

The prisoners were bound nights, and usually an Indian slept on each side of every captive; but early in the evening, after his capture, Woodworth feigned sudden illness with cholera-morbus, and he was loosened to vomit, or rather try to, with no little contortion of body and visage, and he was, to all appearances, very sick, having often to run to the bank of the river, whither no one followed him, he was not rebound. His illness only lasted, however, until his foes were all asleep, who, flushed with their recent success, did not practice their usual vigilance. Proceeding to the river, Woodworth set a canoe adrift—not recovered by the enemy—to make them believe he had crossed the stream; but instead of doing so he struck off up the river on its easterly shore, arriving near the site of the present village of Northville early in the morning—25 miles from where he had been obliged to abandon his trusty rifle. At this point he forded the river, returned home, to the great joy of his family, and with it he arrived in Johnstown in the evening of the day after his captivity.

The water party consisting of part of the enemy, most of the prisoners and the removing families, went down the Sacondaga to the Hudson, crossed that river and transported their canoes to the shore of Lake George. In a carrying place about a mile distant from the lake, they found a three-handed bateau, which they took along. They floated down Lakes George and Champlain to St Johns, always encamping on the shore at night. The party on land with the horses proceeded along the western side of the lakes, and at the south end of ~~Lake~~ Champlain both parties came together. John Shew, known by the enemy to be a good woodsman, was taken with the party on land. The Algar horse having broken a leg on the uneven ground, was

killed and eaten by its new owners. The best horse of the three taken at Shew's, was owned by young Stephen. When the parties united, Stephen again saw his favorite animal grazing with its fellows, and could not give up the idea of its being his property. Pointing to it he observed to an Indian who had the care of it—"That is my horse!" "Umph! he mine now!" replied the Indian, by way of comfort to the boy.

The food of the water party and probably that of the other, consisted principally of fresh mutton, beef, poultry, etc., obtained as plunder on the premises of the prisoners. The meat was soon fly blown, but the Indians made soup of it. Jacob Shew carried the saddle of a sheep from the Sacondaga to Lake George. The prisoners generally had food enough, although Indian's fare, but for two days near the end of their journey, the water party fasted: enjoying the occupation of eating mouldy biscuit—several barrels of which had been left in that neighborhood by a cut-off party of Burgoyne's men the year before. While the enemy were without food, says *George Cough*, they thought seriously of killing the elder Shew to replenish their larder. After a halt of one day at St Johns, the parties united, set out for Montreal. At an Indian village situated some miles above Montreal, called Caughnawaga, all the prisoners were obliged to run the gantlet. The lines were composed principally of Indian men armed with birch gads, who loosened the jackets of the prisoners, but none were seriously injured.

The captives were 12 days going from the Fish house to Montreal, where a British officer paid *twelve dollars and a half* each for those of them the Indians chose to give up. Mr. Cough and his son, John Shew, Scott and Bowman were not given up with the rest as prisoners of war, but were retained by the Indians and taken to their homes. What reward, if any, was paid for their capture is unknown. At the time of this invasion, the enemy were desirous of getting prisoners for exchange, and offered a more liberal bounty for prisoners than for scalps; this probably accounts for there having been no blood shed by Ross's party; believed to have been an unparalleled instance of humanity exercised by Canadian invaders during the war.

The 10 captives retained as prisoners of war were kept at Montreal for several weeks and then sent down to Quebec on a

sloop, from which they were transferred to the ship *Maria*, Capt. Max, and remained on board of her at that port two or three months. While there a British sergeant drew up at their request, a petition to Sir John Johnson, which the ten Johnstown prisoners and perhaps others signed ; proposing as they were held ready for an exchange, they would return home across the lakes and send back a number of the enemy then prisoners with the Americans, equaling their own number. To this proposition Sir John would not agree, but went on board the ship and told them in person that "If they would join his corps, they would all return together to possess their Johnstown lands."

"When the d—l will that be?" interrogated the elder Shew in no very good humor.

"The rebels can't hold out much longer," said Sir John, "and at the end of the war, we'll all go to Johnstown together."

"Never," responded the old patriot with emphasis, "will you go back to inherit your Johnstown possessions again!"

The tory chieftain was unwilling to believe the war would terminate so disastrously for his future prospects, and soon after left the ship. A few days after, Johnson sent for Mr. Shew to know if any of the prisoners of his acquaintance would be likely to enlist into his Majesty's service. Shew told him he thought they would not, but that he could try them if he chose. After a request from Sir John that he would exert his influence in that direction, the prisoner returned to the ship.

A Chance to Enlist.—The next morning a recruiting officer, a Sergeant, named Hilliard, who had removed from Johnstown to Canada, and who knew some of the prisoners, visited the ship to beat up for recruits. The prisoners were all on deck, and, agreeable to his instructions, he waited upon Mr. Shew to make known the nature of his errand. As the young captives gathered round the old gentleman, he said to them, "Here is a recruiting officer come to enlist you into the British service! My lads, if any of you want to sell your country for a green coat with red facings, and a cap with a lock of red horse-hair hanging down one side of it, you now have a good chance!" The reader is aware that the force of an argument depends much on the time and manner of its utterance. That the one of Mr. Shew had its desired weight, may be inferred from the fact that after numerous luring inducements and golden prom-

ises of reward in his Majesty's service, Seargeant Hilliard gathered up his papers and left the ship, without having made a single recruit. Thus much for the principles of the back woods men of western New York in the hour that tried men's souls.

When the *Maria* was moored under the Heights of Abraham, the British on the fortifications would play yankce-doodle to irritate the prisoners. Many of them who were in good spirits, however, would throw up their hats, huzza for the cause of *liberty*, begin a jig on the ship's deck and shout to the enemy to play away and they would dance for them. Early in September the *Maria* was ready to sail for England, via New York, where she was to land her prisoners, some 60 in all. Of the number were Lieut.-Col. Frederick Bellinger, and Major John Frey, officers who were made prisoners at Oriskany the summer before. When the ship was about to sail, those officers were told that they could remain at Quebec or go to New York. Maj. Frey said he would rather remain on the vessel with his countrymen and share their chance to get home, and Col. Bellinger expressed the same views, and they remained on board. After a pleasant sail down the St. Lawrence and into the gulf, the vessel was brought to at Newfoundland, to enquire if any *Yankees* had been there lately; an inquiry known there to apply to privateers. They were informed that some had left that port only the day before.

Soon after leaving the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the *Maria* fell in with a privateer, which immediately gave chase. The pursuit lasted for two days, and the British vessel escaped by being a better sailer than her antagonist; but she was driven directly out of her course; and after a sail of several weeks, being part of the time nearer Enrope than America, and not daring to run down to New York, she returned to Halifax, there landed her captives and sailed directly from thence to England. The trip to sea was a novelty in the life of the Johnstown settlers, the most of whom were very sea-sick for several days; often lining the ship's side and casting up their dinners without the aid of stomach-pumps. Capt. Max was a gentleman, and treated the prisoners while on his vessel, as though he was born with a soul, a contingency that does not always happen in the birth of naval commanders.

Nearly 1,300 captives were then assembled at Halifax, and two ships were fitted out to take them to Boston to be exchanged. Several prisoners had effected their escape from Halifax, by having good knives; and when the Johnstown prisoners were confined there, their knives were taken from all of them except the elder Shew. They had to cook their own meat in a large kettle set in an arch, and often were allowed but a scanty supply of fuel to do it with. Not unfrequently the grease was skimmed off to increase the flame, and at times an old garment was tucked under the kettle. If the meat was not half cooked, as was frequently the case, it had to be eaten in its raw state, with the peas or beans soaked with it—the meat having to be pulled apart with the fingers. Jacob Shew chanced to find a piece of an iron hoop, and with an immense rubbing upon a stone, he made it supply the needs of a knife to the mess which included him. An old tar who had managed to retain his knife, exposed it to a sentinel from motives of mischief, who demanded its surrender to him. The prisoner refused to part with it, and the soldier was taking measures to get it by force, when the old salt, knife in hand, fell back among the prisoners, and the sentinel not daring to leave his post, bit his lip in anger to see his authority set at defiance.

While detained at Halifax, Putman, Salisbury and the elder Morris were taken sick and died. The rest of the Johnstown prisoners who had been on board the ship *Maria*, were landed in Boston, where young Morris also died. Reese left Boston, but as he never reached home, his friends supposed he died on the way. The three Shews, father, Stephen and Jacob, left Boston together, the latter with the small-pox just developing. Doct. Farrell, of Rhode Island, and Moses Hicks, of Virginia, fellow prisoners, journeyed with the Shews from Boston to Roxbury. As the three latter sat down much fatigued by the wayside in Massachusetts, opposite a nice house, to rest their wearied limbs, some 15 or 18 miles from the city, a little black girl was sent out to enquire if they were deserters. "If you are deserters," said she "master said you should come in, but if you are not, he does not wish to see you." Such was the comfort meted by wealthy tories, to men suffering in the cause of freedom.

On arriving in the town of Sudbury, nearly 20 miles from Boston, Jacob Shew gave out, sat down by the way-side, and

told his friends he could go no farther. After seeing him well-cared for, they journeyed on, found friends on the route who supplied their necessities, and arrived in Johnstown January 1, 1779. Jacob fortunately fell into Samaritan hands, was cured of his loathsome disease, and reached Johnstown on the 17 of March following his capture, it being "St. Patrick's day in the morning."

How Shew and Scott made their Escape.—I have observed that several of the Johnstown prisoners were retained among the Indians. John Shew and Joseph Scott, known by their captors to be good hunters, the former being a celebrated marksman, were taken some distance north of the St. Lawrence, where they were retained not far apart. They were allowed to hunt for their new masters to supply them with food, and several times met in their excursions. At one of those accidental meetings the two friends agreed to take French leave of the forest and return home. Securing what food and ammunition they could, they met by concert and set their faces toward Johnstown, distant several hundred miles. On arriving at the St. Lawrence, they luckily found a tree canoe on shore, in which they crossed the river. Fearing they might be on an island, they concealed the canoe in the bushes, but they were soon undeceived and resumed their march. They had secured hooks and fish-lines, and with those and their fire arms they, for several days, were well fed.

While journeying along the western shore of Lake Champlain, they became straitened for food, and seeing a British vessel not far from the shore, they resolved to obtain a supply from her. Making a signal, a boat was sent for them and they were soon on ship-board. They stated that they were Tories (it is a wonder the lie did not choke them), going to see their suffering families in a frontier settlement, and there chanced to be no one on board who knew them, they were believed, obtained a good supply of food, were again set on shore, and meeting with no hindrance, they arrived in a few days at Saratoga, where they were arrested as British spies. Gen. Schuyler, who was then in command there, was informed in the evening that two spies had been taken. "Bring them in to-morrow morning for examination," said the General.

In the campaign of 1777, John Shew had become acquainted with General Schuyler, and when himself and comrade were

taken into his presence in the morning, the latter instantly recognized his Johnstown friend.

"What, John, are you here as a spy?" said he in a friendly manner, advancing and offering his hand.

"They say so," said John, exchanging the proffered salutation.

"But where do you come from?" enquired the general, who had no doubt about his patriotism.

"I suppose you knew," said the wearied soldier, "that I was some weeks ago made a prisoner, with my friends and neighbors, and taken to Canada." At his request, Shew related the manner of his own and his friends' capture and conveyance to Canada; how, on their arrival, they were separated; how he and Scott had escaped from their captives; and how, when in want of food they had obtained it of their foes, etc., etc., all of which deeply interested the General; and learning that they desired to go directly to their friends, he supplied their immediate wants and gave them a parting blessing. They arrived in Johnstown some five or six weeks after their capture.

The elder Cough and Bowman, who were taken up the St. Lawrence, also gave their Indian captors the slip, much in the manner Shew and Scott had done, and after an absence of a few months, they, too, returned safely to their friends. They were three weeks in the woods without seeing a soul; were greatly straitened for food, and for several days had to subsist almost wholly upon sheep sorrel. The younger Cough remained a prisoner in Canada until the close of the war, and finally died there.

How a Prisoner Twice Escaped from Johnstown.—Here is a matter published in my *Trappers of New York* which should find a place here. John, a son of Philip Helmer, named as one of the pioneer settlers in Fonda's Bush, who remained there after his patriotic neighbors removed to Johnstown, accompanied Sir John Johnson to Canada on his removal thither from Johnson Hall. Returning to the settlement, as believed, in 1778, he became an object of suspicion; was arrested and confined at the Johnstown fort.* A sentinel was placed over him who was very green in the service, and improving a favorable opportunity, the prisoner took occasion to praise his gun, and closed

* The Johnstown jail was inclosed in palisades with block house corners, to be known in the war as the Johnstown fort.

his adulation by requesting permission to look at it, which was readily granted. The piece had hardly passed out of the young guard's possession, ere his authority was set at defiance, and its new owner took it to a place of retirement to inspect its merits; which were not fully decided upon until he had safely arrived in Canada.

At a later period, believed in the same year, young Helmer had the audacity again to visit the Johnstown settlements. He returned late in the fall and was concealed at his father's house for some time, intending, on the return of spring, if possible, to take back with him some recruits for the British service. The nonintercourse between whig and tory families favored his design, but by some means his place of refuge became known to three patriotic neighbors—Benj. DeLine, Solomon Woodworth and Henry Shew, who determined on his capture. Well armed, they proceeded one night to the vicinity of his father's dwelling and concealed themselves where they believed he would pass. Soon after, unsuspecting of danger, he approached the trio, who poised their rifles and he yielded to their authority and was lodged in the Johnstown fort. The entrance to its picketed enclosure was on the south side. Helmer had a sister Magdalene—the Germans call the name Lana, by which she was known. Miss Lana was on intimate terms with a soldier then on duty at the Johnstown fort; and at an interview with him after one of several visits to her brother, to whom she carried such little comforts as a sister can provide; she got a pledge from him that when on sentinel duty he would unlock the prison door and set the prisoner free. It was in the night time, and while his vigils lasted, that she had found access to the prisoner.

True to his promise, Lana's lover did set her brother at liberty, and with two other soldiers who were seduced from their duty by him, they all fled together. When she *wills* it, what cannot a woman do? A sergeant and five men, Amasa Stevens, Benj. DeLine, and three continental soldiers were soon upon their trail, which they were enabled to follow by a light fall of snow, and taking with them a lantern that they might travel by night, they came up with and surprised them in the woods. The two deserters were fired upon and killed, but Helmer, with a severe bayonet wound in his thigh, escaped: he was afterwards discovered nearly dead in some bushes, was taken to the fort, cured

of his wounds, and again imprisoned. By some unaccountable means he succeeded the third time in escaping, fled to Canada, and there remained. At an interview between Helmer and Nicholas Stoner in Canada, after the war, the former stated that he suffered incredible hardships in making his last journey thither.—From *Jacob Shew and Nicholas Stoner*.

A Strike for Liberty.—The following account of the captivity and escape of two citizens of Ulster county, is copied from the *Connecticut Journal* of September 2, 1778. I find it at page 560 of the *New York Historical Collections*, published by Barber & Howe, in 1845. It reads as follows :

“POUGHKEEPSIE, August 17.

“We have also certain accounts that Andrieson and Osterhout, who were taken by the Indians and Tories at Leghewegh, in Ulster county, some time ago, made their escape from them, when within one day's march of Niagara, and are returned home. They were committed to the charge of three Indians, one a captain and two squaws ; who treated them with great severity, and threatened to kill Osterhout, who, from fatigue and hunger, could not travel as fast as they would have him. At night, the Indians thinking themselves secure from the great distance back into the country, went to sleep : when Andrieson proposed to Osterhout to seize the opportunity of putting the Indians to death ; which (Osterhout declining) he executed himself by very expeditiously tomahawking the three Indians before they were so far recovered from their sleep as to make any effectual resistance. The squaws waking with the noise, took to their heels and escaped. Thereupon, Andrieson and Osterhout, possessing themselves of the Indian's provisions, consisting of three or four ducks and two quarts of samp, with the most valuable part of the Indian's plunder—consisting of some fine linen shirts, a laced beaver hat, with other articles of clothing, and some silver, with each of them a gun, they set out for home, where they arrived after 17 day's march, much worn out with fatigue and hunger, but in high spirits.”

How Cornelius Van Dyck Shot an Indian.—Among the Schoharie patriots in the Revolution, was Cornelius Van Dyck. He was in the ranger service, was often on scouting duty, and while thus engaged the following incident occurred. At some-

period of the war, believed in 1778, he was threading his way alone through the forest, when he came suddenly upon an Indian a few rods off, and as he was raising his rifle the warrior discovered him and sprang behind a large tree. Near him was a wind-fallen tree, and behind its roots Van Dyck took shelter. Great caution was now observed by the foemen to get the first shot. At length the Indian, discovering a portion of the ranger's head exposed, sent a bullet after it. The ball cut off a lock of hair and grazed his cheek, upon which he purposely fell backward in such a manner that his adversary could see him fall. He quickly changed his position, however, so as to rest upon his knees, and thus remained with his rifle cocked.

The Indian, not doubting but his shot had taken effect, without waiting to reload his piece, ran up to secure a prize in the scalp-lock of his victim. The cavity in the earth, made by the upturned roots before him, so concealed Van Dyck that his adversary did not see him until he was close upon him, at which instant a bullet plowed its way among his vitals. The savage sprang several feet from the ground, with a yell, and then sank down to a slumber that knew no waking. Of course the ranger had an extra rifle.

In the second war with Britain, Van Dyck, who had ever been fond of a military life, although then advanced in years, again enlisted under the stars of freedom, and was on duty on the lines between New York and Canada. While there he went hunting, and not returning as expected, he was found dead in the woods; having been visited, as was supposed, by some sudden illness.—From *Doct. Cors. II. Van Dyck*, a nephew of Van Dyck above named.

Other Events in 1718.—In August, Lieut. Col. William Butler proceeded from Schoharie with the troops under his command, to Unadilla and Oquago, Indian towns on the Susquehanna, which they effectually destroyed, with large quantities of provisions.

The troops under Col. Butler, in this excursion, among whom were several volunteers from the Schoharie militia, suffered incredible hardships. "They were obliged to carry their provisions on their backs; and, thus loaded, frequently to ford creeks and rivers. After the toils of hard marches, they were obliged to camp down during wet and chilly nights without

covering, or even the means of keeping their arms dry.”—*Dr. Ramsay*. After an absence of sixteen days, they were greeted with a hearty welcome at the forts in Schoharie. As appears by receipts given by Lieut. Col. John H. Beeckman at the Lower Fort, Schoharie, Aug. 27 and 29, 1778, to Jacob Fr. Lawyer, for their pasturage, Butler brought back 49 horses and 52 head of horned cattle, which proves the expedition one of much importance.

A regiment of New York State troops, under Col. Duboise, went into winter quarters at Schoharie in the fall of 1778. Adjt. Dodge, Maj. Rosencrans, Capt. Stewart, and Ensign Johnson, of Duboise's regiment, were quartered in the kitchen of Chair-man Ball's dwelling.—*Peter Ball*.

On the 6th of August of this year, M. Gerard was publicly received by the United States government as minister of the king of France. On the 14th of September following, Dr. Franklin was appointed minister to France, the first American minister deputed to a foreign court.

“The alliance of France gave birth to expectations which events did not fulfill; yet the presence of her fleets on the coast deranged the plans of the enemy, and induced them to relinquish a part of their conquests.”—*Hale*.

The reward paid by English agents for the scalps of the Americans, *eight dollars each*, excited the avarice of both Indians and Tories; and many innocent women and children were slain, not only in this, but in several years of the war, to gratify the cupidity of a merciless and unfeeling enemy.

Late in the fall, the army under Washington erected huts near Middlebrook, in New Jersey, and went into winter quarters. In December of this year, Mr. Laurens resigned his office as president of Congress, and John Jay was chosen in his place.

PRINCIPAL EVENTS OF 1779.

This year, like the preceding, was one of great interest on the frontiers of the State; and although the enemy were early on the war-path, yet at a later period, the destruction of property was in a great measure transferred to Western New York; where the Indians were compelled by the advance of an army under Gen. Sullivan, to look after their own homes—which

were in turn desolated for the ravages they had committed on their bloody trails in 1778.

About the first of February of this year, our alliance with France was celebrated throughout the country, but especially by the army. Here is an account of its celebration at headquarters, as noted by *Dr. Thacher*.

"The anniversary of our alliance with France was celebrated in proper style a few days since, near headquarters, at Pluckemin. A splendid entertainment was given by Gen. Knox, and the officers of artillery. Gen. Washington and his lady, with the principal officers of the army and their ladies, and a considerable number of respectable ladies and gentlemen of the State of New Jersey, formed the brilliant assembly. About 4 o'clock 16 cannon were discharged, and the company collected in a large public building to partake of an elegant dinner. In the evening, a very beautiful set of fireworks was exhibited, and the celebration was concluded by a splendid ball, opened by his Excellency Gen. Washington, having for his partner the lady of Gen. Knox." They are said to have been graceful dancers.

Prisoners Escape.—Early in the spring of 1779, two men, St. Ledger Cowley and a man named Sawyer, were captured by four Schoharie Indians; Han-Yerry, who escaped from the Borsts the day before the Cobelskill engagement, Seth's-Henry, Adam, a sister's son, and Nicholas, also a relative. One of the captives, was a native of the Emerald Isle; and the other of the green hills of Scotland. They were among the number of refugees from Harpersfield, who sought safety in Schoharie at the beginning of difficulties; where their families in their absence remained.

The prisoners could speak Dutch, which those Indians understood nearly as well as their own dialect; and the latter could understand but little, if any, of the conversation of those Anglo-Americans. When surprised, they intimated by signs as well as they could, that they were friends of the King; and not only evinced a willingness to proceed with their captors, but a desire to do so. An axe belonging to one of them was taken along as a prize. The prisoners set off with such apparent willingness on their long journey to Canada, that the Indians did not think it necessary to bind them. They were compelled to act, however, as "hewers of wood and drawers of water," for their red masters.

They had been captives 11 days, without a favorable opportunity to mature a plan for their escape, which they had all along premeditated. On arriving at a deserted hut near Tioga Point, the captives were sent to cut wood a few rods distant. On such occasions, one cut and the other carried it to the hut. While Cowley was chopping, and Sawyer waiting for an armful, the latter took from his pocket a newspaper, and pretended to read its contents to his fellow; instead of doing which, he proposed a plan for regaining their liberty. After carrying wood enough to the hut to keep fire over night, and partaking of a scanty supper, they laid down in their usual manner to rest, a prisoner between two Indians.

The friends kept awake, and after they were satisfied their foes were all sound asleep, they arose agreeable to concert, and secured their weapons, shaking the priming from their guns. Sawyer, with the tomahawk of Han-Yerry—who was thought the most desperate of the four—took his station beside it on a corner; while Cowley with the axe, placed himself beside another sleeping Indian. The fire afforded sufficient light for the captives to make sure of their victims. At a given signal the blow fell fatal upon two; the tomahawk sank deep into the brain of its owner, giving a sound, to use words of an informant,* “Like a blow upon a pumpkin.” Unfortunately, Sawyer drew the handle from his weapon in attempting to free it from the skull of the savage, and the remainder of the tragic act devolved upon his companion. The first one struck by Cowley was killed, but the blows which sent two to their final reckoning, awoke their fellows, who instantly sprang upon their feet. As Seth’s-Henry rose from the ground, he received a blow which he partially warded off by raising his right arm; but his shoulder was laid open and he fell back stunned. The fourth, as he was about to escape, received a heavy blow in the back from the axe. He was pursued out of the hut—fled into a swamp near, where he died. The liberated prisoners returned into the hut, and were resolving on what course to pursue, when Seth’s-Henry, who had recovered and feigned himself dead for some time, to embrace

* *Lawrence Mattice*. The adventures of Cowley and Sawyer were principally derived from Mr. Mattice and *Henry Hager*, who learned the particulars from the captives themselves. Corroborated in 1847, by Asabel Cowley, a grandson of St. Ledger Cowley.

a favorable opportunity, sprang upon his feet—dashed through the fire—caught up his rifle, leveled and snapped it at one of his foes—ran out of the hut and disappeared.

The two friends then primed the remaining guns, and kept a vigilant watch until daylight, to guard against surprise. They set out in the morning to return, but dared not pursue the route they came, very properly supposing there were more of the enemy not far distant, to whom the surviving Indian would communicate the fate of his comrades. They recrossed the river in the morning in a bark canoe, which they had used the preceding afternoon, and then directed their course for the frontier settlements. The first night after taking the responsibility, Sawyer was light headed for hours, and his companion feared his raving would betray them; but when daylight returned, reason again claimed its throne. As they had anticipated, a party of Indians thirsting for their blood, were in hot pursuit of them. From a hill they once descried ten or a dozen in a valley below. They remained concealed beneath a shelving rock one night and two days, while the enemy were abroad, and when there, a dog belonging to the latter, came up to them. As the animal approached, they supposed their hours were numbered; but after smelling them for some time, it went away without barking. On the third night after their escape, they saw fires lit by the enemy, literally all around them. They suffered much from exposure to the weather, and still more from hunger. They expected to be pursued in the direction they had been captured, and very properly followed a zig-zag course; arriving in safety after much suffering, at a frontier settlement in Pennsylvania, where they found friends. When fairly recruited they directed their steps to Schoharie, and were there welcomed as though they had risen from the dead, among which latter number, many had supposed them.

Sawyer is said to have died many years after, in Williamstown, Mass.; and Cowley in the south part of Harpersfield. At the time Cowley and Sawyer returned from their captivity, the upper Schoharie fort was commanded by Maj. Posey, a large, fine looking officer, who, as an old lady of Schoharie county (Angelica, a daughter of Col. Peter Vrooman,) once declared to the author, was the handsomest man she ever saw.

Murder of John Dunham and his Son Samuel.—Friendly

Indians were sometimes in the habit of taking up a residence in the vicinity of American frontier posts. In the spring of 1779 several Indians, who pretended friendship, left the Johnstown fort, where they had, for some time, been a tax on the charity of its officers. It was supposed by *James Williamson*, an informant, that this party of Indians killed the Dunhams north of Johnstown, as related on page 294 of my *Border Wars*; but at an interview, May 23, 1850, with Judge John Dunham of Hamilton county, a son of Ebenezer and grandson of Jacob Dunham, one of the slain, I obtained the following narrative of the event, corroborated by Josiah Canfield.

Some time in the afternoon of April 11, 1779, a small party of the enemy—number not known, but said to have been direct from Canada—arrived on the premises of Jacob Dunham, who, with his son Samuel, a young man grown, was engaged some 40 or 50 rods from his house chopping a fallow. Hearing them at work, the Indians were enabled to steal up unobserved, shoot them both down and secure their scalps for market. Mrs. Dunham, hearing the guns, is believed to have concealed herself in a forest hiding-place. Zebulon, a son in his teens, was captured by the enemy, and while they were plundering the house he gave them the slip and fled into the woods for dear life. He was pursued by an Indian, felt his inability to escape by running, and springing over the trunk of a fallen tree, he concealed himself beneath it. The Indian stood upon the log, but, overlooking the object of his search, he gave over the pursuit and returned to share the plunder of the dwelling. John Dunham, another member of this family, was killed later in the war in Herkimer county, as I shall elsewhere show.

As soon as news of this affair reached Johnstown, a scout under the daring frontiersman of that locality, Solomon Woodworth, pursued the enemy, and the next day, not many miles from the Dunham place, came upon their encampment, where was but one Indian. He pretended friendship, told Woodworth he would be his prisoner, etc. The scout demanded the whereabouts of his comrades. He said they were hunting, but would not tell in what direction. Said Woodworth, "You and your friends have killed an uncle of mine, but you shall not be hurt if you will tell where your comrades are." He covered his face with his hands and, although threatened with death, still refused

to reveal their position, whereupon Woodworth raised his rifle and shot him. The rest of the party escaped.

Not long after this event, some 20 rods from where the Dunhams were killed, a piece of dry upland, which had been plowed over for several years, sunk down to considerable depth, leaving a hole 10 or 15 feet across, and superstition said it was in consequence of those murders.—*John Dunham.*

An Invasion of Ulster County.—Barber & Howe's Hist. Coll. copied the following from the *Connecticut Journal* of May 19, 1779 :

"We have advice from Warwasink, in Ulster county, that on Tuesday last, the 4th inst., a party of the enemy, supposed to be mostly tory inhabitants, burnt four dwelling houses and five barns in that neighborhood, at the Fantine Kill, and killed six people, besides three or four more who are supposed to be burnt in their houses. Advice of the mischief being brought to Col. Cortlandt, stationed there with his regiment, he immediately marched in pursuit of the enemy, whom he twice got sight of on a mountain, exchanged some shots with them, though at too great a distance, and endeavored to surround them, but in vain, and they all made their escape. In their flight they left a young woman whom they had taken, from whom we received the account that their number was 3 Indians and 27 white savages."

Scalps Secured near Fort Herkimer.—The British government paid for not a few scalps, the persons from whom they were taken surviving the war. Here are two of the kind. The name of one was given to me as a Miss Harter, a pretty girl in her teens. Informants said that after the war she married Joseph Smith. Dr. Petrie's account under date of May 10 1779, has this item : "The wife of Joseph Smith, and the wife of Henry Widerstyn, scalped ; under my attendance 11 months twice a day." Thus we see that Miss Harter was already married when she became a sufferer. She was surprised, tomahawked and scalped not far from Fort Herkimer. She revived somewhat, when one of the party—whom she recognized as a tory by his blue eyes—ran back and gave her another blow on the head with a hatchet. She was found by friends, taken to the fort, recovered, and lived to a good old age, on the bank of the West Canada creek. The circumstances attending the loss of Mrs. Widerstein's scalp, are unknown to the writer.

Here is another scalp paid for that did not secure death. Agreeable to the statement of several, John Klepsaddle and Jacob Ittig—Edick in English—were going From Herkimer to a place called the "Long Bridge," after horses, when they were surprised by the enemy and both scalped—informants thought both were killed; but again Dr. Petrie's account sets the matter right. "Sept. 1, 1780, Jacob Ittig wounded—dressed twice a day, 40 days." This is no doubt the same man.—*John Docstader*, corroborated by *Saura Munn* and *Jacob Secknor*.

Murder of the Eysaman Family.—On the south side of the Mohawk dwelt this family, consisting of John Eysaman and wife, an old couple, his son Stephen and wife, and an infant child. They resided two miles east of Fort Herkimer, and hearing an alarm gun at the fort they were preparing to flee for safety, June 9, 1779, when they were surprised, the old couple and Stephen's wife and children killed, and he carried into captivity. The infants brains were dashed against a tree. Three scalps were thus secured for market, and their owner's home was no doubt plundered and burned. A valuable horse of the family was taken to Canada, and soon became a charger for a British officer, who, on seeing Eysaman admire it, asked him if he had ever seen the horse before. "Yes," he replied, "the horse is mine." The officer unfeelingly retorted: "be off you d—d rebel, you never owned a horse." Stephen Eysaman was a prisoner over three years, and until the close of the war.—*Benton's Herkimer County.*

Looking for the Enemy.—The manuscript furnished the author by Judge Hager, states that in the year 1779, probably in the spring, a rumor reached the Schoharie forts that Capt. Brant, on the evening of a certain day, would arrive at some place on the Delaware river with a band of hostile followers. Col. Vrooman thereupon dispatched Capt. Jacob Hager with a company of about fifty men to that neighborhood. Hager arrived with his troops after a rapid march, at the place where it was said Brant was to pass—thirty or forty miles distant from Schoharie, and concealed them amidst some fallen timber beside the road. This station was taken in the afternoon of the day on which Brant was expected to arrive, and continued to be occupied by the Americans until the following day between 10 and 11 o'clock, when, no new evidence of Brant's visit being dis-

covered, Capt. Hager returned home—thinking it possible that Brant was pursuing a different route to the Schoharie settlements.

Capt. Hager afterwards learned from a loyalist, in whose neighborhood he had been concealed, that he had not been gone an hour when the enemy, about 150 strong, Indians and tories, arrived and passed the fallow where he had been secreted. On being informed that a company of Americans had so recently left the neighborhood, preparations were made to pursue them. When about to move forward, Brant enquired of a tory named Sherman, what officer commanded the Americans, and on being informed that it was Capt. Hager, whose courage from a French war acquaintance was undoubted, he consulted his chiefs and the pursuit was abandoned.

Brant, on learning that Schoharie was well defended, seems to have given up the idea of surprising that settlement, and directed his steps to more vulnerable points of attack. Apprised soon after of Gen. Sullivan's intended march to the Indian country, he hurried back to prepare for his reception.

Sullivan's Campaign.—The repeated assaults along the frontier of New York and Pennsylvania during the preceding year by the enemy, arrested the attention of Washington, who conferred with Congress, which resolved to send an army into the Indian country in the summer of 1779, and retaliate their atrocities by a destruction of their settlements. Accordingly, an army was assembled under Gen. Sullivan, at Tioga Point, at which place he was met by Gen. James Clinton, who marched from Canajoharie, on the Mohawk, with a division of the army. As a preliminary movement to the invasion of the Indian country by Gen. Sullivan, Col. Van Schaick went from Fort Stanwix, under instructions of Gen. James Clinton, with detachments of his own and Col. Gansevoort's regiment, and destroyed the possessions of the Onondagas.

Onondaga Settlements Destroyed.—The following journal of that transaction is on file among Capt. Machin's papers, and records the first invasion of the Indians' territory.

"Early on Monday morning, 19th of April, 1779—Marched from Fort Schuyler with a detachment of troops consisting of 558 men including officers ; and after marching (putting) eight days provisions in bateaus which had been conveyed over the

carrying place in the night, and leaving a sufficient number of soldiers to assist the batteaumen to get the boats down Wood creek, with five officers to hurry them on—the remainder of the troops marched to the old scow place, 21 miles by land, but much more by water: the troops arrived by 3 o'clock P. M., but the boats did not all arrive until 10 o'clock, having been much obstructed by trees which had fallen across the creek. (They were purposely fallen in 1777, to obstruct the passage of the enemy's artillery under St. Ledger.) As soon as the boats arrived the whole of the troops embarked, and on entering the Onidahogo (Oneida Lake), was much impeded by a cold head wind. Made one halt in the night for the rearmost boats to come up, and then proceeded to Posser's Bay, where we arrived at 8 o'clock in the morning of the 20th, to wait again for the coming up of the boats, when we continued with as much expedition as possible, to the Onondaga landing, opposite the old fort, and arrived there at 3 o'clock P. M., from whence, after leaving the boats with proper guard, we marched eight or nine miles out of our way to the Onondaga settlement and lay on our arms all night without fire, not being able to continue our marching—dark—the night cold. Very early on the 21st, proceeded on to the old Salt Lake, and at 9 o'clock A. M., forded an arm of that lake, 200 yards over and four feet deep a considerable of the way; pushed on to Onondaga creek, where Capt. Graham, with his company of light infantry took an Onondaga warrior prisoner, which was the first Indian we had discovered. Ordered Capt. Graham to endeavor to surround the first Onondaga settlements which were about two miles off, and hastening on the troops by companies as fast as he crossed the creek upon a log—the creek not being fordable.

I soon arrived with the whole detachment at the principal castle, but was before apprised of their having discovered our advanced parties while they were taking some prisoners, upon which I ordered different routes to be taken by several different detachments in order to surround as many of their settlements as possible at the same time, which extended eight miles in length, with some scattered habitations lying back of the coasts and on the opposite side of the creek; but, notwithstanding, entered their first settlement in the most secret manner and quite undiscovered by them. We took 33 Indians and one

white prisoner, and killed 12 Indians—the whole of their settlement: consisting of about 50 houses, with a quantity of corn, and every other kind of stock we found were killed (destroyed)—about 100 guns, some of which were rifles, were among the plunder, the whole of which, after the men had loaded (themselves) with as much as they could carry, was destroyed, with a considerable quantity of ammunition; one swivel taken at the council house had the trunions broken off and otherwise damaged; in fine, the destruction of all their settlements was complete, after which we began our march back recrossing the creek, and forded the arm of the lake alongside of which we encamped on good ground; having been once interrupted in our return by a small party of Indians who fired at us from the opposite side of the creek, but were soon beat off by Lieut. Evans' riflemen, with the loss of one killed on the part of the enemy and none on ours; unfair weather all this day. 22d, marched down to the landing; found bateaus in good order; reembarked and rowed down to the Seven Miles' Island, where we encamped—fair weather. 23d, crossed the lake and landed two miles up Wood Creek; at two o'clock left two companies to guard and assist the bateaumen in getting up the boats; marched eight miles and encamped alongside Feals Creek—fair weather. Saturday, 24th, small shower of rain on our march to the Fort, where we arrived at 12 o'clock; having been out five days and a half, the whole distance of going out and returning being 180 miles, not having lost a single man."

Gen. Clinton at Canajoharie.—Preparatory to his advance, he marched with a body of troops into the Mohawk valley, and for a time temporarily made his home within the present village of Canajoharie, boarding with mine host, Johannes Roof, a pioneer settler, some years before, of Fort Stanwix, now Rome.

Execution of two Spies.—While Gen. Clinton was waiting at Canajoharie for his troops and supplies to assemble, and also for the construction and delivery of bateaus, two Tories were there hung, and a deserter shot. The following letter from Gen. Clinton to his wife, dated July 6th, 1779, briefly narrates the death of the two former:

"I have nothing further to acquaint you of, except that we apprehended a certain Lieut. Henry Hare, and a Sergeant Newbury, both of Col. Butler's regiment, who confessed that they

left the Seneca country with 63 Indians and two white men, who divided themselves into three parties ; one party was to attack Schoharie, another party Cherry Valley and the Mohawk river, and the other party to skulk about Fort Schuyler and the upper part of the Mohawk river, to take prisoners or scalps. I had them tried by a general court martial for spies, who sentenced them both to be hanged, which was done accordingly at Canajoharie, to the satisfaction of all the inhabitants of that place who were friends to their country, as they were known to be very active in almost all the murders that were committed on these frontiers. They were inhabitants of Tryon county, had each a wife and several children, who came to see them and beg their lives."

The name of Hare was one of respectability in the Mohawk valley, before the Revolution. Members of the Hare family were engaged for years in sundry speculations with Maj. Jelles Fonda, who, as shown in the first volume, carried on an extensive trade with the Indians and fur traders at the western military posts ; his own residence being at Caughnawaga.* Henry Hare resided, before the war, a few miles from Fort Hunter. At the time he left the valley with the royalist party to go to Canada, his family remained, as did that of William Newbury, who lived about three miles from Hare, toward the present village of Glen. If Hare had rendered himself obnoxious to the whigs of Tryon county, Newbury had doubly so, by his inhuman cruelties at the massacre of Cherry Valley, one of which, the murder of a Mitchell child, on his trial, was proven against him. Hare and Newbury visited their friends, and were secreted for several days at their own dwellings. The former had left home before daylight to return to Canada, and was to call for his comrade

* All the territory on the north side of the Mohawk, from The Nose to Tribe's Hill, a distance of 12 miles, was called Caughnawaga—an Indian name, which signified stone in the water. Some writers have given as its signification, "The coffin-shaped stone in the water." Tradition has handed down from a family which early settled on the bank of the river near this stone, the interpretation first given. Indeed, the signification here given was also obtained from Joseph Brant. This Indian name, we must suppose, originated long before this State was settled by the whites: of course the aborigines could have known nothing about coffins—they had no tools by which they could possibly make them. When the Revolution began, Maj. Fonda was erecting buildings for the prosecution of business, six miles westward of his Caughnawaga residence, on a farm since known as the Schenck place. At a later day he built the dwelling owned, in 1845, by C. McVean, Esq., so pleasantly situated on the hill in Fonda, where he died June 23, 1791, aged 64 years.

on his route. Maj. Newkirk, who resided but a short distance from Hare, met a tory neighbor on the afternoon of the day on which Hare left home, who, wishing to be considered a quidnunc and lull suspicions resting upon himself, communicated to him the fact that Hare had been home ; and supposing him then out of danger, he added, "perhaps he is about home yet." He also informed him that Newbury had been seen. Hare brought home for his wife several articles of clothing, such as British calicoes, dress-shawls, Indian mocasins, etc., and on the very day he set out to return to Canada, she was so imprudent as to put them on and go visiting—the sight of which corroborated the story told Newkirk. The Major notified Capt. Snooks, who collected a few armed whigs, and in the evening secreted himself with them near the residence of Hare, if possible, to give some further account of him.

Providence seems to have favored the design, for the latter, on going to Newbury's, had sprained an ankle. Not being willing to undertake so long a journey with a lame foot, and little suspecting that a friend had revealed his visit, he concluded to return to his dwelling. While limping along through his own orchard, Francis Putman, one of the Snooks party, then but 15 or 16 years old, stepped from behind an apple tree, presented his musket to his breast, and ordered him to stand. At a given signal, the rest of the party came up and he was secured. They learned from the prisoner that Newbury had not yet set out for Canada, and a party under Lieut. Newkirk went the same night and arrested him. They were enabled to find his house in the woods by following a tame deer which fled to it. The prisoners were next day taken to Canajoharie, where they were tried by court martial, found guilty, and executed as previously shown. The execution took place on Academy Hill, in the present village of Canajoharie. Said Joseph Wagner, who saw Hare hung, "He had on a spotted calico shirt, ruffled at the bosom and cuffs. The gallows was made by setting up two crotches with a pole across them. He stood in a wagon and adjusted the rope on his neck, the wagon was drawn from under him and he was soon with his God."—*John S. Quackenboss and Mrs. E. Gardinier.*

The influence exerted by the friends of Hare to save him would have been successful, had he declared that he visited the

valley solely to see his family. He may have thought they dare not hang him; certain it is, that when he was interrogated as to the object of his visit, he unhesitatingly said that he not only came here to see his family, but also came in the capacity of a spy.* A deserter, named Titus, was shot at Canajoharie about the time the spies were hung, as I have been informed by an eye witness to all three executions.—*James Williamson.*

At the time the spies were to be executed, Gen. Clinton rode up to Fort Plain and spent an hour or two with Domine Gros; to avoid the importunity of their friends who begged for their lives; and especially was this the case with Mrs. Hare—*William H. Seeber.*

Deserters were shot for the first, second or third offence, as circumstances warranted. Titus was buried near the place of his execution on the flats, and his bones were thrown out at the time of constructing the Erie canal, by workmen who were getting earth for its embankments.—*Daniel Spencer.*—The body of Hare was given to his relatives for interment. Previous to burial the coffin was placed in a cellar-kitchen, before a window, in which position a snake crawled over it. This circumstance gave rise to much speculation among the superstitious, who said "It was the devil after his spirit."

A Wagon-road Opened.—The troops under Gen. Clinton opened a road from Canajoharie through the town of Springfield, to the head of Otsego lake, where they launched their fleet of bateaus and floated down its placid waters nine miles to its outlet—now the location of the romantic village of Coopers-town. This passage down the lake was made on a lovely summer's day, and everything connected with it was so novel and picturesque, that the scene was truly enchanting. On arriving at the foot of the lake, the troops landed and remained several weeks, until it was sufficiently raised by a dam constructed at the outlet, to float the boats. When a sufficient head of water was thus obtained—the boats having been properly arranged along the outlet and filled with the troops, stores and cannon—the dam was torn away, and the *numerous fleet of small fry* (208 boats) floated off in fine style, and passed down the tributary into

* When Lieut. Hare was in custody, at the request of Gen. Clinton, he was asked by Johannes Roof if he did not kill Caty Steers, at Fort Stanwix, in 1777; "For," said Roof, "you was seen with your hands in her hair." He confessed that he had killed and scalped her —*John Roof, Jr., afterwards Colonel.*

the winding Susquehanna. (This is an aboriginal word, said to signify, *the crooked river*.) It is said that preparatory to opening the outlet of the lake, a dam made by the sagacious beavers on one of the large inlets, which flooded considerable ground, was ordered to be destroyed to obtain the water. It was partially so served, but the night following, it was, by the industrious animals, again repaired. A more effectual destruction followed, and a guard of men stationed all night, to prevent its being again built by its lawful owners.

A Deserter Shot.—While the enemy were quartered at the outlet of Otsego lake, two men were tried for desertion, and both were sentenced to be shot. The youngest of the two, whose name was Snyder, was pardoned by Gen. Clinton. The other man was a foreigner, who had previously deserted from the British, and having now deserted from the American flag, and persuaded Snyder to desert, Clinton said of him: "He is neither good for King or country, let him be shot." The order was executed on the west side of the outlet, not far distant from the lake. Not a house had then been erected where Coopers-town now stands.—*Williamson*.

Col. Rigne.—The company to which Williamson belonged, was attached in Sullivan's campaign to the Second New York Regiment, commanded by Col. Rigne, a French officer. He was a large, well made, jovial fellow, of whom Mr. Williamson related the following anecdote: Among the men who aided in our glorious struggle for independence, was a regiment of blacks, who generally proved to be good soldiers. That they might readily be distinguished, they wore wool hats with the brim and lower half of the crown colored black—the remainder being left drab or the native color. While waiting for Otsego lake to rise, the troops were drilled every day. As Col. Rigne was thus engaged with his own and parts of several other regiments, among whom were one or two companies of black soldiers, one of the latter men, from inattention, failed to execute a command in proper time. "Halloo!" said the Colonel, "you black son of a b—h wid a white face!—why you no mind your beezness?" This hasty exclamation in broken English so pleased the troops, that a general burst of laughter followed. Seeing the men mirthful at his expense, he good humoredly gave the command to order arms. "Now!" said he, "laugh your pelly full all!" and join-

ing in it himself, hill and dale sent back their boisterous merriment.

Col. Butler Joins Clinton.—In the summer of 1779, Col. William Butler received timely orders to move from Schoharie and join the forces under Gen. Clinton at Canajoharie. Among Col. Butler's men, who had rendered good services in Schoharie during their sojourn, were Lieut. Thomas Boyd,* Timothy Murphy and David Elerson. Murphy was a native of Pennsylvania, of Irish parentage, and Elerson a Virginian, of Scotch descent.

A Long and Successful Race for Life.—While Col. Butler was in Springfield, in the month of June, assisting to open a wagon-road for the transportation of the boats, David Elerson obtained permission of his Captain to proceed about a mile from the camp to a deserted house, and gather some mustard for greens. While thus engaged early in the day, he heard a rustling in some rank weeds near, and on looking in that direction, discovered to his surprise, nearly a dozen Indians cautiously advancing to capture him. He sprang and seized his rifle, which stood against the house, at which instant several tomahaws were hurled at him, one of them nearly severing a finger from his left hand. He dropped his haversack of greens and fled. In starting from the house, his foes ran so as to cut off his flight to his friends. He had to pass over a small clear-

* Lieut. Boyd was a native of Northumberland county, Pennsylvania. He was about the usual height, and was a stout built, fine looking young man; being very sociable and agreeable in his manners, which had gained him many friends in Schoharie. While there, he paid his addresses to Miss Cornelia, a daughter of Bartholomew Becker, who gave birth to a daughter after his death, of which he was the reputed father. This child, named Catharine, grew up a very respectable woman, and afterwards became the wife of Martinus Vrooman. While the troops under Col. Butler were preparing to leave Schoharie, Miss Becker, in a state of mind bordering on phrensy, approached her lover, caught hold of his arm, and in tears besought him by the most earnest entreaties, to marry her before he left Schoharie. He endeavored to put her off with future promises, and to free himself from her grasp. She told him: "If he went off without marrying her, she hoped he would be cut to pieces by the Indians!" In the midst of this unpleasant scene, Col. Butler rode up and reprimanded Boyd for his delay, as the troops were ready to march—and the latter, mortified at being seen by his commander, thus importuned by a girl, drew his sword and threatened to stab her if she did not instantly leave him. She did leave him, and anticipating future shame, called down the vengeance of heaven upon him. Her imprecation was answered, as will hereafter be seen, to the fullest extent: a fearful warning to those who trifle with woman's affection. Such was the last interview of Lieut. Boyd with the girl he had engaged to marry.—*Josias E. Vrooman*, who witnessed the parting scene.

ing between the house and the woods, and on arriving at the farther edge of the former, he found his progress obstructed by fallen trees. He plunged in among them, when his pursuers, fearing he might escape, discharged their rifles at him. The volley rattled the old timber harmlessly about his head. Driven from the direction of the American camp, he fled, not knowing whither. After running for several hours, and when he began to think he had eluded the vigilance of his pursuers, an Indian appeared before him. As he raised his rifle the Indian sprang behind a tree. At that instant, a ball fired from an opposite direction, entered his body just above the hip, making a bad flesh wound. He then changed his direction, and renewed his flight.

Descending a steep bill into a valley, through which coursed a small stream of water, he reached the level ground much exhausted; but the moment his feet struck the cool water his strength revived, and scooping some up in his hand, which he drank, so invigorated him, that he gained the summit of the opposite hill with comparative ease. He had proceeded but a little way further, however, when he found himself again growing faint, and stepped behind a fallen tree just as an Indian appeared in pursuit. Not doubting but his hours were numbered, he resolved not to die unrevenged, and instantly raised his rifle to shoot him. Too weak and excited to hold his gun, he sat down upon the ground, rested it upon his knees, fired and the Indian fell. He had barely time to reload his faithful piece, before several other foes came in sight. His first thought was to bring down another, but as they gathered around their fallen chief, and began their death yell, the hope of escape again revived. While they were lingering around their comrade, Elerson darted off into the forest. He followed the windings of a creek for some distance, and finding in a thicket of hemlocks a large hollow tree, crawled into it, and heard no more of the Indians. It was near night, and being greatly exhausted, he soon fell into a sound sleep. On the following morning he backed out, found it rained, was lost, and again entered his gloomy shelter. As it continued to rain, he tarried in the log three nights and two days, without food or having his wounds dressed. He then crept from his concealment, cold, stiff and hungry, unable to stand upright. He was enabled by the sun's welcome rays to direct his course, and came out at a place in Cobelskill, known

in former days as Brown's Mills, distant about three miles from where he had been concealed, and at least 25 from the place where he had been first surprised. Capt. Christian Brown, the owner of the mills, was acquainted with Elerson, treated him kindly, and sent him to the Middle Fort, ten miles distant, where his wounds were properly dressed, and he recovered. The writer saw, at his interview with this old soldier in 1837, when he obtained these facts, the scars from the wounds above noticed, and also other similar marks of honor.

Capt. Brown (a brother of judge Brown), is the officer mentioned as having been engaged under Capt. Patrick the summer before, in the Cobelskill battle. His mills—a grist-mill and a saw-mill, were the first erected in that part of Schoharie county, and were not burned during the war, because a tory named Sommer, who owned lands not far distant, expected if Brown's place was confiscated to the British government, to obtain it. To gratify him the buildings were spared. Brown's house, a small one story dwelling, covered with moss, was still standing in 1845. At the time the lower part of Cobelskill was burned, a party of Indians plundered it. Capt. Brown, learning that the enemy were in his vicinity, hurried his family to the woods, and then returned to secure some of his effects. While thus engaged, he saw from a window a party of Indians approaching, and as he could not leave the house so as to avoid being seen by them, he secreted himself in some part of it. The enemy entered and supposing it entirely deserted, plundered and left it, after which Capt. Brown sought his family, and with them fled to a place of greater safety.—*James Becker*. At the house of Capt. Brown (said *George Warner*), during the absence of the former, and in the time of the Revolution, a wedding was consummated. The groom and bride were Brown's hired man and servant girl. The Cobelskill soldiers were invited guests, and of course attended—for who does not attend a wedding when they can? After the *lovers* were united, the party was abundantly served with good *pork and sour-croust*; and being the best the bride could provide, they were received with as much gratification as would have been the rich dainties of a modern festival of the same character. The parties were poor, and the friends knew it, and made themselves merry. The wedding

was in truth a good one, for certainly "All's well that ends well."

Brown's mills were situated on a road now leading from Barnerville to the village of Cobelskill, about two miles from the latter place. They were erected on a stream of water a few rods from a deep pool, whence it issued. It was unknown for many years where the water came from, until a saw-mill was erected at Abraham Kneiskern's in Carlisle, on a stream of water, which, near the mill, sank into the earth and disappeared. After this mill began to operate, saw-dust made its appearance in the pool near Brown's mills, three miles distant. This mill-stream runs into the Cobelskill at Barnerville. Several mill-streams in Carlisle and Sharon sink into the earth and reappear at considerable distance from the places of entrance.

A Warning, how it Came.—The buildings of Capt. Brown had been spared the incendiary torch, for reasons already shown ; besides, the lands were among the best in the settlement. On some occasion, believed in 1778 or '79, Brown went with his hired man and perhaps other help from the Middle Fort to harvest his wheat. On his arrival he put his horses in the barn, and as he came out of it a bird lit upon the rim of his hat and began to sing. So unlooked for an event the Captain at once considered as an omen or warning of danger, and instead of going to the wheat field, he at once attached his team to the wagon and, with his help, returned to the fort, just in time to escape death or a wilderness journey to Canada ; for he learned subsequently that a party of Indians and Tories, possibly forewarned of his intended visit to the farm, were lying in sight on a knoll south of the premises. It is believed that Capt. Crysler was the leader of this war party, as he was said to have his eye upon 400 acres of good land thereabouts. Facts from *Mr. Ira Young*, whose wife's grand-father, — Brown, was then living with Capt. Brown.

Schools.—Most of the schools established prior to the Revolution in frontier exposed settlements, were broken up at an early period of the war ; though some struggled through several years. Schoharie sustained a school, it is believed, until about the time the following paper was executed. It is not only written in English, but is in a legible and good hand for the times :

"Received of Mr. Jacob Fr. Lawyer the sum of five pounds

thirteen shillings, for the last or sixth year's salary for school. I say received in full of all accounts between us the 3d day of July, Anno. 1779.

“GEORGE FR. REINHARD.”

“£5.13.0.”

Sullivan's Army.—While Gen. Sullivan, with his army, was at Tioga Point, he was much annoyed by small parties of Indians, who crept up in the long grass on the opposite side of the river, and fired upon his men, killing or wounding them in repeated instances; and he devised a plan to intercept them: the execution of which was committed to Lieut. Moses Van Campen. The following is Van Campen's own account of his manner of proceeding, as published in a small volume entitled *Sullivan's Campaign*.

“MAJOR ADAM HOOPS—An aid-de-camp to Gen. Sullivan, presented to me my instructions, with a piece of white paper folded up, a leaden weight within, and a twine-cord about 20 feet long fastened to it. I was to get as near the enemy's camp as was prudent, and to select one of the shady oaks, conceal my men in the bush, and place my sentinel in the top of the oak, with the paper and twine-cord, to give the signal if he discovered a party of Indians—to sink the paper down the tree as many feet as they were in numbers—if passing to the right or left to give the signal accordingly.

“It was one of the warm days in the latter part of August, I marched as near to the enemy's camp as I was directed. I selected my tree; my sentinel ascended 20 or 25 feet, and my men were concealed. We laid in watch about an hour. Every eye was fixed on the sentinel. At length the paper dropped down about four feet. I spoke to my men, saying, ‘My good fellows, we shall soon have sport.’ The paper continued to drop to 10 feet. I observed again, ‘We shall have something more to do.’ The paper continued to drop to 15 feet. ‘Now, my good fellows, we shall have enough to do—15 to 20 of us. Let every shot make their number less.’ Behold! the fellow had fallen asleep; let the twine-cord slip through his fingers; lost his balance; and came down like a shot, head foremost. He was much bruised by the fall. I made my report to the General,” etc. etc.

Assembling of the Army at Tioga Point.—Gen. Clinton joined Gen. Sullivan at Tioga, August 22d, and four days after, the army, then 5,000 strong, moved forward. All the Indian huts discovered on the route from Tioga westward, with the fields of growing corn, beans, etc., were destroyed by the American troops. At Newtown, now Elmira, the enemy under Cola Butler and Johnson, and the chieftain Brant, collected a force, threw up a breastwork, and prepared to dispute the further progress of the invaders of their soil. On the 29th of August the troops under Sullivan reached the fortifications of the enemy, and a spirited action followed. The enemy evinced great bravery, but being overpowered by numbers, they abandoned their works with considerable loss.

Gen. Sullivan had a morning and evening gun fired daily while proceeding to and from the Indian country, for which he has been much censured by some chroniclers. His object in doing it was to notify the numerous scouting parties which were daily kept out, of his position.

A Prisoner Set Free.—Several pleasing incidents owed their origin to the signal guns. In one instance a large party of Indians were in ambush to surprise an advanced guard when the signal gun was fired from elevated ground not far distant. The Indians—who ever dread the sound of cannon, supposing the gun fired at them, scampered off like frightened sheep. Upon the firing of a signal gun after the battle of Newtown, a white woman came into the American camp. Knowing Col. John Butler, whom she supposed could give her some account of her red husband, she enquired for Col. Butler, and was immediately introduced to Col. William Butler. On coming into his presence and finding him a stranger—the truth flashed upon her mind—she was in the American camp, and in the presence of those who would protect her. She stated that she was a native of Danbury, Connecticut; had been married several years, and was living at Wyoming the year before, when that delightful country was devastated by the enemy—at which time she was made a prisoner. Her husband had been killed among the numerous victims of savage cruelty. She further stated that at the time she was captured she had three children—two small boys and an infant child at the breast. The boys were given to different Indians, and the brains of the infant were dashed out

against a tree ; after which she was compelled to live with an Indian as his wife. When she thus providentially entered the American camp, she had an infant child—the fruit of her late unhappy connection. This child died not long after, and it was suspected that an American soldier, from sympathy to the woman, had given it poison. As the Indian country had been invaded, this woman had been obliged to follow the fortunes of her master, and having been separated from him by the discomfiture of the enemy, Sullivan's cannon, which she supposed fired in the British camp, directed her course. On the return of the army, she went back to her friends in Connecticut.—*James Williamson.*

After the battle of Newtown, Gen. Sullivan sent back to Tioga much of his heavy baggage, and pushed forward in pursuit of the enemy—fully executing in the destruction of the settlements the order of the Commander-in-chief. The country of the Cayugas and Senecas, where the Indians had many flourishing settlements and several well built villages of good painted frame houses, were entirely destroyed—together with the fields of growing corn and beans. Of the corn, there were full 500 acres, and of the beans, 70 acres, as I was credibly informed after my first statement was published. Fruit trees, of which the Indians had an abundance, laden with green apples, peaches and pears, were cut down. Ears of corn were found in that country full *eighteen inches long*, showing the exceeding fertility of the soil. It seems indeed lamentable that stern necessity should require the destruction of fruit trees, the growth of many years—but when we consider that they afforded the enemy an important item of his annual food, we must admit that the measure as one of *retaliation*, was justifiable.

Fate of a Child.—At the Indian village of *Kanadaseago*, situated a little distance west of Geneva, a white male child was found by the American army. It was not more than three or four years old, and when discovered, was naked, with a string of beads about its neck. This child, which had been abandoned by the enemy in their precipitate flight, was supposed to have been among the captives made the year before, on the frontiers of New York or Pennsylvania. He was found before the door of a hut playing with small sticks, and when accosted could only say, *sago—how do*, and a few other Indian words ; having

been captured too young to give the least clue to his paternity.

—*James Williamson.*

In addition to the above, I learn from the son of Capt. Machin, respecting this probable orphan child, that it found in that officer (an *engineer* in the army), a god-father, and was christened Thomas Machin—that it was nearly famished when found, and could not have been kept alive, had not the Americans providentially taken a fresh-milk cow which had strayed from the enemy—that the milk of this cow, which was driven with the army on the return march for that purpose, afforded its nourishment—that the *little unknown* was taken in the fall to the house of Maj. Logan, at New Windsor, where it took the small-pox in the hard winter following and died, without any information ever being disclosed as to its birth-place or parentage.

A Dangerous Exposure.—As he assured the writer in 1846, Samuel Pettit, a private soldier in the army, was one afternoon given the care of an over-loaded pack horse; which, long before the Americans were to encamp, fell in the rear, and it was impossible to urge forward the poor jaded beast, so as to keep up with its fellows. He did not dare to abandon his trust, and when the evening shades prevailed, he supposed himself nearly a mile behind the rear guard—constantly exposed to be cut off if any of the foemen as was their custom, were hanging upon their rear. When momentarily expecting a cruel fate, he discovered the glowing camp fire of the army, in his approach to which he came near being fired on by a sentinel, who mistook him for one of the enemy. His Captain was mortified to learn the peril this brave man had been in for an old nag, and assured him he should never be similarly exposed again.

Maj. Paar commanded a rifle corps which accompanied Sullivan in his expedition. When the army, which had met with little opposition from the enemy after the battle of Newtown, arrived at the inlet of Conesus lake, a scout was sent out early in the evening, under Lieut. Thomas Boyd,* one of which was Timothy Murphy. Says Maj. Hoops, in a letter I find in *Sullivan's campaign* :

"I was in the General's tent when he gave his instructions to Lieut. Boyd, which were very particular--verbal, of course.

* Some published account has erroneously stated the given name of this man to have been William.

The country before us was unknown. We had heard of an Indian castle on the river Genesee, which, by our reckoning, might be a few miles ahead of us. The term castle was taken from Chateau—the French having long before magnified Indian villages into Chateaux, afterwards rendered literally into English. There were the Oneida castle, perhaps at or near Utica—the Seneca castle, near to the present village of Geneva, as well as some others. The castle Lieut. Boyd was detached to discover, consisted, probably, of a few Indian huts, near Williamsburgh, a few miles above the present village of Genesee.

“The evening before Lieut. Boyd was detached by Gen. Sullivan from the inlet of the Kanaghsas lake, a long bridge was begun and finished in the night, or early in the next morning, over the inlet. Boyd, not having returned by daylight, the General was very uneasy ; particularly from finding that, to the six riflemen he meant Boyd’s party should consist of, 22 musketmen had been added.”

The bridge alluded to was constructed by a strong covering party, sent in advance of the main army to open a road through a marshy piece of ground, and erect the bridge. The object of the scout was, to reconnoiter the ground near the Genesee river, at a place now called Williamsburgh, at a distance from the camp of nearly seven miles. The party were guided by Han-Yerry—John George—a faithful Oneida warrior.

Fate of a Brave Oneida.—In a skirmish which took place the afternoon previous to the surprise and massacre of Boyd’s command, between Sullivan’s advance guard and the enemy, the latter captured two friendly Oneidas, who had, from the beginning of the war, rendered the Americans constant service, and one of whom was then acting as Gen. Sullivan’s principal guide. This Indian had an older brother engaged with the enemy, who, as they met, is said (in *Stone’s Brant*) to have addressed him as follows :

“Brôther! you have merited death. The hatchet or the war-club shall finish your career. When I begged you to follow me in the fortunes of war, you were deaf to my entreaties.

“Brother! You have merited death, and shall have your deserts. When the rebels raised their hatchets to fight against their good master, you sharpened your knife, you brightened your rifle, and led on our foes to the fields of our fathers.

"Brother ! You have merited death, and shall die by our hands. When those rebels had driven us from the fields of our fathers to seek out new houses, it was you who could dare to step forth as their pilot, and conduct them even to the doors of our wigwams, to butcher our children and put us to death. No crime can be greater. But though you have merited death, and shall die on this spot, *my hands shall not be stained with the blood of a brother. Who will strike ?*"

In an instant the tomahawk of Little Beard was twirled with lightning rapidity over his head, and in another the brave Oneida, the friend of America and of humanity, lay dead at the feet of the infuriated chief. This is, by many, considered as a mere flourish of rhetoric, and a scene not altogether likely to have occurred.

When we contrast the conduct of this Indian, who declared that his hands should not be stained by the blood of a brother ; with that of the fratricide, who sought out his brother among the fleeing inhabitants of Wyoming, and shot him while in the act of begging for his life ; with that of William Newbury, at the massacre of Cherry Valley, who, finding a little girl by the name of Mitchell among the fallen, in whom the spark of life was reviving, with the blow of his hatchet, in the presence of her concealed father, laid her dead at his feet ; with that of a tory named Beacraft, who was with the desolators of Vrooman's Land ; and other instances of no less savage spirit—we shall find that of the unlettered Indian to rise in the scale of our just estimation, as that of his more savage allies, sinks them to abhorrence and contempt.

Perilous Mission of Lieut. Boyd.—One mile and a half from Sullivan's camp, the Indian path divided, one branch leading to Canasaraga, in the direction of Williamsburg, and the other to Beard's Town. Boyd advanced cautiously and took the Canasaraga path. On arriving at the latter place, he found it deserted, although the fires of the enemy were still burning. As the night was far advanced, he encamped near the village, intending to seek out, on the morrow, the location of the enemy. This was a most hazardous enterprise. 28 men, seven miles from their camp—a dense forest intervening—and a thousand foes besetting their path to cut off their retreat. But danger was what the party courted. Before day break, Boyd dis-

patched two of his men to Sullivan's camp—intending to push forward still farther into the wilderness—but as they never reached it, it is quite probable they were intercepted by the enemy and slain.—*S. Treat's Oration, in Sullivan's Campaign.* Before they were put to death, the enemy no doubt learned from them the exact situation of Boyd's command. Just after daylight, Lieut. B., accompanied by Murphy, cautiously crept from his place of concealment. Near the village of Canasaraga, they discovered two Indians coming out of a hut, fired at them, and a ball from Murphy's rifle sealed the fate of one. The other instantly fled. Murphy, as was his usual custom when he killed an Indian, took off his scalp, and as he had on a good pair of moccasins, he transferred them to his own feet. After the escape of the Indian fired upon by Boyd, he rightly supposed his visit would soon be made known, and he resolved to return immediately to the American camp. Boyd was advised by Han Yerry to pursue a different route back, which commendable advice he did not choose to follow.—*James Williamson.*

About the time Murphy shot the Indian in the morning, an incident of interest occurred near the main army, which is thus related by Maj. Hoops :

"Early in the morning, Mr. Lodge, the surveyor, proceeded to chain from the west side of the inlet, where there was a picquet posted, and ascended a little way from the foot of the hill, outside the sentinels, in advance from the picquet, and was noting his work, when he was fired upon by a single Indian who had crept up near him. Leaving his Jacob-staff standing, he made the best of his way toward the sentinel—the Indian almost at his heels, tomahawk in hand. It is probable the Indian had not seen the sentinel till he raised his piece and (when Mr. Lodge had passed him) fired, bringing him down, perhaps not mortally wounded. The whole picquet immediately advanced, strongly supported ; and ascending the hill, found a line of packs."

Fate of Boyd and Escape of Murphy.—Lieut. Boyd and his followers pursued their back track with the most zealous caution, with Han-Yerry in front and Murphy in the rear, to guard against surprise. It is not improbable that the two messengers sent forward by Boyd a few hours before, had fallen

into the hands of the enemy contiguous to the American camp, and that they had left their packs to intercept the returning scout, which were found soon after Mr. Lodge was fired upon. Not the rustling of a leaf escaped the observation of the returning scout. Nearly two-thirds of the distance was overcome—less than two miles intervened between them and the camp—and the party were beginning to breathe freely, when they were surprised by 400 or 500 Indians and Royalists under Butler and Brant. The enemy was secreted in a ravine through which they rightly conjectured Boyd would approach.—Statement of *John Salmon*, in *Sullivan's Campaign*. What could 26 men do, when opposed by nearly 10 to one. Discovering the enemy to be concealed in great numbers, Boyd resolved on attempting his escape by cutting through his thickly opposing ranks. In the first onset, not one of his men fell, although their fire told fearfully upon the enemy. A second and third attempt was made, and 17 of the Americans had fallen.—*Salmon*. At the third onset, the ranks of the enemy were broken, and Murphy, tumbling a huge warrior in the dust who obstructed his passage—even to the merriment of his dusky companions—led his thus liberated comrades.—*Treat's Oration*.

Boyd, supposing if any one escaped with life it would be Murphy, determined to follow him, but not being as fast a runner, he was soon taken, and with him a sergeant named Parker. Murphy, as he found the path unobstructed, exclaimed of himself, in hearing of the enemy, "Clean Tim!" shaking his fist at the same time at his pursuers.—*Treat's Oration*. After Murphy had been pursued for some time, he observed that he had distanced all his followers except two, a tall and a short Indian. Several times as they neared him, Murphy would raise his rifle, which was unloaded, and they would fall back. He found as he ran, that his moccasins began to prove too tight, owing to the swelling of his feet.* He opened a pocket knife, and while running (at the hazard of cutting his shins) he slit the tops of his moccasins, which afforded relief. Shortly after, he entered a piece of swale, and his feet becoming entangled in long grass and rank weeds, he

* It has been stated, and believed by many, that Murphy skinned the feet of this Indian and put the green hides on. It was not so, and had he been disposed to have done it, which I cannot possibly admit, he could not have had time on that morning

fell. The place proved a favorable one for concealment, and he did not immediately rise. As his pursuers broke over a knoll so as to gain a view of the grass plot, not discovering him, although he did them, they altered their course. Murphy then loaded his rifle, and cautiously proceeded on his way to the camp. He knew from the beginning of the melee, should he be taken prisoner, what his fate would be, having the scalp of an Indian in his pocket, and his moccasins on his feet. Shortly after Murphy again set forward, he discovered himself to be headed by an Indian in the woods ; which discovery was mutual and both took trees. After dogging each other for some time, Murphy drew his ramrod, placed his hat upon it and gently moved it aside the tree ; when the Indian, supposing it contained a head, fired a ball through it. The hat was thereupon dropped, and running up to scalp his man, the Indian received a bullet from Murphy's rifle through his breast ; exclaiming, as he fell backwards, " O-wah ! "

Murphy, Garret Putman of Fort Hunter (afterwards a captain), and a French Canadian, of Lieut. Boyds command, regained the American camp. The two latter secreted themselves, early in their flight under a fallen tree, around which was growing a quantity of thrifty nettles, and escaped observation ; although several Indians passed over the log in pursuit of Murphy. John Putman, a cousin of Garret, also from the vicinity of Fort Hunter, was killed in Groveland. At his burial it was supposed he had been shot in the act of firing, as a ball and several buck-shot had entered the right arm-pit, without injuring the arm.—*Peter, a brother of John Putman, corroborated by James Williamson.*

Rev. David Craft, historian of the Waterloo Centennial Celebration,* said in his address, that 15 of Boyd's party escaped ; this authority is given in Mr. Sullivan's report. It was long supposed that less than one third of that number survived the day, from the statements of soldiers who were there.

A soldier named Benjamin Custin, who joined Gen. Sullivan with the troops from Schoharie, attempted to follow Murphy,

* At Waterloo, Sept. 3, 1879, Seneca county, under the auspices of the Waterloo Library and Historical Society, celebrated the centennial event of Sullivan's campaign. Addressees were delivered by John H. Reamer, Josiah T. Miller, William Dorabemer, Esquires, Rev. David Craft, and others ; and a poem furnished by Rev. Dwight Williams. The proceedings were highly creditable and proved a brilliant success.

but was overtaken and slain in Groveland.—*Geo. Richtmyer.* Curtin also shot an Indian in the morning, says *A. P. Vrooman.* When Murphy reached the camp, and told the sad fate of his companions, Gen. Sullivan declared it was good enough for them, as they had disobeyed his orders ; possibly in advancing farther than he had intended they should.—*J. Williamson.*

Col. John Butler Exhibiting his True Character.—When Boyd found himself a prisoner, he obtained an interview with Brant, who was a freemason. After the magic signs of a brotherhood were exchanged, the dusky warrior assured the captive he should not be injured. Soon after their capture, Boyd and Parker were hurried off to the vicinity of Beard's Town, now in the town of Leicester, 10 or 15 miles distant from the battlefield. Brant was called off on some enterprise not long after, and the prisoners were in charge of Col. Butler, who began to interrogate them about the future intentions of Gen. Sullivan, threatening them, if true and ready answers were not given, with savage tortures. Boyd, believing the assurance of Brant ample for his safety, too high minded to betray his country on the appearance of danger, refused, as did Parker, to answer Butler's questions ; and the latter, executing his threat, gave them over to a party of Seneca Indians. Little Beard and his warriors, seized the helpless victims, and having stripped, bound them to trees. They then practised their favorite pastime for such occasions, of throwing their hatchets into the tree just over the heads of their victims. Becoming wearied of this amusement, a single blow severed Parker's head from his body. The attention of the tormentors being undivided, they began to tax their ingenuity for tortures to inflict on his surviving comrade. Making an incision into the abdomen, they fastened his intestines to a tree and compelled him to move round it, until they were thus all drawn out. He was again pinioned to a tree ; his mouth enlarged ; his nails dug out ; his tongue cut out ; his ears cut off ; his nose cut off and thrust into his mouth ; his eyes dug out, and when sinking in death, he was also decapitated, and his disfigured head raised upon a sharpened pole. To those Indian cruelties, we must suppose, Butler was not only a witness, but that they were rendered the more inhuman in the hope of gratifying his revenge-

ful disposition. Thus fell the brave Lieutenant Thomas Boyd, at the age of 22 years.

On the arrival of Murphy, Gen. Sullivan ordered Gen. Hand forward to relieve Boyd and party. At the spot where the engagement had taken place, he discovered several Indian blankets, and an Indian's corpse, which had been accidentally left among the fallen Americans; but returned to the main army, ignorant of the fate of Boyd.—*Oration of Treat.*

Poor Han-Yerry, who had performed prodigies of valor in the conflict of Oriskany, and who had rendered the American cause much real service, fell literally hacked in pieces. The army, as it moved on toward the Genesee river, buried the bodies of those who fell in the present town of Groveland. On the following day, Generals Clinton and Hand, with about 2,000 troops, were sent across the Genesee river to Beard's Town, to destroy the dwellings, crops, etc., of the Senecas.—*Treat's Oration and Letter of Van Campen.*

Mr. Sanborne, a soldier who was on the extreme right wing of Clinton's army, discovered the headless bodies of Boyd and Parker. The rifle company of Capt. Simpson, of which Boyd had been Lieutenant, performed the melancholy duty of burying the mutilated remains of their comrades, which was done under a wild plum tree, and near a stream of water.—*James Williamson.*

Destruction of Indian Towns.—Beard's Town, one of the largest Indian villages in the Genesee valley, was effectually destroyed, as were several other Indian towns on the west side of the Genesee, by the troops under Gen. Clinton, together with every growing substance found, that the enemy would eat. While this destruction was in progress, officers Poor and Maxwell, proceeded along the east side of the river and destroyed the villages of Canawagus and Big Tree. Three days being thus occupied in this vicinity, in the work of devastation, Sullivan commenced his return march to Tioga Point.

The Army Gives a Grand Salute.—On the 24th of September the enemy arrived at New Town, where Capt. Reid had been left with 200 men to guard some army stores and cattle brought there from Tioga for the troops in case of necessity; and from a breastwork he had thrown up, the troops were greeted with a salute of 13 rounds of cannon; and on the fol-

Following morning at 5 o'clock, the whole army was drawn up in one line, with a field piece on the right of each brigade, to fire a *feu-de-joie*. First, by 13 rounds of cannon; second, by a running fire of musketry from right to left, which was twice repeated. Five oxen were slaughtered on the joyous occasion; one being delivered to each brigade, and one to the artillery and staff. Spain had declared war against Great Britain, and this celebration was in honor of that event—connected no doubt with the result of the army's own success. See journal of an officer as given at page 131 in *Campbell's Annals*.

As the American troops approached the western Indian villages, the women and children fled from them to Niagara, while the Indians and their tory allies prowled about the forest, watching the movements of their foes, and seeking a favorable opportunity to strike an effective blow. During the winter following, the Indians became a tax upon the British government, and as the weather was intensely cold, and they were fed on salt provisions, to which they were unaccustomed, they died in fearful numbers by the scurvy.—*Treat's Oration*.

It is gratifying to know, that justice has now been done to the memory of Boyd and his companions. In the autumn of 1841, 62 years after their massacre, their remains were taken up, through the commendable zeal of the citizens of Rochester, removed to that city and deposited at Mount Hope cemetery. On the delivery, by the citizens of Livingston county, of the remains of Boyd and Parker, which were found near the junction of two creeks, hereafter to be known as Boyd's creek and Parker's creek, and those of that unfortunate Lieutenant's command who fell in Groveland, to the receiving committee of Monroe county, an appropriate oration was delivered at Geneseo, by S. Treat, Esq. of that place, to an audience, estimated at 5,000 persons. When the procession arrived at Mount Hope Cemetery, and had deposited the sarcophagus and urn in their final resting place, a patriotic address was delivered by his Excellency William H. Seward. Several old soldiers took part in the ceremonies, among whom were Maj. Moses Van Campen, who had, in early life, been a neighbor of Boyd, and Mr. Sanborne, who discovered the remains of Boyd and Parker the day after they were killed. The proceedings were highly creditable to the enterprise and patriotism of Monroe and Living-

ston counties, and will forever be hailed as a bright page in the history of Western New York. The place of their burial at Mount Hope, is set apart not only to receive the remains of those brave men, but of any other soldier of the Revolution that may desire a burial there.

A Summary of Events in Sullivan's Progress.—For the benefit of the reader, here is a succinct account of the movements of Sullivan's army, mainly derived from that officer's report to Congress on his return. After alluding to his victory at Newtown (now Elmira), Aug. 29th, he said he was two days in destroying the crop of corn in that vicinity. It seems he was obliged, thus early to put his men on short allowance; his excuse being that he was short of pack-horses to transport provisions from Teaga—Tioga. On submitting his plan for a short allowance to his troops, that they might go forward, it was received with three cheers from the army. Thinking he could destroy all the Indian settlements without them, the day after the Newtown battle, he sent back all his heavy artillery; retaining only four brass three-pounders and a small howitzer, and loading his ammunition on horses, he set out for Catharine's Town. On the way he destroyed a settlement of eight houses, and a town called Knawaholee, of about 20 houses, situated at the confluence of the Tioga and Cayuga rivers, with several fields of corn. From this place Col. Dayton was dispatched some miles up the Tioga to destroy some large fields of corn on that stream. I shall write the Indian names in this connection, as spelled in Sullivan's report.

Catharine's Town he found deserted, on his arrival; but finding an old Cayuga woman in the woods, he learned from her that after the battle of Newtown, where, she said, a great number of their warriors were killed, the enemy were so disheartened that they could not be prevailed upon to make another stand against such odds—indeed, as she said, "Butler's mouth was closed." From her statements and circumstances he had observed, he was satisfied the loss of the enemy at Newtown was very great. Gen. Poor and other officers gave it as their opinion, that the enemy at Newtown were some 1,500 strong, although some prisoners called the number 800. His own men examined the enemy's breastworks, and found they extended half a mile, with several bastions and block-houses. Their breastwork seemed

thinly manned, but they had a large body posted in reserve, which were designed, as supposed, to fall upon the Americans' flank; which Gen. Poor routed. Gen. Clinton marched so far to the right as to drive the enemy from this outer position. Weighing all the circumstances, the Americans estimated the enemy at about 1,500, but what could they do against three or four times their number, well organized and flushed with success? No one has named the loss of the enemy at Newtown.

The army spent one day at Catharine's Town in destroying corn and fruit trees and burning its dwellings, 30 in number; and the next day in laying waste a settlement of eight houses, and two days after reached Kendia, which was also deserted. Here they were joined by a man who had been captured at Wyoming, who had now escaped from the enemy. From him they learned that the Indians had left that place three days before, in great confusion. He said the Tories, on their return, had assured him that they had a great many killed and wounded at Newtown; and he heard Butler tell them he must try to make a stand at Kanadesaga, but was told by his followers that they would not throw away their lives in attempting to oppose such an army. He said also that Brant had taken many of the wounded up the Tioga in a water craft provided for such an emergency. Kendia or Kendaia (for he wrote it both ways), was a place of about 20 neatly built houses, which were destroyed, with a great abundance of corn and fruit trees—many of the latter being large and the growth of many years.

The next day they crossed the outlet of Seneca lake in three divisions, so as to encircle Kanadesaga—but found it also abandoned. A white child about three years old was found here, and was taken along with the army. This was the child of which Engineer Machin became god-father. From this place a detachment of 400 men was sent down on the west side of the lake to destroy Gothseuqueau and its plantations; at which time volunteers under Col. John Harper, made a forced march toward Cayuga lake, and destroyed Schoyere; the residue of the army being engaged in destroying the crops at Kanadesaga, which were abundant. This town had 50 houses pleasantly situated, with great numbers of fruit trees, but all shared the cruel destiny; which proved to the Indians the truism of the good book. "With what measure ye mete

it shall be measured to you again." True, the Indians did not stop to destroy growing crops or cut down or girdle fruit trees, unless perhaps in a few instances, for they were not circumstanced to do it ; but they applied the torch to thousands of barns, barracks and stacks of stored grain and hay, and danced amid their smoke ; leaving hundreds of cattle, sheep and swine killed where found, there to decay ; plundering the settlers dwellings before burning, and bearing the scalps of their owners, obtained often at midnight, to a foreign market.

Two days after destroying Kanadesega, the army arrived at Kanandaque, having been joined on the march by the troops sent along Seneca lake, which had destroyed the settlements in that quarter. At Kanandaque, were 23 "large and elegant houses," all of which were destroyed with extensive fields of corn. From thence they marched to Kannayage, a town of 10 houses also destroyed. At this place a post with a strong garrison was established, where the heavy stores of the army were left with a field piece, and it proceeded on toward Chinefee, the capital of the Indian country. Sullivan had been informed that great pains had been taken that season by Indians and tory rangers, to raise crops at this place to subsist the enemy the coming winter, on which account he determined to go there. On the second day he arrived at Koneghsaws, a town of 25 houses. Here were large cornfields, a part of which were destroyed while the army was building a bridge over an unfordable creek, between them and Chinefee.

At this point of his narrative, he says he had the evening before, ordered Lieut. Boyd with three or four riflemen, a guide and an Indian chief, to reconnoitre the Chinefee town, with the view of surprising it. The scout was increased to 26 unknown to him. The reader is already familiar with the fate of Boyd and his men ; but this account seems to possess the number actually slain. The guides, unacquainted with the country, mistook the roads in the night, and at daylight fell in with a castle six miles higher up than Chinefee, inhabited by a tribe called Squatehkak ; where they saw a few Indians and killed and scalped two of them ; one was shot by Tim Murphy and the other by Ben Custin. Boyd dispatched two runners back to the camp to report progress. When the bridge was nearly completed, word reached the camp that Boyd and his

party then numbering 24, were surrounded by the enemy into whose coils they had been decoyed by a few, two of whom in their pursuit of them they had slain. Sullivan sent forward a body of light troops, but they arrived too late; as the enemy had done their work and escaped. It has generally been said, that Boyd's whole command were killed except three, but the General's statement is, that Boyd's men who were sent to secure his flanks made their escape, but that Boyd, in a small grove of trees with 14 of his men were surrounded by 300 or 400 Indians and rangers, and all killed except Boyd and Parker, who were captured.

As I have elsewhere shown that three of the men that were surrounded actually escaped—then if but 15 were all that were inclosed in the grove, 12 of them including the two captives were slain. This would leave besides the two Boyd sent back in the morning, nine more to have escaped on the flanks when the melee began. As Boyd's men, when the stand was made, were behind trees, and the enemy uncovered, it is believed the latter suffered severely—the Americans selling their lives as dearly as possible. The firing was so close at the last, that the powder of the enemy's guns was driven into the flesh of the slain. Gen. Hand's party coming upon the enemy so soon, they having been detained in the removal of their dead and wounded, compelled them to abandon a wagon load of packs, blankets, hats and provisions, which they had thrown off at the beginning of the fight—effects belonging mostly to the tory rangers. Gen Sullivan assigned as an evidence of the enemy's suffering by this handful of brave men, the cruelties inflicted upon the two prisoners, and especially upon Boyd. Of the number of the latter he said: "It appeared they had whipped him in the most cruel manner, pulled out his nails, cut off his nose, plucked out one of his eyes, cut out his tongue, stabbed him with spears in sundry places, and inflicted other tortures which decency will not permit me to mention; lastly, they cut off his head and left his body on the ground, with that of his unfortunate companion, who seemed to have experienced nearly the same savage barbarity." The party which Boyd fell in with was commanded by Col. John Butler, and had been well posted in ambush to fire on the advancing army; but the event mentioned frustrated that design.

After Boyds's capture, the army moved on to the castle last mentioned, as belonging to the Squatehkek tribe, where were 25 houses with extensive fields of corn, all of which were destroyed; and the next day they reached Chinefee, crossing on the way a deep creek and the Little Seneca river, six miles from which they reached the castle, where were "128 houses mostly very large and elegant." The town was finely situated, where were most extensive fields of corn, and every kind of vegetable. The whole army was engaged in destroying these nice crops, the corn being collected and burned in the houses and kilns, that the enemy should reap no benefit from them; a method pursued at every place. Here, said Sullivan, a woman came to us who had been captured at Wyoming. She said the enemy had evacuated the town two days before, and that Butler went off with 300 or 400 Indians and rangers, as he said, to get a shot at the enemy. This was the party which cut off Boyd. She gave a sad picture of the enemy's prospects—said the Indian women were constantly begging the warriors to sue for peace, and that Col. Johnson's life was jeopardised, for the falsehoods by which he had deceived, and brought ruin upon them. She said she had heard Butler telling Johnson, that it was impossible to keep the Indians together after the battle of Newtown. The enemy anticipated a siege of Fort Niagara from Sullivan's army, in which event the women and children were to be sent to Canada.

Cayuga Towns Destroyed.—After having destroyed the principal town of the Senecas, and hearing of no other settlements in the neighborhood needing a Vandal, being short of provisions, he found it necessary to commence his return march for Kanadasaga, the 18th day after leaving Newtown. At that place he was met by three Oneidas he had sent to get information respecting the Cayugas; and from it he detached Col. Smith with a party, down the west side of Seneca Lake, to destroy anything there which remained undestroyed. From thence he also sent Col. Gansevoort, with 100 men, to Albany to forward the baggage of the N. Y. regiments to the main army, and to take with him such soldiers as were at that place. He was directed, on his route, to destroy the lower Mohawk castle, capturing six or seven families, who harbored and gave intelligence to the enemy. These Indian families had remained,

among other objects, to retain possession of their lands. I have already shown that most of the Indian and tory families were removed from Tribe's Hill the preceding summer. He stated that at this time the upper Mohawk castle was inhabited by Orkeskes, our friends, whom he was not to disturb. With Col. Gansevoort, he sent Mr. Dean, who bore a message to the Oneidas. He also sent Col. William Butler with 600 men to destroy the Cayuga country; and with him all the Oneida warriors, who were to endeavor to persuade the Cayugas to become prisoners of war.

Crossing Seneca river, he detached Col. Dearborn to the west side of Cayuga lake to destroy all the settlements he could find there, and intercept the Cayugas if they escaped Col. Butler. The remainder of the army passed down between the lakes towards Catharine's Town. Col. Dearborn burnt six towns in his route, destroying with them large quantities of corn. He also brought off two prisoners, and again joined the army on the evening of the 26th. Col. Cortlandt was next sent off with 300 men, up the Tioga, and destroyed some houses and cornfields in that direction. Col. Butler again joined the army on the 28th, forming a complete junction at Conowalohala, on the 29th day after leaving Newtown. Here an abundant supply of provisions met them from Tioga. Col. Butler destroyed five principal Cayuga towns, and, with scattering ones, about 100 large and well built houses, and with them 200 acres of excellent corn, and a number of orchards, one of which contained 1,500 fruit trees. An Indian settlement, not far from Newtown, was destroyed, containing 39 dwellings. Said Sullivan, "The number of towns destroyed by this army amounts to 40, besides scattering houses. The quantity of corn destroyed, by a moderate computation, must amount to 160,000 bushels, with a vast quantity of vegetables of every kind. Every creek and river has been traced, and the whole country explored in search of Indian settlements, and I am well persuaded that, except one town situate near the Alleghana, about 50 miles from Chinesees, there is not a single town left in the country of the Five Nations."

Since the above was written, I have persued, with great satisfaction, a digest of Sullivan's expedition, made by that untiring student in Indian archæology, Gen. John S. Clark, of Auburn

N. Y., and published in 1879, in the interest of the newly organized Historical Society of Cayuga county, as *number one* of its collections: and a noble beginning it is. It is a most creditable document of nearly an hundred neatly printed octavo pages, illustrated by maps of the "Battlefield of Newtown," and the "Groveland Ambuscade," and was published at Auburn, N. Y. The author gives evidence of having consulted more than 30 private Journals of officers and soldiers in the expedition. It is elaborated by numerous valuable foot-notes. He names some 40 towns and hamlets destroyed, the whole number of dwellings in which, estimating all those burned, whose number is not given as five each, and including scattering huts, approximates 700; add to this number 50 destroyed at Onondaga, by Col. Van Schaick, in the preceding April, as I have shown from the Journal of Capt. Machin, who accompanied the expedition, and we have the homes of no less than 750 poor Indian families totally destroyed.

A Painful Retrospect.—Reader, look on this picture of Gen. Sullivan's desolation of this goodly heritage; see how its primitive owners, the lords of the forest and the soil, whose strength in our weakness was proverbial in central New York, who received our ancestors kindly and stood as a shield between them and their Canadian foes; now despoiled and dashed in pieces for adhering to the British interest, lured thither by the influence of the Johnson family, which, at too late an hour, they discovered gave them a false estimate of our strength—and tell me if you have not a tear of sympathy for this once distinguished and brave people! Many have been its Hendricks and its Logans in nursing our republic into life. Alas! what fate war sometimes brings to the conquered. It seems not very surprising that the Indians should have listened overweeningly, to those to whom they had learned to look for counsel and advice; but the fate of the great Indian confederacy of New York, alas! shows us how the hopes of a nation may, in a few short weeks, by the blasting breath of war, be destroyed.

Gen. Sullivan spoke well of his officers of every rank, and of the soliers for their unshaken firmness in enduring the toils and difficulties attending the expedition. He said that although he had it not in command to go to Niagara, he thought he

should have ventured a visit there, if he had had a 15 days' supply of provisions. But the presumption is that, without the heavy artillery which he had already sent back to Tioga, he could hardly have captured the fort. He said it would have pleased the army to have had a second engagement, but the enemy were too panic stricken to make a stand after they left Newtown ; nor, he added, have they fired a single gun at the army on the march or in its quarters, although the country greatly favored such exploits. This he construed as another evidence of their severe suffering in their first attempt to oppose his progress. He said he flattered himself he had fully executed his orders, *since he had not left a single settlement or a field of corn in the country of the Five Nations, or indeed the appearance of an Indian on this side of the Niagara.*

O, what a cruel necessity is that which must destroy all the subsistence and render hopeless a whole people. This condition happened because the Indians in the service of royalty executed her cruel mandates to assist in subjugating her American subjects ; inasmuch as they would not tamely submit to known legislative abuses. If there was a seeming wrong in this terrible retribution upon the inhuman acts of the Indians on our frontiers for two seasons ; it should all recoil upon the British crown, for holding out mercenary inducements for the Indians to take up arms. The American policy was, to have them stand aloof, remain neutral and look on ; while the nations, mother and son, did the fighting in a civilized manner.

Capt. Machin, as an engineer, was in Sullivan's expedition to the Genesee valley in 1779. At Canajoharie he received one, and at Otsego lake the other, of the following letters from Dr. Young.

"DEAR SIR—Yours of the 21st by Doct. Maus came safe to hand this forenoon, and gives me the greatest pleasure to find things are conducted with spirit. The fortunate capture and immediate execution of Lieut. Hare, will, I hope, produce good consequences, as it will convince the enemy that we have spirit enough to retaliate, and chastise them for their savage barbarity. The surgeon of Hazen's regiment writes Doct. Stringer, that Hazen, with about half the regiment are within 40 miles of St. Johns, that many Canadians had joined him, that the Canadians in bulk (a few of the lowest of the people excepted,) are strongly

attached to the cause of the Americans. That two French frigates have lately made their appearance in St. Pauls Bay, near Isle a Caudre, and that no English vessels had arrived this season, which causes some to imagine that the French have a fleet in the river. The news from Charles Town, I think may be depended upon—as soon as it comes officially from Congress, I will transmit it to you by the first opportunity. Continue to write, and expect the most material occurrences in our quarter in return. Two members of Congress, viz.: Doct. Weather-
 spoon and Col. Atlee passed through this place to the State of Vermont, on Monday; probably to deliver to them (Vermonters) the sentiments of Congress concerning their separation from this State.

“Please to present my compliments to the gentlemen of the Artillery Corps, and believe me to be with sincere esteem,

“Your Friend and Serv’t,

“JOS. YOUNG.

“*Albany, June 22d, 1779.*”

DEAR SIR—I acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 25th inst., and am happy to hear that everything has succeeded so well hitherto—hope you may glide on in the same current of good fortune, till the end of a glorious campaign, and return to Albany crown’d with unfading laurels. Another acct. of our success over the enemy at Charles Town is arrived, the particulars of which will be transmitted to the General by Capt. Lush.

“A Pennsylvania paper is in town, containing a speech of one Gordon, in the house of Commons, equal in freedom and smartness to Junius’s letters—could I procure it, I would inclose it. Our little fleet in many late instances has demurr’d to the claim of the haughty Britons, to the universal empire of the sea; and have convinced some of them that their claim was not well founded, by a most powerful train of well directed arguments, leaving them high and dry at anchor in the state house at Philadelphia. One of the British litigants never put in a plea, but suffered judgment to pass against him by default.

“D’Estaing’s and the English fleets, are both out at sea of nearly equal numbers, and in sight of each other; by which circumstance it is conjectured there will be much chopping of

logic, and many learned and forcible arguments made use of pro and contra, when the pleas are closed, 'tis said a jury of surgeons meet to decide upon the merits of the cause in question; when I receive their verdict I will transmit it to you—as it may have a tendency to elucidate some points, that are at present under the consideration of the literati, both at St. James' and Philadelphia. Till which I am,

“Your friend and servant,

“JO. YOUNG.

“*Albany, June 27th, 1779.*”

The following extracts are from a letter to Capt. Machin while at Otsego lake :

“The southern news still remains without a confirmation from Congress.” (The southern news alluded to by Young and Rutgers, was no doubt the abortive attempt of the British army under Provost, to capture the city of Charleston, S. C., about the middle of May.) “Though there is not the least doubt of its being true. The enemy are yet at King's Ferry. A few days since it was thought they were coming up; as some heavy cannons are arrived from the eastward, I think we shall be in tolerable good order to receive them, if ever they get in earnest about it.

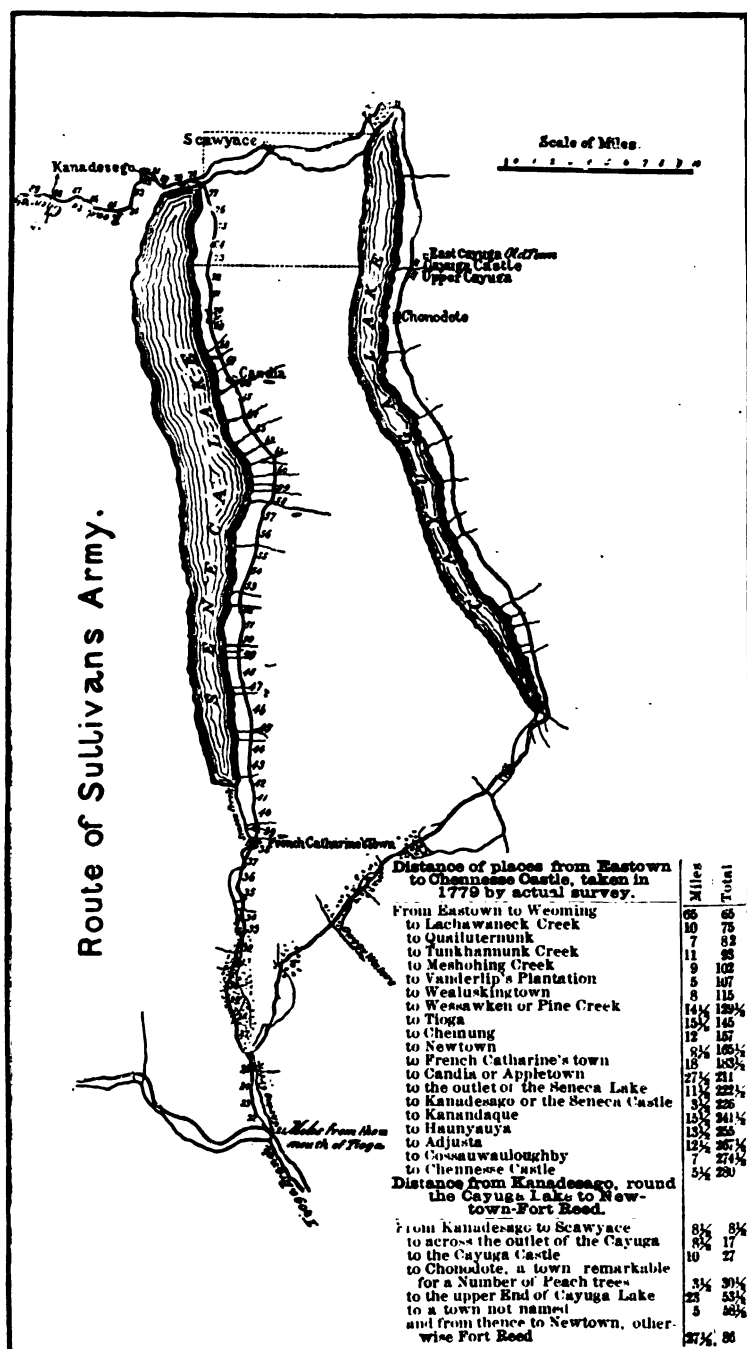
“Gen. Washington is at New Windsor and quarters at Col. Ellison's. The park of artillery I hear is at Chester, and the infantry scattered in the defiles of the mountains near the garrison. The inhospitable mountains not suffering the army to remain in their usual compact order.

Your most obedient, etc.,

“HENRY RUTGERS, JR.”

*Machin's Map.**—While under Sullivan, Capt. Machin executed a handsome map of Cayuga and Seneca lakes, with the distance on the way out at intervals of one mile each, from Tioga Point to the end of the route, which terminated nearly sixty miles west of the outlet of Seneca lake, and back to the starting place; going down on the east side of the Seneca and returning on the east side of Cayuga lake.

*Just who executed this map is not certain. Capt. Lodge and Machin both accompanied the expedition, and were engaged in this survey. I have called it Machin's map, because it came to me with his papers.



The route pursued as marked upon this map crosses Spring creek near Tioga, into which it empties, 21 miles from its mouth, and passing up the west side of that stream a few miles, struck the head waters of Seneca creek. The route continued some five or six miles along the west side of the creek, then crossing, was continued upon its eastern side with one exception at an angle, to "French Catharine's Town," situated in a bend of the creek three or four miles from its mouth. From Catharine's Town the route led along the east side of Seneca lake crossing at a little distance from the lake, 25 small streams which ran into it along its eastern shore. Eleven miles from the outlet, probably in the present town of Ovid, they destroyed an Indian village situated on the north side of a small creek, and called on Machin's map "Candia." Crossing the outlet of Seneca lake, the army proceeded westward, and a few miles from the lake destroyed "Kanadesago," the largest of the Seneca towns.

While Sullivan's army was in the Indian country an incident occurred to which I have before alluded, some additional particulars of which may prove interesting. An advance party which was opening a road for the army and protected by a strong covering party, were attacked by a Seneca chief, with 82 warriors. The guard instantly ran to rescue the advance, and a skirmish ensued, in which that chief and two of his followers were slain. The enemy, from the noise and impetuosity of the attack, supposing the whole army was upon them, fled precipitately, leaving their packs, blankets, kettles, etc. Upon the person of this Seneca chief was found a pocket book which contained two papers of interest. One was a certificate, of which the following is a copy.

"This may certify that Kayingwaurto, the Sanake Chief, has been on an expedition to Fort Stanwix and has taken two scalps, one from an officer and a corporal that were a gunning near the fort, for which I promise to pay at sight, *ten dollars for each scalp*.

"Given under my hand at Buck's Island.

"JOHN BUTLER, *Col. and Supt.*

"*of the Six Nations and the*

"*Allies of his Majesty.*"

It having been asserted in Congress, after the war, that there was no evidence of the fact that the British government authorized the payment of money for scalps, the original certificate of Col. Butler to Kayingwaurto, known by one of the New York members, Hon. Killian K. Van Rensselaer of Albany, to be in Machin's possession, was sent for, and was accordingly forwarded to the seat of government; the evidence it contained was satisfactory that Britain did buy American scalps, and thus the controversy ended. In 1873, Richard Van Rensselaer, Esq., a son of Killian K., assured the writer that this receipt could not be found among his father's papers.

The Scalping of Capt. Gregg and his Companion.—This certificate is without a date, but the scalps were obtained as follows: June 25, 1777, Captain James Gregg, left Fort Stanwix with Corporal Madison, probably of his own company, and both of Col. Gansevoort's regiment, to shoot pigeons. Col. G. said they left the fort, contrary to orders, soon after breakfast. When distant one and a half miles northerly from the fort, they were shot down by two Indians; at least Capt. Gregg saw but two, and Madison was killed and scalped. The Capt. was shot and tomahawked, and feigning death, suffered his scalp to be removed; which, after an incision around the head, was done by the Indian's teeth. After his foes left him, the Captain looked at his watch and found, as he assured the Colonel, it was just 10 o'clock. Supposing his death at hand, Capt. Gregg thought his suffering would be mitigated could he but pillow his head upon the body of his companion, a few rods distant; and after several attempts he gained that position: to find himself annoyed by the caresses and whining of a favorite little dog. Too sick at heart to bear with his faithful canine friend, he addressed him as though a rational being—"If you desire so much to help me, go and call some one to my relief!"

To the surprise of the sufferer, the dog ran off to a couple of men of the garrison, who were fishing in the Mohawk, nearly a mile distant. By his unusual action and pitiful moans, the men, knowing whose dog it was, agreed to follow him and have the mystery solved. After proceeding some distance, they hesitated, fearing a decoy, when the little messenger increased his cries, intercepted their path and, with his teeth, endeavored

to lead them onward. The fishermen now resolved to follow the dog at all hazard, and he soon brought them to his suffering master. This, says Col. Gansevoort, was about two o'clock in the afternoon. They at once reported what they had discovered at the fort, when the Colonel sent a party to bring in the Captain, as also the body of Corporal Madison, arriving at the fort a little after three, p. m. The Corporal was buried from the fort, and the Captain was as well cared for as circumstances would allow ; but was afterwards removed to the hospital at Albany, and fell under the immediate care of Dr. Thatcher, who thus speaks of him : "He was a most frightful spectacle ; the whole of his scalp was removed ; in two places on the fore part of his head, the tomahawk had penetrated through the skull ; there was a wound on his back from the same instrument, besides a wound in his side and another through his arm by a musket ball. This unfortunate man, after suffering extremely for a long time, finally recovered, and appeared to be well satisfied in having his scalp restored to him, though uncovered with hair." At the end of a year or two he was again on duty, and survived the war several years.—*Col. Gansevoort's report to Gen. Schuyler ; Dr. Dwight's narrative, and Dr. Thatcher's Military Journal.*

The other paper found in the pocket book of the Seneca chief, filed "Convention of Whyoming," is an original manuscript under the hand and seal of John Butler and Kayingwaurto, the seal of the latter being the figured emblem of a turtle.*

"WESTMORELAND, 5th July, 1778.

"This doth hereby certify that Lieut. Elisha Scovell has surrendered his garrison with all his people to government, and to remain as neutral during the present contest with Great Britain and America ; in consideration of which, Col. John Butler, Superintendent of the Six Nations of Indians, their allies, etc., with Kayingwaurto, the chief of the Sanake (Seneca) nation and the other chief warriors of the Six Nations, do promise, that they shall live in quiet possession of their places with their families, and shall be daily protected from insult as far as lies

* About the year 1850, I sent this paper by mail to the Historical Society of Philadelphia, as its proper custodian, but know not its fate—hope it was not lost.

in their power, and provided that they should be taken it is our desire that they may forthwith be released.

“[L. s.]

JOHN BUTLER.

“[Device of Turtle.]

KAYINGWAURTO.”

Sullivan's Homeward Route. — The map made by Capt. Machin also shows that on the return of Sullivan's army from the Genesee country, it proceeded along the north side of the outlet of Seneca lake, destroying equi-distant from Seneca and Cayuga lakes, an Indian village called Scawyace. Crossing the outlet of Cayuga the route was continued up the eastern side of the lake. “East Cayuga or Old Town, Cayuga castle, Upper Cayuga and Chonodote,” are places noted on the map on this part of the route. Fourteen small streams are located as having been crossed along the eastern shore of the lake, all running into it before reaching its principal tributary. Passing a few miles up the latter stream the army crossed it, and continuing a southwesterly course came into the road by which it had gone out, about five miles above the mouth of Spring creek. The following table of distances, made at the time, is preserved with the map, and is in Machin's handwriting.

“*Distance of Places from Easttown to Chenneessee, (Genesee) castle, taken in 1779, by actual survey.*”

NAME OF PLACES.	Miles	Total.
From Easttown to Weoming.....	65	65
To Lachawaneck creek.....	10	75
To Quailuternunk.....	7	82
To Tunkhannunk creek.....	11	93
To Meshohing creek.....	9	102
To Vanderlip's plantation.....	5	107
To Wealusking town.....	8	115
To Wessawkin, or Pine creek.....	14½	129½
To Tioga.....	15½	145
To Chemung.....	12	157
To Newtown.....	8½	165½
To French Catharine's Town.....	18	183½
To Candia, or Apple Town.....	27½	211
To the outlet of the Seneca lake.....	11½	222½
To Kanadesago, or the Seneca castle.....	3½	226
To Kanandaque.....	15½	241½
To Haunyauya.....	13½	255
To Adjusta.....	12½	267½
To Cossauwauloughby.....	7	274½
To Chenessee castle.....	5½	280

"Distance from Kanadesago round the Cayuga lake to Newtown—Fort Reed.

NAMES OF PLACES.	Miles.	Total.
From Kanadesago to Scawyace.....	8½	8½
To across the outlet of the Cayuga.....	8½	17
To the Cayuga castle.....	10	27
To Chonodote, a town remarkable for a number of peach trees	8½	30½
To the upper end of Cayuga lake.....	28	58½
To (a town on the map but not named)	5	58½
And from thence to Newtown, otherwise Fort Reed.....	27½	86

Brant Invades Orange County.—One of the latest enterprises of the enemy on the frontier of New York in the summer of 1779, ere they hurried back to western New York to defend their own castles, was made by Brant on the night of July 19, 1779; when, with 87 Indians and Tories he destroyed the settlement of Minisink. Ten houses were burned and with them a stockade and two mills. Several citizens were killed and others were made prisoners. The invaders killed or drove away many cattle and horses, with all the plunder they could carry. Brant had kept much of his force at Grassy Brook, to which place he returned with all possible dispatch. The citizens of Goshen—famed in later times for its butter making—turned out 150 men under Col. Benjamin Tusten, to pursue them. Many Tories who had gone to Canada from that vicinity were with the foemen to pilot them hither. Col. Tusten was opposed to pursuit without more troops, but was overruled by a majority of the men assembled, who were encouraged to boldness by Maj. Meeker, who exclaimed: "Let the brave men follow me!" Wiser counsels were set at naught, and the little army advanced in the enemy's pursuit. At the end of 17 miles they were joined by a small reinforcement of Warwick militia under Col. Hathorn; but as senior officer, Col. Tusten retained the command. The Colonels with the prudent, were opposed to advancing further, as the Indian camp fires gave evidence that the pursued greatly outnumbered the pursuers. The voice of prudence was again stifled and the resolution to go forward prevailed. Capt. Tyler,* a woodsman, was sent forward with a scout to ascertain the movements of the enemy, but at the end

of a short distance he fell before a concealed foe. This circumstance caused some alarm, but the volunteers pressed forward in sight of Delaware river, and upon its banks less than a mile distant, the Indians were seen marching toward a fording place.

The intention of Brant was to cross the river here, for which purpose his booty had already safely passed over. The Americans thought to intercept the enemy at the ford, and Col. Hathorn moved forward with the troops for that purpose, but anticipating his motive, when intervening hills concealed his movement, Brant by an adroit manœuvre crossed the track of the Americans, gained their rear and selected a favorable position for a battle with an ambuscade. The first shot now fired was at an Indian mounted upon a horse stolen at Minisink; and as the Indian fell the battle followed. The conflict was an obstinate one, the Goshen militia being hemmed in by several times their own number. The conflict lasted from 11 A. M., until near sunset, when the Americans got out of ammunition, and attempted a retreat. Much of the fighting had been done under the cover of trees and rocks, but in their retreat many of the volunteers were overtaken and slain. Col. Tusten was a physician and surgeon, and when the retreat began, he was behind a cliff of rocks dressing the wounded. He had 17 patients under treatment, whose cries for mercy were disregarded; for the enemy had soon tomahawked them all, and Col. Tusten's scalp went to Canada with the rest. The loss of the enemy is not known. *Almon's Remembrancer* stated that out of 149, only 30 returned. *Drake's Biog. Dictionary* speaking of Col. Tusten's death, says he was killed with 44 of his men. Besides Col. Tusten, 17 other officers are said to have been killed.—*Stone's Brant.*

Brave Defence of a Cherry Valley Dwelling.—After the cessation of hostilities, Gen. Washington, with Gov. Clinton and several others, visited Cherry Valley; when Gov. Clinton enquired for Robert Shankland, a plucky Irishman, who had married a relative of his. He was sent for, and being called on to do so, he entertained the distinguished guests by relating the following event: When Cherry Valley was destroyed, his dwelling was on the outskirts of the settlement, two miles northeast of the fort, where Elijah Bush now lives, and although his family escaped that morning to the Mohawk, the

house remained unburned. The following summer (1779), he returned to his home with his son Thomas, a lad 14 years of age, to cultivate some of his lands. Here is the story as related in the *Annals of Tryon County*.

"They (father and son) were awakened one morning before daylight, by a violent pounding at the door, with a demand for admittance, made in broken English. He arose, and taking down his guns, directed his son to load them as fast as they should be discharged by him. Upon listening, he ascertained that the demand was made by Indians, who were endeavoring to hew down the door with their tomahawks. With a spear in his hand, he carefully unbarred his door and charged upon them. Surprised by this sudden and unexpected attack, they fell back. One of the Indians, whom he pursued, fell over a log which lay near the door and into which he struck his spear. He drew it back suddenly and the blade remained in the wood. Seizing the blade, he wrested it from the log and retreated into the house. Not a gun was fired nor a tomahawk thrown at him in this sortie.

"The Indians now commenced firing through the door and into the windows, which was returned by Mr. S., though with no effect on the part of the Indians, and with little on his. One or two of the assailants were slightly wounded. His son became frightened, made his escape from a window and ran toward the woods. He was discovered—pursued and taken. When Mr. S. learned from their shouts that this was the case, he determined to sally out again and sell his life as dearly as possible. But upon reflection, fearing it might endanger the life of his son, whom they might otherwise save alive, he concluded to remain and defend his house to the last. The Indians, who were few in number, finding themselves unable to effect an entrance into the house, hit upon another method of attack. They gathered combustible materials, and placing them at a side of the house, where there were no windows, they set fire to them. In a few minutes the whole side of the house was enveloped in flames. There was but one way of escape. He had sown a field of hemp, which came up to the house on one side, and luckily the side in which was the cellar door. The prospect of a successful defense being now over, he went into the cellar, and having gained the woods through the hemp (armed with

two guns as we suppose), made his way to the Mohawk valley in safety. The Indians waited until the house burned down, supposing its owner to have been burned in it, and then raising a shout of victory, they departed taking their prisoner with them into the western part of the State." As may be supposed, the narrator had the fixed attention of his audience, as I have had of the reader.

A Corn Husking.—The Revolutionary soldier sometimes saw a happy hour, as the following story will show. In the fall of 1779, there was a corn husking at the residence of John Eikler, in Philadelphia bush. His house was some six miles eastward from Johnstown, and where John Frank formerly kept a tavern. Capt. John Littel permitted ten or a dozen young men of his company to go from the Johnstown fort to the husking, of which number was my informant, *Jacob Shew*. They went on foot from the fort to Eikler's. A lot of buxom maidens corresponding in number of the huskers, were already assembled from the scattered settlement on their arrival. As the night was a rainy one, the corn was taken into the house to husk.

In the protracted struggle for political freedom, many a lovely girl had to toil in the field to raise sustenance for herself and feeble friends, when the strong arms on which they had before leaned were wielding the sword or musket far away. Consequently, the young ladies present—neither deemed it disgraceful or unbecoming their sex, to take an efficient part in the exercise which had convened them. As the husking progressed, not a few red ears were found, imposing a penalty on the finder, and lucky indeed was the son of Mars who canceled such forfeit, as he was brought in contact with the cherry lips of a blushing lass, who, although she may have said aloud the young rebel ought to be ashamed, secretly blessed the inventor of huskings—especially one of them.

A part of the corn was risked and hung up under the roof of a linter, which, to add variety to the entertainment, broke down under its accumulated weight, and came near entrapping one of the guests. After the corn was all husked and the eatables and drinkables—pumpkin pies and cider—were disposed of, the party had glorious times. But why specify at this late day, the details of ancient sayings and doings. Suffice it to add, the rain came down in torrents, so as to prevent the guests

from returning home; and after the midnight hilarity had stolen out through the crannies of the log dwelling, the guests—but how dispose of so many without beds? The husks were leveled down, and all took a soldier's lodge upon them; for the girls—heaven bless their memory! were the artless and true maidens of the times. The arrangement of the sleepers among the husks—but let me not tread on any one's corns—the party dispersed at daylight, and most surely—

“All's well that ends well”—every time.

Surprise of the Folts Brothers While Picking Berries.—Among the early settlers on the German Flats, was a family named Folts, and at the period indicated, three brothers of the name dwelt together, or in close neighborhood at Fort Dayton. Their names were Joseph, Melchert and Conrad, their ages ranging in the order named. The two oldest were married. July 9, 1779,* those brothers with the wives of the married ones, and Mrs. Catharine Dorenberger, who was a Hilts before marriage, went up the West Canada creek about a mile to pick raspberries. Joseph took along his gun which he laid upon a log. While they were all engaged, they discovered a dozen Indians and Tories stealing upon them. An alarm was shouted and Melchert and Conrad then near together, ran for life in the nearest unobstructed direction to the fort, followed by the three women. Three of the enemy fired upon and pursued them, and Melchert's wife received a buck-shot in the breast, but did not fall; and as the enemy passed them in their attempt to overtake the men, the two Folts women found a safe hiding place. Mrs. Dorenberger was overtaken by one of the party as subsequently learned, who was a Hilts, *her own brother*, who stabbed her several times with a spear and drew off her scalp for market. After a hard race the brothers met a party of troops the firing had drawn from the fort, who, in turn, drove the enemy back.

Joseph Folts ran to get his gun, which separated him from the rest, and nine of the party pursued him, but before he turned

* I was unable to fix the date of this transaction until the late Rev. William Johns, who took a deep interest in our Revolutionary history, in 1875, published in the *Herkimer Gazette*, the copy of an account against the State, by Dr. William Petree for surgical services; which fortunately settles the date of this and some other important events. This was one of the comparatively few invasions of the enemy, while Sullivan was on his way to retaliate their destructive raids. Mr. Johns died only a year or two later.

his back on them he gave them a parting salute. They were in close proximity, his gun was loaded with 21 buckshot, and as they were favorably in line, *three* of the rascals bit the dust: two never to rise, the third mortally wounded. His pursuers fired on and followed him, but three of them falling, they seemed panic-stricken and halted, except one, who soon came up with and clinched him, inflicting a wound on his arm with a tomahawk. The struggle for the mastery was brief, the intrepid Folts, dashing his adversary to the ground and giving him a blow that loosened his grasp, when he renewed his flight. While the two were struggling the panic-stricken reloaded their guns, but were prevented from shooting Folts, through fear of injuring their leader. As soon as the latter was not exposed, they again fired and inflicted other wounds upon his person, but he fled; and, faint from loss of blood, excitement and fatigue, he, too, was met by troops from the fort, and gained it without any further injury. The other two women were found, in their concealment, but alas, the wounded one had paid nature's final debt. She was buried, with becoming respect, at the fort.

Here are Dr. Petree's charges for services to Folts and Mrs. Dorenbergh:

July 9, 1779, Jost Vols [now written Joseph Folts], wounded in the thigh and arm with a ball, three buck-shot, and a cut with a hatchet; under my care six weeks; dressed twice a day	£4 10 0
Same date, Dorenberger, scalped, and stabbed with a spear on five sundry places; dressed twice a day	£16 0 0

It would seem by this account that Mrs. Dorenberger survived her injuries.

Subsequent to the invasion narrated, one of the Folts brothers was made a prisoner at Steele's Creek, near Ilion, and taken to Canada. While there the tory, Hiltz, recognized his former neighbor, and offered to shake hands with him. The patriot refused to touch the blood-stained hand, but asked him sarcastically if he remembered when he scalped his own sister with that hand. "And what do you know about that?" sharply retorted the villain. "What do I know about it?" said the prisoner; "I was there when you did it." "Well," said Hiltz, "if I had seen you there I would have had your scalp, too." Thus admitting that he sold his sister's scalp. The particulars of this event were furnished the author, in manuscript, by *Frederick Petrie*,

who was well acquainted with the family ; and at personal interviews with *Conrad Folts*, a son of one of the brothers, *Conrad Hartman* and *John Dockstader*, who were familiar with all the circumstances. I asked the latter if it was true that Folts killed three Indians at one shot. "Yes," he replied, "you may say he did. Two never got up, and the third died on his way to Canada ; and," continued he, "this was the best shot made in the Herkimer settlements during the war."

The account of Dr. Petrie against the State, from which I copied two items, gives others which should find brief mention, as the names of these sufferers will not all appear elsewhere—

1777, Aug. 6, Conrad Vols [Folts], ranger in Capt. Bradley's company, wounded with a ball and two buckshot. As this was on the day of the Oriskany battle, he was no doubt wounded there.

1779, May 10, the wife of Jost Smith, and the wife of Henry Widerstyn ; both scalped, and cared for by him eleven months.

Then followed the two already given.

1780, Aug. 8. John Dachstader and Conrad Vols, both wounded with buck-shot.

" Sept. 1st. Jacob Ittig, wounded ; wound dressed 40 days.

" Sept. 31st, Christian Schell, wounded through his arm.

" Oct. 29, Adam Hartman and John Demood, each with a ball.

1781, Feb. 6, Peter Davis, fort surprised [what fort and where ?] and three of his daughters wounded : one stabbed three times, and a cut with a hatchet.

" May 28, Nath. Shoemaker, wounded with a ball through his breast.

" " Abram Wohleber, scalped, and two scalps taken at one time.

" June 24, Frederick Schell, wounded with a ball through his thigh.

Doctor Petrie's bill footed£121.10.0—\$303.75.

A Deserter Shot at Fort Paris.—About the 10th of November, as reported to Gen. Ten Broek, then commanding at Albany, Col. Visscher mentions the burning of a dwelling in the back part of Mayfield. The owner, Harmanus Flanke, suspected of disaffection to the American cause, was then living in Johnstown. The house was supposed to have been destroyed by some one from the block-house at Sacandaga. The roof of another house, the owner of which was of similar politics, was torn off, such was the spirit of party animosity.

In a letter to Maj. Taylor, then commanding the Johnstown Fort, dated November 27th, Col. Visscher states that he is under the necessity of convening a court martial on the following day, and that he, the Major, should attend, bringing with him an-

other officer, also to act as a member. The same letter states that an accident happened at the fort the same morning, by which two men were wounded—one mortally. The nature of the accident is perhaps explained in a letter from Col. Visscher to Gen. Ten Broek, dated the 28th instant. In it he states, that during his absence to visit Fort Plank, a detachment of men from Col. Stephen J. Schuyler's regiment *mutinied*, and expressing a determination to leave the fort, charged their pieces with ball, in presence of the officers. They were at first persuaded to unsling their packs and remain until Col. Visscher returned, but seeing Captain Jelles Fonda, (known afterwards as Major Fonda) then in temporary command of the garrison, writing to Col. V., the mutineers again mounted packs, and knocking down the sentinels in their way, began to desert in earnest. Capt. Fonda ordered them to stand, but not heeding his command they continued their flight, when he ordered the troops of the fort to fire upon them. The order was obeyed, and Jacob Valentine, one of the number, fell mortally wounded, and expired the next morning. The letter does not so state, but I have been advised that the deserters considered their term of enlistment at an end. The court martial, I suppose, convened to try Capt. Fonda, as I have been credibly informed that he was thus tried for a similar offense, and honorably acquitted.

Early in December, as the season was so far advanced that an enemy was unlooked for, and provisions were becoming scarce, it was resolved, at a meeting of Colonels Viascher, J. Klock, and Lieut.-Col. P. Wagner, with the sanction of Gen. Ten Broek, to dismiss the three months militia from further service; and some of the garrisons were for a time broken up.

A State Tax for New York was levied by the Legislature October, 23, 1779, for two millions five hundred thousand dollars; of which sum the quota for Tryon county was fixed at \$81,766. By a warrant from the supervisors of the county, to the assessors of its several districts, dated November 29, following the passage of the act, directing them properly to apportion to each taxpayer his just proportion the sum therein assessed, I find the quota for Canajoharie district (now before me) was \$16,728—as they said—“being an equitable and due proportion of the county quota.” The papers were directed under the hand and seal of the supervisors, to the assessors of

the several districts, who were to make their "assessments on the inhabitants within the district according to the *estates, circumstances* and *abilities* of each respective person to pay taxes collectively considered"; who were to execute their task by the sixth day of December. Signed,

JELLES FONDA,
CHRIS. P. YATES,
JOHN PICKERT,
AUGUSTINUS HESS.

Giving a more explicit account of the application of the Legislative act, the warrant was accompanied by another paper under the hand and seal of the same four supervisors, directed to the assessors of Canajoharie. After stating that the supervisors had settled, at their meeting at the date first mentioned, the amount to be raised in the county had been divided and settled (meaning in the districts), they say: "In addition to the directions contained in the warrant, it may not be amiss to inform you that by law none are exempted from taxation, but such as are in the army, and those who by reason of the invasions of the enemy have removed from their places of abode—observe, that the latter, such as are in a way of acquiring property may also be taxed."

"It is the intention of the law, that all single persons and others who do business for themselves, should bear a reasonable proportion of the public burthen, be they who they may, or come from any place no matter where—you will therefore be particularly careful to omit none such."

"It is observable also, and must be attended to, that in dividing the quota, you are to tax not only the real and personal estate of each respective person, but consider also the circumstances and abilities of every one." This paper bore the same date as its fellow and was directed: "To the assessors of Canajoharie." It would be a satisfaction to know who the assessors were at this period, in Canajoharie, as also who they were in the other districts, who had to execute so important and responsible a trust. As those papers were preserved in the Seeber family, it is reasonable to conclude, that William Seeber, Jr., or the second William Seeber in the district, was one of the Canajoharie assessors. The papers were evidently drawn up by Christopher

P. Yates ; who is believed to have been the best scholar in the Mohawk valley. He, with Maj. John Frey, also a good scholar, and possibly Maj. Jelles Fonda, Maj. John Eisenlord, Isaac Paris and several other prominent men of that period ; I suppose may have had the benefit of Rev. Samuel Dunlap's grammar school at Cherry Valley.

With the tax papers already mentioned, a third one is preserved bearing date April 6, 1780, also directed to the assessors of Canajoharie district. This was a warrant to carry into execution another act of the State Legislature, for raising in the State of New York, the sum of *five millions of dollars*, the quota assigned to Tryon county being fixed at \$120,000. The quota of the Canajoharie district being \$28,000. This sum was to be raised on similar conditions to those named in the assessment of the fall before, and was required completed before the 17th day of April, and placed in the hands of the supervisors of that district for his inspection. The name of Mr. Fonda was not attached to this warrant, which was signed by the following as supervisors : Chris. P. Yates, John Pickerd, Henrich Staring and Augustinus Hess.

Here then was levied upon this sparsely peopled and wide spread frontier county in some four months, a tax of \$201,766 ; and of that sum assessed to Canajoharie district, was \$44,728. Many of the settlers were but just beginning to live comfortably when the war began ; while much of the territory had, like Cherry Valley and its adjoining settlements, already been crushed by the iron heel of war. How much of this large tax was ever paid, we cannot say, but only a few months after the second levy, the county—more especially the district of Canajoharie, was swept over with the tomahawk and fire-brand, by Brant with his Indian followers, and Butler's rangers disguised as Indians—until mourning and desolation came with the wolf of poverty to hundreds of hearth stones. Who can now realize the sad picture presented in the Mohawk valley in the years 1780 and 1781 ? and who now, of their abundance in this glorious heritage, should begrudge their mite to perpetuate the name and fame of the self-sacrificing heroes, whose blood and treasure transmitted to them this golden patrimony ? God grant that the dedicatees of this work may ever guard with a jealous eye, the civil and religious privileges bequeathed to them by a simple,

brave, honest, virtuous and noble ancestry—whose footsteps often led through fire and human gore.

The early and energetic measures adopted in 1779, against the enemy, prevented the sallies of the latter upon most of the frontiers of New York, and that year was one in which the pioneers suffered comparatively but little, from the tomahawk and scalping knife.

Naples and Spain Favor our Struggle for Freedom.—At this period of the contest the States were beginning to gain favor in Europe. Early in 1779, the King of Naples opened his ports to the striped bunting of the United States; and in the course of the season Spain declared war against England. John Jay was appointed by Congress, of which he was then a member, a minister to the court of Spain.

Closing Events of 1779.—Although no great enterprises were achieved to the United States during this season, if we except the destruction of the Indian possessions in western New York; still many events occurred in the length and breadth of the land, to raise and depress the hopes of the Americans. The south became the theatre of some of the most important events. An attempt was made by the American troops under Gen. Lincoln, and the French under the Count d'Estaing, to take Savannah; and notwithstanding the allied forces displayed great bravery, they were repulsed with a loss of 1,000 men. Several good officers were killed by this unfortunate attack, among whom was the noble and generous Pole, Count Pulaski, then a Brigadier-General.

Although several brilliant exploits were performed at the south by the American troops, still the year closed without any event transpiring to greatly accelerate the close of the contest. In the course of the season, Gen. Tryon and Gen. Garth wanted only destroyed much property along the coast of Connecticut. After sacking New Haven, they laid Fairfield and Norwalk in ashes, committing numerous outrages upon the helpless citizens. As the militia turned out promptly on those occasions, the British sought safety on shipboard. While the enemy were thus engaged in Connecticut, Gen. Wayne most gallantly stormed the fortress of Stony Point in the Highlands of the Hudson.

It was also in the autumn of this season that Com. John Paul Jones, a meritorious and distinguished naval officer in the

American service, alarmed several towns in Scotland, and in an engagement off that coast, took the British frigate *Serapis*, after one of the most bloody battles ever fought upon the ocean. Both ships were repeatedly on fire, and when the enemy struck his colors, the wounded could scarcely be removed to the conquered vessel, which was also much crippled, before the *Bon Homme Richard*, Jones's ship, went down.

In the fall of 1779, several stockades in the vicinity of the Mohawk river were under the command of Col. Visscher, as appears by a journal of that officer's military correspondence, placed in the hands of the author by his son, Maj. Daniel Visscher. Col. Visscher established his headquarters at Fort Paris. The following facts are gleaned from the memoranda. His first *patrol* for the several garrisons was "Washington," and *countersign* "Sullivan." Subject to his direction were the troops stationed at the Johnstown Fort, Fort Plank, and the block-houses at Sacandaga, and Reme Snyder's bush. The last named was a little distance northeast of Little Falls.

At the close of the season, part of the northern army went into winter quarters under Gen. Washington a second time at Morristown, New Jersey, and the remainder in the vicinity of West Point. Owing to the almost valueless currency of the country, which would not buy provisions, a want of proper management in the commissary department, a lack of suitable clothing, and the extreme severity of the winter, the American troops suffered incredible hardships. But this suffering was endured, for their beloved commander suffered with them, and the object for which the soldier had taken up arms, had not yet been accomplished.

Further Mention of Early Merchants.—In the first volume, mention was made of the early merchants of then western New York, and we were prepared to name several of the most successful soon after the war, in the same connection. The memoranda which failed of insertion there, will we trust, be no less welcome here. The first of this class remembered, was William Beekman,* who located near the "Martin Van Alstine Ferry,"

* Mr Beekman was born on the ocean when his father's family was emigrating from Holland to the vicinity of Albany, and settling in Schoharie county, just before its organization in 1785, he was appointed first judge of the common pleas bench, a position he held and creditably filled for about 40 years. He died November 26, 1845, aged 78 years.

a mile east of Canajoharie, where, for a time, he was associated in business with George Best. He located here, as believed, about the year 1788, and at the end of a few years became a pioneer merchant in Sharon, N. Y. After Judge Beekman had been in business a few years at Canajoharie, where he established a good reputation, he went to the Little Lakes (now Warren), to marry Joanna, a daughter of Nicholas Lowe. He called on Rev. Christian Diedrich Pick, or Peek, as written by his family, to tie the knot, who took with him Peter Young and William Seeber, Esquires, to witness the ceremony. After the bird was caged, Beekman asked the Dominie what he must pay him. "Well," said the good man, "it is a pretty muddy time," and extending an open palm, he added, "you can put in until the hand closes." One, two, three silver dollars rested in the palm, and the groom paused to notice the effect; the muscles began slightly to move, and the fall of the fourth dollar caused the fingers to twitch and contract a little, but it was not until the fifth dollar dropped on the palm that the joints relaxed and the fingers closed around the lucre. The Domine and his guests returned the same day, without the groom. The Domine was a fast rider, and the party on arriving at Seeber's residence in "Seeber's lane," were literally covered with soil. Esq. Young then resided where the late H. E. Williams erected his beautiful mansion, at Fort Plain.

About the time Beekman left, Barent Roseboom and brothers, John and Abram, occupied a store on the east side of the creek in Canajoharie, not far from the stone dwelling erected by the late Thos. B. Mitchell. After a time, Philip Van Alstine became the sole partner of Barent Roseboom, and they transferred their business to the old Beekman stand near the ferry. Not far from 1790, the Kane brothers came to Canajoharie and established themselves in the mercantile business, opening their first store in the old Van Alstine stone dwelling, still standing on the east side of the creek. This dwelling was erected about the middle of the last century.

This house Revolutionary men have assured me, was palisaded in the war as Fort Rensselaer—a name which Gen. Van Rensselaer of the Claverack militia in his tardy pursuit of the enemy in 1780, gave to Fort Plain; at least in writing from

that fort he dated his dispatches at Fort Rensselaer, for some motive.

The Kane Firm as Known, was John Kane & Brothers.—There were seven of these brothers, but it is supposed all were not interested in the store. Their names were John, Charles, Elias, Oliver, Elisha, James and Archibald, of whom only John, James and Archibald are now remembered as merchants. At the end of a year or two, they erected not far from Van Alstine's ferry, a stone dwelling with an arched roof covered with lead, and near it a store and several small ware-houses. The house, or the most of it, is still standing, although the roof has lost its lead and taken on a hip. They continued to trade in this place until about 1805 or 1806, and became celebrated through the entire Mohawk valley, as the heaviest dealers in it. Much of their business between Canajoharie and Schenectada, was done in river boats, for the accommodation of which they cut a canal across the flats to the river.

Archibald Kane kept two good horses, which he usually drove tandem. Some of the customers of the Kanes are remembered as characterizing them as *sharppers*, taking advantage of their more ignorant patrons; but whether there was any just cause for doubting their integrity cannot now be told—they do not seem to have established so unblemished a reputation in their trade as did Sir William Johnson two generations, or Maj. Jelles Fonda, one generation earlier. The period when the Rosebooms and Kanes were in trade, was a very dissolute one: gambling, horse racing, card playing and rum drinking permeating nearly all of the better classes of society; and this sad condition of things growing in a great degree out of the war for independence, continued for nearly a generation after its close. Indeed, so deeply had this blight rooted, that numerous churches were affected by intemperance, not a few clergymen falling into this great vortex of moral turpitude.

The "Round Top" came to be a favorite place of resort for card playing for the *elite* of this part of the valley at that time, and its night scenes of dissipation were of constant occurrence. Although rivals of the Kanes in trade, Roseboom and his partner were often inmates of the Kane dwelling on the occasions referred to. Petty quarrels at the gaming table were usually amicably adjusted, but one originating here would not down at

the bidding of reason. The gamesters were playing high, when Henry F. Cox became indebted to Archibald Kane in sum of \$100. Kane became the debtor of Roseboom for the same amount, and proposed to the latter, that he should look to Cox for his pay, which he refused to do. Kane and Cox were warm personal friends, and professing to be grossly insulted, the former in a passion, said some cutting things, which were effectively hurled back. Prior to this there had been some little difficulty between Van Alstine, Roseboom's partner and Kane, at which time the latter had manifested intolerance. Of this Roseboom was aware, and he replied to some epithet the expression: "Mr. Kane, you have not got my partner to deal with now; I will give you all the satisfaction you want!"* A formal challenge was given by Kane and accepted by Roseboom for a pistol arbitrament of their difficulties.

The Duel.—On the morning of April 18, 1801, after a light fall of snow, in a small pine grove on the hill west of the Round Top, the parties met, trooper's pistols in hand, to settle their late feud. As regards the friends of the belligerents present, I may observe that three old gentlemen, who were boys of that period, whom I interviewed on the same day in 1866, named the following as seconds of the parties: Col. Abram N. Van Alstine, whose father, Nicholas Van Alstine, was at the table when the quarrel originated, named Henry F. Cox as one. Goshen P. Van Alstine, a son of Roseboom's partner, named Cox as one and George Ten Eyck, the miller of his father, as the other. Herman I. Ehle, who saw the tracks of the combatants in the snow a few hours after the duel, named Doctor Douglass, a physician then residing below the village, and H. F. Yates. The prevailing belief is that Cox was the second of Kane, and it is probable that Doctor Douglass was the other. Dr. Joshua Webster † was there as surgeon for Kane, and Dr. Joseph White

* Meeting the venerable James Kane in Albany, in the autumn of 1845, he said I had in my History of Schoharie County, etc., done his brother injustice by stating that he gave the challenge. He said Roseboom gave the challenge. The version given above, which Peter G. Webster, Esq., had from his father, gives the key to this matter, viz: that although the formal written challenge came from Kane, yet the implied challenge of Roseboom compelled the written one from Kane. On leaving Canajoharie the Kane brothers became effectually scattered. James, the book-keeper of the firm, who was much respected in Albany, died there about 1847, an octogenarian.

† Dr. Webster, then a young man, came from Scarborough, Maine, with his profession and his integrity, to seek his fortune in the Mohawk Valley. He married Catha-

acted as such for Roseboom. They were stationed 20 paces apart, and at the signal to fire, Roseboom did so, and the pistol of his antagonist fell from his hand undischarged, and his arm dropped palsied by his side, it having received a bad flesh wound. He had previously lost his left hand, and was now, for a time, rendered quite helpless. The seconds interceded and the "brave" men were again reconciled, the party adjourning to the Kane dwelling, as tradition has it, to end the serious farce in a new game of cards. Thus ended an event which gave rise, for a period, to a world of gossip in Central New York.

PRINCIPAL EVENTS OF 1780.

If the Indians had been severely chastised in New York in 1779, and had been obliged to seek out new habitations for their families, and consequently were not very troublesome that season; they were early treading the war path the succeeding year, to revenge the lasting injuries done them.

The following incident transpired in the spring of 1780, in the Mohawk valley. The facts were related to the author by *John S. Quackenboss*, and *Isaac Covenhoven*, the latter one of the actors:

A Noted Tory, How Killed.—George Cuck, a tory who had become somewhat notorious from his having been engaged with the enemy at Oriskany, Cherry Valley, and elsewhere, entered the valley of the Mohawk late in the fall of 1779, with the view of obtaining the scalps of Capt. Jacob Gardinier, and his Lieut., Abraham D. Quackenboss, for which the enemy had offered a large bounty. Cuck was seen several times in the fall, and on one occasion, while sitting on a rail fence, was fired upon by Abraham Covenhoven, a former whig neighbor. He then entered the rail upon which he sat, and he escaped. As nothing more was seen of him after that event, it was generally supposed he had returned to Canada. At this period, a tory by the name of John Van Zuyler, resided in a small dwelling which stood in a then retired spot, a few rods south of the residence of the late

rine, a daughter of Joseph Wagner, who was a son of Lieut. Col. Peter Wagner of the Revolution; the wife of the former having been a daughter of John Abeel, the Indian trader. He became a resident of Fort Plain village in its infancy, and lived to see it attain to a handsome growth through his generous aid. He was long a prominent citizen, filling many important positions in society being President of the Fort Plain bank at the time of his death, which occurred at the age of 78, in 1849.

Maj. James Winne, in the town of Glen. Van Zuyler had three daughters, and although he lived some distance from neighbors, and a dense forest intervened between his residence and the river settlements, several miles distant, the young whigs would occasionally visit his girls. Tory girls sometimes made agreeable "sparkers," especially in "sugar time."

James Cromwell, a young man who lived near the Mohawk, went one pleasant Sunday evening in the month of March, to see Cornelia, one of Van Zuyler's daughters. Most of the settlers then made maple sugar, and Cromwell found his fair *Dulcinea*, boiling sap in the sugar bush. While they were "sparking it," the girl, perhaps thinking her name would soon be Mrs. Cromwell, became very confiding and communicative. She told her beau that the tory Cuck, was at their house. Cromwell at first appeared incredulous. "He is surely there," said she, "and when any one visits the house, he is secreted under the floor." The report of his having been seen in the fall instantly recurred to his mind, and from the earnestness of the girl, he believed her story. Perhaps Cromwell was aware that the girl, when with him, was inclined to be whiggish—be that as it may, he resolved instantly to set about ascertaining the truth or falsehood of the information. In a very short time he complained of being made suddenly ill, from eating too much sugar. The girl, whose sympathy was aroused, thinking from his motions that he was badly griped, finally consented to let him go home and "sugar off" alone. Away went Cromwell, pressing his hands upon his bowels and groaning fearfully, until he was out of sight and hearing of his paramour, when the pains left him. Taking a direct course through the woods, he reached the dwelling of Capt. Jacob Gardinier, some four miles below his own, and within the present village of Fultonville, about 12 o'clock at night, and calling him up, told him what he had heard. Capt. Gardinier sent immediately to his Lieut., Abram D. Quackenboss, to select a dozen stout hearted men and meet them as soon as possible at his house. The Lieutenant enquired what business was on hand. The messenger replied—"Capt. Gardinier said I should tell you that there was a black bear to be caught." In a short time the requisite number of whigs had assembled, and the Captain, taking his Lieutenant aside, told him the duty he had to perform. He declined going himself on

account of ill health, and entrusted the enterprise to his Lieutenant. He directed him to proceed with the utmost caution, as the foe was no doubt armed, and as his name was a terror in the valley, to kill him at sight. The party, well armed, set off on the mission.

The snow, yet on the ground, was crusted so hard that it bore them, and having a bright moon-light night, they marched rapidly forward. Halting a quarter of a mile from Van Zuyler's house, the Lieutenant struck up a fire, and as his men gathered around an ignited stump, he addressed them nearly as follows: "My brave lads! It is said that the villain Cuck, is in yonder house, secreted beneath the floor. The object of our visit is to destroy him. He is a bold and desperate fellow—doubtless well armed, and in all probability some of us may fall by his hand. Those of you, therefore, who decline engaging in so dangerous an undertaking, are now at liberty to return home." "We are ready to follow where you dare to lead!" was the response of one and all. "It is yet too early," said the Lieutenant, and while they were waiting for the return of day, the plan of attack was agreed upon. At the stump were assembled Lieut. Quackenboss, Isaac and Abraham Covenhoven, twin brothers, John Ogden, Jacob Collier, Abraham J., and Peter J. Quackenboss, Martin Gardinier, James Cromwell, Gilbert Van Alstyne, Nicholas, son of Capt. Gardinier, a sergeant, Henry Thompson, and Nicholas Quackenboss, also a sergeant. It was agreed that the party should separate and approach the house in different directions, so as not to excite suspicion. The appearance of a light in the dwelling was a signal for moving forward, and selecting Ogden, Collier, and Abraham J. Quackenboss to follow him, the Lieutenant led directly to the house. As they approached it, a large watch dog met them with his yelping, which caused the opening of a little wooden slide over a loophole for observation, by a member of the family; but seeing only four persons, the inmates supposed they were sugar-makers. On reaching the door and finding it fastened, the soldiers instantly forced it—the family, as may be supposed, were thrown into confusion by the unexpected entrance of armed men. "What do you want here?" demanded Van Zuyler. "The tory George Cuck!" was the Lieutenant's reply. Van Zuyler declared that the object of their search was not in his house. The

three daughters had already gone to the sugar works, and their father expressed to Lieut. Quackenboss his wish to go there too. He was permitted to go, but thinking it possible that Cuck might also have gone there, several men, then approaching the house, were ordered to keep an eye on his movement. Abraham Covenhoven was one of the second party who entered the house. There was a dark stairway which led to an upper room, in which it was thought the object of their search might be secreted. Covenhoven was in the act of ascending the stairs with his gun aimed upward, and ready to fire, as Abraham J. Quackenboss drew a large chest from the wall on one side of the room, disclosing the object of their search. Discharging a pistol at Nicholas Gardinier, the tory sprang out before Quackenboss, who was so surprised that he stood like a statue, exclaiming, "dunder! dunder! dunder!" The wary Lieutenant was on his guard, and as Cuck leaped upon the floor from a little cellar hole, made for his secretion, he sent a bullet through his head, carrying with it the eye opposite. He fell on one knee, when the Lieutenant ordered the two comrades beside him to fire. Ogden did so, sending a bullet through his breast, and as he sank to the floor, Collier, placing the muzzle of his gun near his head, blew out his brains. Thus ended the life of a man who was ready to imbrue his hands in the blood of his former neighbors and countrymen.

When the gun was fired, Covenhoven said the report was so loud and unexpected that he supposed it fired by Cuck at himself, and came near falling down stairs. Had the party not divided into several squads, the peep from the slide window would have betrayed the object of their visit, and more than one would doubtless have fallen before the villain had been slain, for he had two loaded guns in the house, and a brace of well charged pistols, only one of which he had taken into the kennel. They also found belonging to him, a complete Indian's dress, and two small bags of parched corn and maple sugar, pounded fine and mixed together, an Indian dish, called by the Dutch *quitcherrie*—intended as food for a long journey.

After his death, it was ascertained that Cuck had entered the valley late in the fall—that he had been concealed at the house of this kindred spirit, who pretended neutrality in the contest, whose retired situation favored the plans of his guest, and was

watching a favorable opportunity to secure the scalps mentioned, and return to Canada. The making of maple sugar he had supposed would favor his intentions, as an enemy was unlooked for so early in the season, and the persons whose scalps he sought, would probably expose themselves in the woods. He had intended, if possible, to secure both scalps in one day, and by a hasty flight, pursue the nearest route to Canada. As the time of sugar making had arrived, it is probable his enterprise was on the eve of being consummated ; but the goddess of liberty, spread her wings in his path, and defeated his hellish intentions.

Van Zuyler was made a prisoner by the party, and lodged in the jail at Johnstown ; from whence he was removed not long after to Albany. When they were returning home with Van-Zuyler in custody, as they approached the sugar bush of Evert Van Epps, near the present village of Fultonville, one of them, putting on the Indian dress of Cuck (which, with the guns and pistols were taken home as trophies), approached the sugar makers as an enemy, which occasioned a precipitate retreat. The fugitives were called back by others of the party, when a rope being provided, their prisoner was drawn up to the limb of a tree several times by the neck ; but as he had been guilty of no known crime, except that of harboring Cuck, although suspected of burning Covenhoven's barn in the fall, his life was spared and he was disposed of as before stated. Cuck* was a native of Tryon county, and was born not many miles from where he died.

An Amiable Sister.—After the above story was published in 1845, I learned from one who well knew the family, the following additional facts of its history. Cornelia Van Zuyler aged 16, and her brother John, aged 12 years, were left alone at the house one day, she to scrub the floor, and he to cut fire-wood. She wanted him to get her a pail of water, and on his refusing to do it, she siezed a loaded gun and shot him through the body. He fell on his face and expired near the door, when she drew him into the house, and plugged the wound with tow to prevent the flow of blood. She reloaded the gun, went to a neighbor's named Covenhoven and told them the Indians had been to their house and shot John ; but soon after confessed the deed to her

* This is probably the same German name that was at that period in the Johnstown settlement, and was there written Cough.

parents. She escaped arrest and punishment in those perilous times, under the plea of insanity ; the family placing a cap on her head for a while, and pretending she was insane. As the brother and sister were at home alone, the cause and manner of his death was only known as this affectionate girl saw fit to give them. She married a man by the name of Sharpe after the war. The elder Van Zuyler once recovered from a cut across the abdomen with a scythe, which left his bowels protruding ; at another time he escaped death under a caving sand bank, which buried him six feet deep. Facts given the author in 1849 and 1850, by *Chauncey Orton*.

Captured in a Sugar Bush at Harpersfield.—On the 2d day of April, 1780, a scout of 14 individuals, commanded by Lieut. Alexander Harper, (not Col. John Harper as stated by some writers), were sent from the Schoharie forts by Col. Vrooman into the vicinity of Harpersfield, to keep an eye on the conduct of certain suspected persons living near the head waters of the Delaware, and if possible to make a quantity of maple sugar. The party was surprised after being there four days, by a body of Indians and Tories under Joseph Brant, and hurried off to Canada. The scout consisted of Lieut. Harper, Freegift Patchin,* Isaac Patchin, his brother, Ezra Thorp, Lieut. Henry Thorp, Lieut. Thomas Henry,† and his brothers James and John, Cornelius Teabout, Stevens, William Lamb and son William (he was gone 11 years and was unknown on his return), Dr. Brown and one other. About the time they arrived at their place of destination, a heavy snow fell, and not anticipating the approach of a foe, they began their sugar manufacture. The preceding winter has justly been designated in the annals of *mercury* as the *cold winter*, and the spring was very backward. They were busily engaged in sugar making—which can only be done

* Mr. Patchin was a sifer during the war, and a General of militia after its close. He was a very worthy man, and once represented his county in the Legislature.

† Thomas Henry and his brother James were both killed in the sugar bush by the same Indian, although not then together, who also hurled his tomahawk at John. The latter knew Brant, who was near, and called to him in the Indian tongue and he saved his life. John Henry was a carpenter by trade, and had known Brant when working at it in the Mohawk valley. On his arrival in Canada, he was set to work, and the enemy wanted him to go to Bermuda to work there, and on his refusing to do it, to subdue his indifferent spirit as they said, he was confined in a dungeon at Quebec, in which he died. He wrote to his family that they might know why he was thus cruelly treated. From *Thomas Henry*, (in 1847), a son of this John Henry, who was three years old when his father was captured, and 70 at our interview.

while the weather thaws in the day-time and freezes in the night—from the time of their arrival until the 7th, when they were surprised by 43 Indians and seven Tories.

So unlooked for was the approach of an enemy, and so complete was their surprise, that the Americans did not fire a gun. Two of them were shot down, and eleven more, who were in the sugar bush, surrendered themselves prisoners. Poor Stevens, who was on that day sick in bed, and unable to proceed with the prisoners, was killed and scalped in cold blood. Brant, on recognizing Harper, approached him. "Harper!" said he, "I am sorry to find you here!" "Why?" asked the latter. "Because," replied he, "I must kill you, although we were once school mates!" The ostensible object of Brant's mission had been, to lay waste the Schoharie settlements. Confronting Harper, with his eyes keenly fixed upon him, he enquired: "Are there any troops at Schoharie?" Harper's anxiety for the settlers prompted the ready answer: "Yes, 300 continental troops from the eastward, arrived at the forts but three days since." The intelligence—false, though the occasion justified it—was unwelcome to the chief, whose countenance indicated disappointment. The 11 prisoners were then pinioned, and secured in a hog-pen. Several Tories were stationed to guard them during the night, among whom was one Beacraft, a notorious villain, as his after conduct will show.

The Indians built a large fire near, and were in consultation for a long time, about what disposition should be made with the prisoners. Harper could understand much of their dialect, and overheard several of the Indians and Tories urging the death of the prisoners, as they did not consider the enterprise sufficiently accomplished. The opinion of Brant, which was that the party return immediately to Niagara, finally prevailed. Often during the night, while an awful suspense was hanging over the fate of the prisoners, would Beacraft comfort them with this and similar salutations: "You d—d rebels! you'll all be in hell before morning."

Lieut. Harper discovered, while the enemy were consulting the preceding evening, that his word was doubted by many of the party, and early in the morning he was ordered before an Indian council consisting of Brant and five other chiefs. He was told that his story about the arrival of troops at Schoharie

was unbelievèd. The question as to its truth was again asked, while the auditors—tomakawk in hand—awaited the answer. Harper, whose countenance indicated scorn at having his word thus doubted, replied that what he had before told them *was true*, and if they any longer doubted it, they should go there, and have their doubts removed. Not a muscle of the brave man's countenance indicated fear or prevarication, and full credit was then given to the statement. Fortunate would it be if every falsehood was as productive of good, for *that alone* prevented the destroyers from entering the Schoharie valley, when it was feebly garrisoned, and where they intended to strike the first effectual blow in revenge of the injuries done them the year before, by the armies under Van Schaick and Sullivan.

The rest of the prisoners were now let out of the pig-stye, when Brant told them in English that the intended destination of the party was Schoharie, which he had been informed was but feebly garrisoned—that his followers were much disappointed at being obliged thus to return—that it had been with difficulty he and his chiefs had restrained the desire of their comrades to kill the prisoners and proceed to the Schoharie valley—that if they would accompany him to Niagara, they should be treated as prisoners of war, and fare as did their captors. The latter expressed a willingness to proceed. They were compelled to carry the heavy packs of the Indians, filled with plunder taken at the destruction of Harpersfield the day before and all set forward for Canada. They were still bound, and as the snow was several feet deep, they at first found it very difficult to keep up with the Indians, who were provided with snowshoes. Some 10 or 15 miles from the place of capture, the party halted at a grist-mill, upon the Delaware river, owned by a tory named Hugh Alexander. This royalist told Brant he might better have taken more scalps and less prisoners; and his daughters, sensitive creatures, even urged the more generous chieftain to kill his prisoners then, lest they might return at some future day and injure their family. Angus McIntosh, another tory in this vicinity, told Brant he might better have made less prisoners. The enemy obtained of Alexander about three bushels of shelled corn, which was also put upon the backs of the prisoners, and they resumed their march. The tory family

of Rose filled a tea-kettle with butter which was given to young Lamb to carry, and after the butter was used, he had to lug it all the way to Canada. They had proceeded but a few miles down the river, when they met Samuel Clockstone, a tory well known to Brant and most of the prisoners. When Brant made known to him the intended expedition, and its termination from what Lieut. Harper had told him, Clockstone replied: "depend upon it, there are no troops at Schoharie—I have heard of none." With uplifted tomahawk, Brant approached Harper, who was confronted by Clockstone. "Why have you lied to me?" asked the Indian, with passion depicted in every feature and gesture. Harper, apprised of what the tory had said, in his reply thus addressed the latter: "I have been to the forts but four days since, the troops had then arrived, and if Capt. Brant disbelieves me, he does so at his peril." Noble, generous hearted fellow, thus to peril his own life to save the lives of others. He had remained at the forts three days after the party were at the sugar bush, which Clockstone happened to know, and the latter admitted that *possibly* troops had arrived. Brant was now satisfied that his prisoner had not deceived him, and the march was resumed.

April 8th, in the town of Stamford, where Novatus Bliss lived in 1847, the Indians made prisoners an aged man, named Brown, and two grand-sons, one 17 and the other 19 years of age. The Brown family had but recently commenced a forest life, at a place then known as *Township*. On the day after the party met Clockstone, as the traveling was very bad, Brown, having also a heavy pack to carry, found himself unable to keep up with the company, and begged permission of his captors to return; telling them that he was too old to take any part in the war, and could not injure the King's cause. On his making this request, the party halted and the old gentleman's pack was taken from him. Knowing the Indian character, he read his fate in the expressive gestures of his silent masters, and told his grand-sons, in a low voice, that they would never see him again, for the Indians were going to kill him. He took an affecting leave of the boys and was then compelled to fall in the rear, where he was left in charge of an Indian, whose face, painted black, denoted him as being the executioner for the party. Brown was killed at the Great Bend in the Susquehanna. In a short time

this Indian overtook his comrades with the hairless scalp of the murdered prisoner, hanging at the end of his gun.

Two miles southeast of Brown, lived a whig family of McGees, consisting of husband, wife, and four children. The enemy visited this family in its route, and obtained the scalps of the parents and two children; the other two, John and a sister, fled and concealed themselves where they saw their house burn down. The place where the McGees were buried became a public burying-ground. John McGee became a very useful citizen, and was a Justice of the Peace after the war. Price Campbell's family was to have been killed, but the enemy took the wrong course and went to McGee's.—*Thos. Henry.*

The party proceeded, from McGee's, down the Delaware river to the Cookhouse flats, from whence they directed their course to Oquago. Constructing rafts, they floated down the Susquehanna to the mouth of the Chemung. The prisoners were unbound when on a raft, but rebound on leaving it.

The Indians, capable of enduring more fatigue than their prisoners on a scanty supply of food—being provided with snow shoes, and having little baggage to carry, would probably have wearied out most of their prisoners, whose bodies, like that of poor Brown, would have been left to feast wild beasts, and their bones, like his, to bleach upon the mountains, had not Brant providentially fallen ill of fever and ague, which compelled the party, for a time, to lay by every other day on his account. They had been journeying about a fortnight, and were approaching a warmer latitude, when a rattle-snake, which had left its den in a warm spot, was killed, and a soup made of it, a free use of which effected a cure for the invalid.

The corn obtained near the head of the Delaware, was equally distributed among the whole party, by an allowance of about two handfulls a day which was counted out by the berry to deal justice. This is a noble trait of the Indian character. He never grudgingly gives a scanty allowance to his prisoner, and satiates his own appetite, but shares equally his last morsel with him. The corn was boiled in small kettles carried by the Indians preparatory to eating.

While in the vicinity of Tioga Point, the prisoners came near being sacrificed, to gratify the savage disposition to *revenge*, even on the innocent, an injury done to a friend. While the

Indians were on their way down the Chemung, Brant detached 10 of his warriors, mostly Senecas, to a place called Minisink,* an old frontier settlement on the borders of New York and Pennsylvania, in the hope of making prisoners and plunder. They arrived in due time at the place of destination, and succeeded in obtaining several scalps and five prisoners, three men and two small children. The following particulars of their capture and escape, I find in a note subjoined to *Treat's Oration*, delivered at Geneseo in 1841, on exhuming the remains of Lieut. Boyd and his command :

"The father of Major Van Campen was thrust through with a spear ; and whilst the red warrior was, with his foot on the breast of his victim, endeavoring to extricate his spear, another savage had dashed out the brains of Moses Van Campen's brother with a tomahawk, and was aiming a blow at Moses' head. He seized the Indian's arm and arrested the descending blow. Whilst thus engaged, his father's murderer thrust his spear at his side. But he avoided the weapon, being only slightly wounded. At this moment the chief interfered, and his life was spared.

"After several days' march, the party, mostly Senecas, above mentioned, arrived near Tioga point, with Lieut. (now Major) Van Campen ; a Dutchman by the name of Pence ; Pike, a robust Yankee ; and two small children. During the day, these prisoners marched with the party, bearing the baggage ; and at the evening halt, were made to carry the wood for the fires.

"Van Campen had, for some time, urged upon the two men, prisoners with him, to make an attempt to escape during the night, by tomahawking the Indians whilst sleeping. He depicted to them the horrors of a long captivity, and of the agonizing tortures to which they would probably be subjected. His companions, however, were at first alarmed at the danger of a contest with 10 warriors. During the afternoon preceding the eventful night of their delivery, he succeeded in persuading them to join him in the meditated blow, before they crossed the river and their retreat was thereby cut off. He advised them to remove the Indians' rifles ; and with the heads of the tomahawks, dash out their brains ; for if the edges of the weapons

* This word signifies, as I have been told, "The water is gone."

were used, the time required to extricate the hatchet after each blow, would prove a dangerous delay. He was over-ruled by his comrades ; and after some discussion among them, that plan was adopted, which was finally acted upon.

"At evening, the savages, according to their custom, lighted their fires, and bound the arms of the captives behind their backs. They then cut two forked stakes for each side of the fire, and placed between them (resting on the forks), two poles, against which they could lean their rifles. During the evening meal, one of the savages, after sharpening a stick on which to roast his meat laid down his knife in the grass, near the feet of Van Campen, who saw it, and so turned his feet as to cover it, hoping the Indian would forget it before going to rest. After the meal was finished, the 10 Indians having first examined their prisoners to ascertain if they were fast bound, lay down to sleep. Five were on each side of the the fire—their heads under the poles, and his rifle standing at the head of each, ready to be grasped at the instant.

"About midnight, Van Campen sat up and looked around, to learn if all were asleep. Their loud snoring told him the hour to strike had arrived. He then, with his feet drew the knife within reach of his pinioned hand. Rising cautiously, he roused his companions. Pence cut the bands from Van Campen's arms, and the latter then cut loose his two comrades. There had been a slight fall of snow, which had frozen among the leaves, and rendered every footstep fearfully audible. But they succeeded in removing all the rifles to a tree at a short distance from the fire, without awakening one of the warriors. During the afternoon, several of the rifles had been discharged in killing a deer, and, through forgetfulness, left, unloaded. The plan proposed was, that Pence, who was an excellent marksman, should lie down on the left of one row of Indians, with three rifles, and, at the given signal, fire. They supposed the same ball would pass through at least two savages. In the mean time, Van-Campen should tomawawk three of those on the other side and Pike, two. Then there would be but three Indians remaining, and each of the captives was to fasten on his foe—Van Campen and Pike with their tomahawks, and Pence with one of the undischarged rifles. Fortunately, for their safety, Pence had taken the two unloaded rifles.

"All things being ready, Van Campen's tomahawk dashed out the brains of one of the Indians at a single blow, but Pence's rifle snapped without discharging. At the noise, one of the two assigned to Pike's charge, with a sudden "ugh!" extended his hand for his rifle. Pike's heart failing him at this awful crisis, he crouched to the ground and stirred not. But Van Campen saw the Indian starting to his feet, and, as quick as thought, drove the tomahawk through his head. Just as the fifth blow of Van Campen had dispatched the last savage on his side of the fire, Pence tried the third rifle, and the ball passed through the heads of four. The fifth on that side, John Mohawk, bounded to his feet, and rushed toward the rifles. Van Campen darted between him and the tree, and Mohawk turned in flight. Van Campen pursued him, and drove the tomahawk through his shoulder. Mohawk immediately grasped his adversary, and, in the struggle, both fell—Van Campen undermost. Each knew his fate depended on the firmness of his grasp, and they clung to each other with unrelaxed nerve, and writhed to break free. Van Campen lay under the wounded shoulder, and was almost suffocated with the Indian's blood which streamed over his face. He eagerly stretched his hand around Mohawk's body to reach the knife of the latter; for the tomahawk had fallen from his hand in the struggle. But as they fell, the Indian's belt had been twisted around his body, and the knife was beyond his reach. At length they break away, and both spring to their feet. Mohawk's arms had been round Van Campen's neck, and the arm of the latter over the back of the former. As they gained their feet, Van Campen seized the tomahawk and pursued the again retreating Indian. His first impulse was to hurl the hatchet at his foe, but he saw at once the imprudence of his course. If it missed its object, it would be turned in a moment against his own life; and he therefore gave over the pursuit, and one alone of the 10 Senecas escaped.

"On returning to his comrades, he found Pike on his knees begging for his life, and Pence standing over him with a loaded rifle, ready to fire. Pence answered V. C.'s inquiry into his conduct, by saying, "De tam Yankee bee's a coward, and I musht kill um." With difficulty Van Campen prevailed upon the Dutchman to spare the frightened and dastardly Pike. They then scalped their victims; and, taking their rifles, set forward

with the two boys, on their return home, which they reached in safety. Among the scalps which were strung to the belt of one of the warriors, were those of Van Campen's father and brother."*

Mohawk, the sachem who had escaped from Van Campen, was occupying a little hut near Tioga Point, where the Minisink party were to await Brant's arrival, endeavoring to cure his wound, when he returned with his prisoners. As the party under Brant drew near that place, the war whoop was sounded, and was soon answered by a pitiful howl—the death yell of the lone Indian. The party halted in mute astonishment, when the Indian, with the nine pairs of moccasins, taken from the feet of his dead comrades, came forward and related the adventures of himself and friends, and the terrible disaster that had overtaken them. Instantly, the whole band under Brant seemed transformed to so many devils incarnate, gathering round their prisoners with frantic gestures, and cutting the air with their weapons of death. At this critical moment, when the fate of the prisoners seemed inevitable from the known rule of Indian warfare, Mohawk threw himself into the midst of the circle, and made a signal for silence. This Indian knew most of the prisoners, having lived about Schoharie before the war. He told his attentive auditors, that the prisoners were not the men who had killed his friends, and that to take the lives of innocent men to revenge the guilt of others, could not be right: he therefore desired them to spare their lives. The storm of passion which seemed ready but a moment before to overwhelm the prisoners, now yielded to the influence of reason, and the tomahawks of the savages were returned to their girdles.

The company again moved forward, the prisoners grateful to the Almighty for their deliverance from such obvious perils. On arriving near Newtown, the whole party, Indians as well as prisoners, were on the point of starvation, when an unusual number of wolf tracks arrested their attention. They lead to the half devoured carcass of a dead horse, supposed to have

* This sentence should be much modified or left out. It has been shown by a later writer (see *Geo. Peck's Wyoming*) that great injustice is done in this narrative to the character of Pike; who is said, by those who knew the men, to have been quite as brave as was Pence, if less impetuous than Van Campen. Indeed such was the testimony of the other prisoners. The last survivor of an event should never attempt his own elevation by impeaching or belittling the acts of a compatriot.

been a pack horse, left by accident the fall before by the army under Gen. Sullivan. The under side of the animal, frozen, and buried in snow, was found in a good state of preservation. It was instantly cut up, and equally distributed, even to the fleshless bones, among the whole party. Fires were built—the meat cooked—and the nearly famished travelers feasted upon the remains of this horse, with far more satisfaction than would the epicure upon his most dainty meats.

In the present county of Steuben, the prisoners saw the "Painted Post," which had been erected by the Indians, to commemorate some signal battle fought upon the spot. Leaving the route of Sullivan on the Chemung, they proceeded farther north. On their journey, the Tories, Beacraft,* and Barney Cane, boasted of the acts of cruelties each had then perpetrated during the war. The party descended to the Genesee river nearly famished, and there met a company of Indians that had arrived to make preparations to plant corn. The latter had brought with them from Niagara, a fine looking horse, which Brant instantly ordered killed, and distributed to his again starving men and prisoners. No part of the animal, not even the intestines were suffered to be lost. They roasted the meat, using white ashes as a substitute for salt. They also found upon the Genesee flats, small ground nuts, which they roasted and ate with their horse flesh.

From this place, Brant sent forward a runner to Niagara, a distance of 80 miles, to announce the result of his expedition, the number of prisoners, and their character. Brant was in possession of a secret which he kept in his own breast, that doubtless operated as an incentive for him to save the life of Lieut. Harper and his men. Among the prisoners taken at the massacre of Cherry Valley, in the fall of 1778, was Miss Jane Moore, whose mother was a sister of Harper. Not long after her arrival at Niagara, she was courted, and became the wife of Capt. Powell, a British officer of merit.†

* *Priest* states, that Beacraft boasted at this time of killing a Vrooman boy in Schoharie. He had no lack of evil deeds at that period, but that writer must have misunderstood Gen. Patchin in that part of the narrative. Beacraft did kill a boy named Vrooman in Schoharie in the manner there described, but it was not until the 9th day of the following August, as will be shown. He also boasted of the act after it was committed. He was a notorious villain, and partial justice was awarded him subsequently.

† When Cherry Valley was invaded, the house of John Moore, Esq., once a member

Brant* suggested to his runner to the fort, that Capt. Powell should send the warriors from both Indian camps contiguous, down the lake to the Nine Mile Landing—there to await his arrival with the prisoners. Having obtained permission from Col. Butler to do so, Powell gave the Indians a quantity of rum to aid, as they supposed, in their celebration, and away they went. The danger Brant justly apprehended, was, from the impossibility of restraining the violent acts of many of the Indians, while the prisoners were running the gantlet, knowing that relations to the Minisink party would be present burning with revenge, and all were smarting under the chastisement they had received the preceding year. He knew that no act, however atrocious, would be considered by many of his warriors too severe to inflict at this time on the prisoners. That

of the N. Y. Prov. Congress—was plundered and destroyed. He with two sons escaped from the enemy, but his three daughters, Jane, Mary and Abigail were taken as prisoners to Canada. Jane married Capt. Powell and remained in Canada, and her sisters both got back to Cherry Valley. They were all young ladies grown when captured. Mary married Matthew Culley and Abigail married his brother David. One of those ladies wore a mark on her forehead for years, caused by a strap in carrying burdens while a prisoner.—Said *William Harper* of Harpersfield, at our interview in 1847; he was then 80 years old.

* "In person, Brant was about the middle size, of a square, stout build, fitted rather for enduring hardships than for quick movements. His complexion was lighter than that of most of the Indians, which resulted, perhaps, from his less exposed manner of living. This circumstance, probably gives rise to a statement, which has been often repeated, that he was of mixed origin. (The old people in the Mohawk valley to whom he was known, generally agree in maintaining that he was not a full blooded Indian, but part white.) He was married in the winter of 1779, to a daughter of Col. Croghan, by an Indian woman. The circumstances of this marriage are somewhat singular. He was present at the wedding of Miss Moore from Cherry Valley, who had been carried away a prisoner, and who married an officer of the garrison at Fort Niagara.

"Brant had lived with his wife for some time previous, according to the Indian custom, without marriage; but now insisted that the marriage ceremony should be performed. This was accordingly done by Col. Butler, who was still considered a magistrate. After the war he removed with his nation to Canada. There he was employed in transacting important business for his tribe. He went out to England after the war, and was honorably received there."—*Memoirs of Dr. Wheelock*—see *N. Y. His. Col.*

Joseph Brant died on the 24th November, 1807, at his residence near the head of Lake Ontario, in the 65th year of his age. Not long before that event, the British government refused, for the first time, to confirm a sale of lands made by that chief, which mortified him very much. The sale was afterwards confirmed, at which he was so much elated, that he got into a frolic, that is said to have laid the foundation for his sickness, and resulted in his death. The wife of Brant, who was very dignified in her appearance, would not converse in English before strangers, notwithstanding she could speak it fluently.—Said *Judge Isaac H. Tiffany*, who visited Brant at his own home in 1806.

Harper was a relative of Mrs. Powell, Brant concealed from every individual of his party.

Four days after the messenger had been sent forward, they arrived near Niagara, when the Tories began to tantalize the prisoners, by telling them that in all probability few of them would survive running the gantlet. On arriving at the first encampment, the prisoners were as happily disappointed to find that the lines through which they were to pass were composed of old women and children, who would not be likely to inflict much injury, as were the Tories to find the revengful warriors all absent. Most of the prisoners escaped with little injury, except Freegift Patchin. He was approached by an old squaw, who, as she exclaimed "poor child," gave him a terrible blow upon the head. As the prisoners drew near the second encampment, they were gratified to perceive that, through the policy of Capt. Powell, a regiment of British troops was thrown into parallel lines to protect them. When Patchin had arrived within a few rods of the gateway, an Indian boy ran up and gave him a blow on the forehead with a hatchet, which had nearly proven fatal. A soldier standing by, snatched the weapon from the hand of the young savage and threw it into the lake. The unexpected meeting of Harper with friends among the enemies of his country, was no doubt very gratifying.

On arriving at the fort, the prisoners were brought before several British officers, among whom sat Col. John Butler as presiding officer. The Colonel put several abusive questions to the prisoners, and addressing Freegift Patchin, who stood nearest his seat, he asked him "if he did not think that by and by his Indians would compel a general surrender of the Yankees?" Smarting under his wounds, he replied "he did not wish to answer for fear of giving offense." The unfeeling officer insisted on an answer, and the young American, whose patriotic blood was rising to fever heat, replied: "If I must answer you, it is to say, no—you might as well think to empty the adjoining lake of its waters with a bucket, as to attempt to conquer the Yankees in that manner." Butler flew into a passion, called Patchin "a d—d rebel" for giving him such an insolent reply, and ordered him out of his sight. At this instant, a generous hearted British officer interfered. Said he to Col. B.: "the lad is not to blame for answering your question, which you pressed

to an answer ; he has, no doubt, answered it candidly, according to his judgment." Extending a glass of wine to Patchin, whose spirit he admired—"Here, my poor fellow," said he, "take this glass of wine and drink it." Such unexpected kindness received his grateful remembrance. The examination of the prisoners having ended, Mrs. Nancy Bundy,* who was also a prisoner at the time, prepared as speedily as possible, a soup made of proper materials for them.

The captors received as their reward for the delivery of the Schoharie party, eight dollars per head. This, it is believed, was the stipulated reward for American scalps or prisoners, to be paid for by Col. John Butler,† the British agent for that business, during the war : but it was often the case that the delivery of a committee-man's scalp or his person, or that of an officer or noted soldier, entitled the possessor to a larger sum. From Niagara, the prisoners, except Harper, were sent from post to post, and finally lodged in prison at Chamblee. Here they remained in irons nearly two years, suffering most acutely for the necessaries of life. Free. Patchin was reduced to such a state, as to be unable to rise from the floor without the aid of one of the Thorps.

Doctor Pendergrass, a physician who had the care of the prisoners, totally neglected to enquire into their real condition, the consequence was that some of them became objects of loathing, even to themselves. Of the latter number was Free. Patchin. A worthy physician at length succeeded Pendergrass

* This woman stated to Freegift Patchin, "that herself, her husband, and two children were captured at the massacre of Wyoming, and brought to the Genesee country. There she had been parted from her husband, the Indians carrying him she knew not where. She had not been long in the possession of the tribe with whom she had been left, when the Indian who had taken her prisoner was desirous of making her his wife ; but she repulsed him, saying, very imprudently, she had one husband, and it would be unlawful to have more than one. This seemed to satisfy him, and she saw him no more for a long time. After a while he came again, and renewed his suit, alleging that now there was no objection to her marrying him, as her husband was dead, ' for,' said he, ' I found where he was, and have killed him ' She then told him, if he had killed her husband he might kill her also, for she would not marry a murderer. When he saw that his person was hateful to her, he tied her, took her to Niagara, and sold her for eight dollars. The fate of her children she did not know.—*Priest.*"

† This man, who died some years after the war near Niagara, partially received punishment in this life for his cruelties in the Revolution, for he was six weeks dying—or rather continued to breathe in the most acute suffering for that length of time, every hour of which it was thought would prove his last. A fact communicated by Judge Isaac H. Tiffany, who was in Niagara at the time.

in his station, and the sufferings of the prisoners was at once mitigated. On his first visit to the prisoners confined in the room with the Patchins, Steele, the commanding officer of the fort, accompanied him. The doctor proceeded to examine the prisoners singly. Ashamed of being seen, Free. Patchin was occupying the darkest corner of the room, and had thrown an old blanket around him, to hide his naked limbs. The doctor at length approached him. "Well, my lad," he asked, "what is the matter with you?" "Nothing, sir," was the reply. "Then get upon your feet," added the doctor. "I cannot do it," replied Patchin. The former then thrust the end of his cane under the blanket and removed it, discovering his pitiful condition. The doctor possessed a humane heart, and his sympathy for the prisoner was instantly aroused. Turning to Steele, with a look that denoted surprise and anger, he demanded to know why this prisoner had been so cruelly neglected, ordering his shackles instantly removed. The language and treatment of this medical officer was so unexpected, and so different from what he had previously experienced, that Patchin could not refrain from weeping like a child. With proper treatment his health soon improved.

From Chamblee the prisoners were taken to Rebel Island, where, except John Brown, they remained until peace was proclaimed. From that place they were sent to Quebec, *via* Montreal, and put on board of a cartel ship bound for Boston: where they arrived after many perils at sea. They then directed their course to Albany, and from thence to Schoharie, where they arrived nearly three years after their capture. Gen. Patchin was married after the war, and settled in Blenheim, Schoharie county, where he resided until the close of his life. His widow assured the writer, that Mr. Patchin's constitution received a shock while a prisoner, from which he never entirely recovered.

The young prisoner, Brown, after being nearly three years on Prison Island, escaped from thence to the south shore on a raft, and plodded his way down through the forest. It must have been in the fall, for he had to subsist mostly on chest-nuts, ground nuts and whatever he could find to sustain life, and at the end of 19 days he was welcomed among his friends.— *William Harper.*

Solomon Woodworth's Defense of the Sacondaga Block-house.—In the spring of 1779 a small blockhouse was erected in the present town of Mayfield, Fulton county, called the Sacondaga Block-house. It was built on "The Plains," as then denominated, situated four miles westerly from Summer House Point, and nearly two miles southeast of Mayfield Corners. A man named Howell had lived on the spot before and in the early part of the war ; but, being tinctured with toryism, he removed to Canada. The site was chosen for an out-post on account of a celebrated spring. The post was designed, in part, to afford a refuge for a few scattered families in its neighborhood, but more particularly to guard against a surprise from the enemy, of the settlers nearer Johnstown, as the enemy often came by way of the Sacondaga, a few miles north of the block-house.

After this defense was erected, it was garrisoned by some 30 of Capt. McKean's company of rangers under Lieut. Walter Vrooman. John Shew enlisted under Capt. McKean for a term of nine months, and was on duty much of that time at this out-post. Garrison duty was in part performed at such military stations by the militia, who were classed and had to furnish a quota of one man in every 10. They were legally drafted, but usually went by agreement without that resort. John Shew was a sergeant at this time, and having to be absent several weeks during his enlistment, his brother, Jacob, took his place as a substitute.

The Sacondaga block-house was guarded by a party of Capt. McKean's command until the first day of January, 1780. An enemy being no longer looked for, and the term of enlistment of most of the men having expired, the garrison was broken up, at which time Solomon Woodworth, who resided about two miles distant, as he could be better accommodated, removed thither for the rest of the winter, taking his stock with him. Some time in March, as the enemy had been seen in numbers in the vicinity of Putman's Creek, as stated in a letter from Col. Van Schaick, of Albany, to Col. Visscher ; the latter acting on a suggestion of the former, sent one third of his regiment thither under Lieut.-Col. Veeder ; the remainder of the regiment having been ordered to Fort Johnson and other commanding points along the Mohawk ; but nothing more having

been seen of the enemy, the troops were withdrawn from the block-house near the first of April.

On the very night the garrison broke up, seven Indians attacked the block-house, which was still occupied by the fearless Woodworth. They were doubtless apprised that the troops had been withdrawn. The attack was made as silently as possible, and in a manner intended to insure its destruction. The building was of the usual quadrangular form, the second story projecting several feet over the first, and was without pallisades. Provided with two long poles with pine torches attached, they ignited them and set them up so as to communicate the flame to the jutting above the first story. In putting up the poles the Indians made noise enough to startle Woodworth's dog, and that awoke and alarmed its master. He sprang out of bed ; saw at a glance his dangerous situation ; bounded out of the house in his nether garment ; knocked down the torches into the snow ; ran back into the house and barred the door just in time to shut out his yelling foes. This was all done in less time than it requires to relate it ; but the enemy, in number unknown, stood only a short distance from the door with poised rifles ; as the reader may suppose, this was a most hazardous exploit, not to be performed by a faint heart.

Although Woodworth had been so expeditious, the invaders all fired at him, and with the advantage of the moonlight, his escape would seem miraculous. He received only a slight body wound. As soon as he had fastened his door he snatched up his rifle, and, from a loop-hole, fired upon and severely wounded one of his foes. Fearing another shot in their exposed situation, the invaders took up their wounded comrade and fled into the wilderness. Soon after, they were pursued ; overtaken about 40 miles north of the block-house, where they had encamped, and five then in camp were slain by Woodworth and volunteers with him. Here is a letter from Lieut.-Col. Veeder to Col. Visscher, and one from the latter to Col. Van Schaick, showing the transaction :

“BLOCK-HOUSE, SACONDAGA, *April 2, 1780.*

“DEAR SIR—The party I have sent out is just now come in. They have met with great success ; they have killed five of the

Indians, and brought all their arms and their packs with them, and all our men are arrived without a scratch.

"Sir, I am your friend and humble servant,

"VOLKERT VEEDER, *Lieut.-Col.*"

"*Col. Fisher.*"

CAUGHNAWAGA, 3d April, 1780.

"SIR—On Tuesday night last, the block-house [at Sacandaga] was attacked by a scouting party of Indians, to the number of seven, as near as could be ascertained, and endeavored to set it on fire in two different places, which they would have effected had it not been for the activity of one brave man who lived there, named Solomon Woodworth, who, although alone, sallied out and extinguished the fire. Whilst he was doing it, seven shots were fired at him, one of which, only, touched him. On his return into the house he fired at them, one of whom he wounded in the thigh, on which the rest fled and took the wounded Indian with them. The reason of the block-house being without men at that time, was through the neglect of one of the militia officers, which I have taken notice of already in a particular manner. I immediately sent out a party after them, who returned without success, for the want of snow shoes. Seven volunteers, turned out on last Thursday, and came up with them, in camp, on Saturday about 12 o'clock, when five of the Indians fired upon my men, and the whole missed, upon which the brave volunteers run up and fired upon them with buck-shot and wounded every one of them, took, and killed the whole, and brought in all their packs and guns without ever receiving the least hurt. This intelligence I just received from Col. Veeder, by express from the block-house, where he commands sixty men.

"You'll please order up some rum and ammunition for the use of my regiment of militia, being very necessary, as the men are daily scouting. Your commands at any time shall be punctually obeyed, by

"Your most humble servant.

"FREDERICK VISSCHER, *Colonel.*

"*Col. Goshen Van Schiack*—sent by express."

In a letter from Col. Visscher to Col. Van Schaick, dated April 13th, the names of the volunteers in the above enterprise

are given, and are as follows: Solomon Woodworth, John Eikler, Peter Pruyn, David Putman, Ruloff Voorhies, and Joseph Mayall. The number of volunteers, however, was *seven*, as stated by Col. Viischer, and the name omitted, said *Jacob Shew*, was William Scarborough, the first husband of Anna Mason, afterwards the wife of Maj. Nicholas Stoner. Scarborough was killed in the fall of 1781, as I have shown in chapter VI of my *Trappers of New York*.

The pursuing party under Woodworth did not exceed the number pursued, as it was necessary to travel upon snow-shoes, and only seven pairs could be obtained in the vicinity. The Indians fired on the volunteers as they approached them, doing no injury, and in turn became an easy prey and all were slain. The two that escaped were out hunting, at the time, to obtain food. "Returning to the camp and finding their comrades all dead," said *George Cough*, "they fled to Canada with all possible expedition, scarcely sleeping or eating until they arrived there." The details narrated above were communicated to me by *Jacob Shew*, after the publication of my first book.

A Sentinel Kills an Indian At Fort Windecker.—On some occasion in the summer of 1780, when a part of Capt. Putman's company of rangers was going from Fort Plain to Fort Herkimer, as the neighborhood was alarmed, it halted over night at the stockade called Fort Windecker, at what is now Mindenville; when the following incident occurred there: A piquet was often stationed at night outside the palisades of small frontier posts, it being thought advisable to hazard one person for the greater security of its inmates. On the night in question, Cobus (James) Mabee, named elsewhere as a pioneer settler of Fairfield, was posted without the inclosure. About midnight, when nature seemed quietly slumbering—except a pair of catydids and this sentinel—he observed some object in the uncertain light approaching his station; proceeding at intervals along a rail fence near the woods. Pretending not to have noticed the advancing figure, he paced his limited distance back and forth several times, and saw on facing the form that it had advanced at each time a rail's length of the zigzag fence, and fallen back within its shade.

He had at first thought his visitant a four-footed beast, perhaps a calf, but convinced it was an enemy, he resolved not

to be caught napping. At a moment when by the make of the land the act would be concealed from the object, he placed his coat and hat upon a stump near his position so as to make a tolerable effigy, and stepping back a few feet he laid down behind a log with his rifle across it ready for action, and aimed in the direction of his visitor. The latter kept stealing nearer and nearer to his concealment, advancing with the utmost caution until the fence would no longer shelter him ; and leaving it with his rifle poised he approached his supposed victim with the silent step of a panther. When within some 20 or 30 feet he fired, snatched his hatchet from his girdle and was running up to sink it into the brain of his supposed victim, when lo ! crack went another rifle—the uplifted hatchet fell unrestrained and with a guttural “O-wah !” its owner sank down beside the sharpened steel, in the agonies of death.

As the reader may imagine, the sudden discharge of two guns at that hour when only one sentinel was posted there, caused the inmates of the little fortress to turn out in hot haste. Several half clad soldiers ran out calling : “Cobus ! Cobus ! are you alive ?”

“I am,” he replied, biting off the end of a cartridge.

“Have you shot anything ?” asked a friend.

“I guess so,” said he, “come and see !” On going to see him they found sure enough, that his powder had not been wasted. Not a few sentinels were picked off at American outposts in that war by a crafty foe ; but the vigilant Mabee, who became a lion in the camp, was not to be thus surprised. The carcass of the Indian, a remarkably large fellow, was left unburied for a time, and the boys about the fort took turns in playing Indian (so they termed it), with the tomahawk of its former possessor ; each running up and giving the head a hack, with a tinny war-whoop. Such were some of the juvenile pastimes upon our frontiers. The carcass was finally buried, and but for the tenacious memory of my worthy informant, *Jacob Shew*, a soldier who witnessed the midnight confusion and saw the dead Indian ; time would have buried this novel incident in oblivion, with thousands of that war already past recall.

A Novel Foot-race.—The enemy having been reported in the summer of 1780, in the vicinity of Otsego lake, two companies

of troops went from the Mohawk river forts to reconnoitre in that neighborhood, and if possible give some account of them. Capt. Putman led his company of rangers from Fort Plain in this enterprise, and the other, one of militia, was commanded by Maj. Coapman, a Jerseyman. The troops, after a halt at Cherry Valley, proceeded to the place indicated, but not finding trace of the foe, they retraced their steps to Cherry Valley, and soon after left for the Mohawk. An argument arose between the commanding officers, as to which company could produce the strongest men, that of the rangers or the militia; to settle the question it was proposed to see from which company the most men could first reach Garlock's tavern—an inn of the times at Bowman's creek. Maj. Coapman was a large, ungainly man, and did not expect to beat in person, but several of his men resolved not to see the militia distanced without a severe struggle. Capt. Putman, and Henry Shew of his command, both pretty heavy men started off, and soon the greater part of both companies were on the run.

The race was continued for some five or six miles. The day was quite warm, and at the end of several miles Capt. Putman sunk down exhausted beside the road, and perhaps a mile farther on Henry Shew gave out. One after another fell in the rear, until few remained on the course. Three of Putman's men—John Eikler, Jacob Shew and Isaac Quackenboss, the latter a lean fellow—distanced all competitors, after a hard struggle with some of Coapman's men, and arrived much fatigued, at the Traveler's Home. Victory was with the rangers. The race lasted about an hour and a half, and the troops were scattered for miles. The commandants were pretty confident none of the enemy were abroad, but had it been otherwise, the consequences might have been very disastrous to the patriots. After the men had all assembled at the tavern, taken refreshments and the bill had been footed by Maj. Coapman, the troops returned leisurely and in order to Fort Plain.

An Incident at the Herkimer Dwelling.—A few years before the Revolution, Gen. Herkimer erected a substantial brick house below the Little Falls, which, at his death, he gave to his brother George. Just as this matter was going to press, a note from Watts T. Loomis, Esq., of Little Falls, informs me that the brick of which this house was built, were manufac-

tured within a few rods of the building; where he has seen in the past summer, the remains of the old kilns, with masses of the debris of brick yet remaining there. In the summer of 1780, as believed, although it was possibly in 1781, Col. Willet went with a scouting party from Fort Plain, to Fort Herkimer; and on his way back, halted at the Herkimer mansion. While there, a small party of Indians were discovered in the woods above the house, and in her anxiety for her husband, Mrs. George Herkimer went to the front door, and stepping upon a seat on the piazza with an arm around the north west post, she blew a tin horn to arrest her husband's attention; he with several slaves was hoeing corn on the flats near the river. She asked him if he saw the Indians, and he replied that he did. At this moment Col. Willet came to the door, and observing her exposure to the enemy he seized hold of her dress, exclaiming: "Woman! for God's sake come in, or you'll be shot." She stepped down, but was hardly on the floor, when a rifle ball entered the post instead of her head; leaving a hole that is still visible—the bullet remaining therein buried. It is presumed that the men under Willet fired on or pursued the enemy, who were thus interrupted in their murderous design. This event was told the writer in the summer of 1846, by Mrs. Alida, wife of *Jacob E. Eacker*, a daughter of George Herkimer—whom I had then known 20 years. Our meeting then was in the office of a Daguerrean artist in Little Falls, her sister Mrs. *Magdalene Greene*, being with her and corroborating the story. The same summer *Warren Herkimer*, a brother of those ladies, also confirmed the narrative.

Murder of the Reads and Capture of two Prisoners.—On the farm long known as the "Frederick Rickard farm," two miles south of the village of Ephratah, lived, in 1780, an old, quiet, and unoffending couple by the name of Read; taking no active part in the war. While they were one day engaged in pulling flax, a party of four or five Indians surprised and killed them, bearing their scalps away to the usual market. They were then frosted by many winters, and, to insure the usual reward, they were colored on the way to Canada.

On the same day, about half way from Reed's to Ephratah, this same party of Indians surprised and captured Philip Empie and Conrad Neahr; the latter being on his way, with rope

halters, to catch a span of horses. After securing those prisoners, the enemy struck off into the wilderness for Canada; encamping the first night six or eight miles northward of Ephratah village. To secure the prisoners, the Indians compelled them to lay down, when they placed a halter across the breast of each, and one of their number laid upon either side of them. Being fatigued, the party were soon all sound asleep, except Empie, who gradually worked himself out from under the halter and stood up. His first thought was to wake his companion, when both, armed with the weapons of their captors, might dispatch them; but as Neahr slept so soundly, he deemed it imprudent to attempt to arouse him, and left the camp as silently as possible. A little distance from the encampment, ran Timmerman's creek, which empties into the Mohawk at St. Johnsville. Placing his shoes on his feet, heels forward, so as to give the track the appearance of going in an opposite direction, he went to the creek and (in it again turned his shoes) passed down the stream, as rapidly as possible, nearly to its mouth; and by day-light he had reached a place of safety. Neahr was taken to Canada, and after enduring all kinds of hardships, was exchanged and returned to his friends. The dwelling of Frederick Empie, the father of Philip named above, stood but a little distance from a small block-house, which had been erected for the defense of a few settlers.—*Benjamin Getman*, of Ephratah.

Burning of a Mill—The Money Saved.—The grist-mill erected by Sir William Johnson, in Tilleborough, at the now village of Ephratah, a small stone edifice, was visited by the enemy, as believed, in 1780; and as it still served a few whig families their milling purposes, the miller, Elias Krepp, an old bachelor, was made a prisoner, the mill burned, and he taken to Canada. The walls of the building remained standing, and as it was known that he had saved his earnings and must have money somewhere, it was thought that possibly he might have concealed it on the premises; hence more or less fruitless search was made for it. At the close of the war Krepp returned and called on George Getman to go with him to the ruins of the old mill. As may be supposed, the miller was an anxious visitant. Near the door-way he removed a stone from the inner wall, and lo! his treasure except some continental money which had be-

come valueless, was safe—the depreciated notes were burned. He removed from a cavity made in the wall, several hundred dollars in gold and silver. Some have placed the amount at £700. The sum, whatever it was, was sufficient to defray his expenses for the remainder of his life; and after his funeral expenses were paid, two shillings and six pence (31 1-4 cents) remained. Lucky would it be if all estates closed up as well.—*Benjamin Getman.*

Escape of the Dockstader Brothers.—On the farm of George Dockstader, situated nearly a mile westward of Fort Dayton, his two sons, John and George were on the flats loading grain, on the 28th of August, 1780, when they discovered about 20 Indians approaching them. John was on the wagon receiving the grain as his brother pitched it to him. The Indians shot the horses, when John leaped from the wagon and, with his brother, fled toward the fort, under a shower of bullets. They ran through a corn field and the corn-stalks were cut off about their heads by the musketry, but they were fleet young men and both escaped; John, with a buck-shot in one shoulder, and George, with a bullet hole through the brim of his hat, as he found on reaching the fort.—*John Dockstader*, at the age of 93, corroborated.

John Adam Hartman.—In the language of a Herkimer correspondent in 1847: "One of the bravest, as well as one of the most efficient men in this section, of Revolutionary scenes, was John Adam Hartman," who died in March 1835, at the age of 93.

At an invasion of the enemy in the summer of 1780, said by some to have been 300 strong, Indians and tories; they were discovered in the act of driving some cattle from its vicinity, when about 40 of the inmates of Fort Dayton turned out, if possible, to recover the cattle. They fired upon the *cow-boys* but seeing them rallying in great numbers, they deemed it prudent to abandon the enterprise and return to the fort, which they did, it is believed, without the loss of a man. In the pursuit, however, Hartman, the last man to turn his back on the foe, followed one of the enemy so closely, that in leaping a fence the rascal lost his hat, but dared not recover it; seeing which the patriot bounded over the fence, exposed to the fire of the enemy, secured and bore the hat as a trophy to the fort.

We are not certain but he may have captured as many *live-stock*, as the Indians drove off.—Manuscript of *Frederick Petrie*, corroborated by *John Dockstader*.

Prisoners Made, and Hartman Wounded.—October 29, 1780, Nicholas Harter was missing from Fort Dayton, having gone to look after his cattle, and as was supposed, he had been made a prisoner. A scout of 30 rangers sallied out, if possible, to learn his fate, Hartman of the number. They had gone about three-fourths of a mile from the fort, when they encountered a body of the enemy much larger than their own. Hartman was an out-flanker and discovered a half-breed Negro and Indian in the bushes, and shot him, but in the same covert was a tory, who, in turn, shot Hartman. Seeing the flash of his gun the ranger fell back, but not in time to avoid the ball, which entered his right shoulder, making a very bad wound. Retaining his gun, he regained the fort in safety. But for Hartman's discovery of the enemy, it subsequently became known that the whole party would have been drawn into a defile and either captured or slain, as their foes had prepared an ambuscade. As it was, George Dockstader, Marks Tabert and one Demooth, with Harter, were by this party made prisoners. The Indian who had Dockstader, treated him kindly. Demooth, who was a very strong man, enlisted into the British service, was with the party which afterwards burned the Little Falls grist-mill, and improved his opportunity to leave the enemy and again join his old command. Hartman had not fully recovered from his wound, when he was as plucky as ever.—Manuscript of *Frederick Petrie*, confirmed by *John Dockstader* and *Conrad Hurtman*, a son of John Adam. As appears by Dr. Petrie's account, John Demooth received a bullet wound at this time, and was, with Hartman, for three months under his care.

Under the Hay.—Here is another incident in the life of Hartman, believed to have transpired in the summer of 1780. He had gone upon the river flats to put up hay, and when about 40 cocks were up he chanced to be alone. Seeing a party of Indians approaching from a direction which cut off his retreat, he, unobserved, crept under one of the hay-cocks and kept quiet. Finding no one in the field as expected, they quickly set fire to the cocks and decamped. As chance would have it,

they all burned but the one he was under, which, imperfectly ignited, went out, and he was left unscathed for future service.—*Paul Custer*, in 1849, who had the story from Hartman.

A Sympathetic Scene at Fort Dayton in 1780.—In the Revolution, when a signal gun heralded an enemy, exposed settlers, if possible, gained a block-house or fort, but on their way they were sometimes overtaken and slain. On some occasion, believed in 1780, an elderly lady, fleeing to Fort Dayton, was pursued by the Indians and shot down quite near the picketed inclosure, on its westerly side. Her cries for assistance were heartrending, and called into action the sympathy of every inmate of the post. Several expert Indian riflemen had gained a covert on the hill, and waited to have the temerity of friends expose their persons in her behalf, which, it was believed, would have insured their certain death. Most piteously she besought assistance, which, so near at hand, was not available. She called to her friends to throw her some rags, with which to staunch her wounds, and thus stay life's ebbing tide, which was done. The enemy were finally compelled to retire, and she was taken into the fort, but her wounds were mortal and she soon afterwards expired.—*Adam Bell*.

Philip Helmer, during the war, is said to have killed three Indians three fourths of a mile northwest of Shellsbush, and two of them at one shot.—*Custer*.

Nearly half a mile from Fort Dayton was an apple orchard, in a hole of which, apples had been buried. A man went from the fort to this hole, who was seen by an Indian on the hill, who, embracing the opportunity, ran thither and killed him. Thus were the Indians constantly prowling about the settlements, for opportunities to procure scalps for the Canadian market.—*Custer*.

In the Civil History of Schoharie at this period of the war, Marcus Bellinger was supervisor, and William Dietz, a justice of the peace. Agreeable to an act of Congress, passed Feb. 12, 1780, assessors were appointed in the frontier districts to ascertain, as nearly as possible, how much grain each family might need for its consumption, that the remainder of the stock might be in readiness for their less provident neighbors or the army. Bellinger gave written certificates to the requisite

quantity for each family in his district, and Dietz gave written permits to such as had not a supply, to draw one.

Another Invasion of Cherry Valley.—The following particulars were narrated to the author in 1841, by *Moses Nelson*, then a resident of Otsego county. He stated, that on the morning Cherry Valley was destroyed, in the fall of 1778, he, then in his 14th year, was at the fort; that when the alarm was given of the enemy's approach, he ran home (some half a mile distant) and, with his mother, then a widow with whom he was living, fled to Lady hill, east of the village, where they remained concealed until the enemy had left. Nelson had *four* half-brothers at the time, older than himself, who were all in the service of their country. In the month of March following, he enlisted in the bateau service, for a term of 10 months, on the Hudson river, rendezvousing at Fishkill. After the time of his enlistment expired he again returned to Cherry Valley, and was living with his mother at that place, where a few daring spirits still continued their residence, when, on the 24th of April, 1780, a party of 79 hostile Indians and two Tories, broke in upon the settlement. One of the latter, named Bowman, a former resident of the Mohawk valley, was the leader of the band. They had previously been to the vicinity of the Mohawk, where they had made several prisoners; and passing along Bowman's creek—called at its outlet the Canajoharie creek—they captured several more, among whom were two persons named Young. This party killed eight individuals and took 14 prisoners in this expedition, and among the former was the mother of my informant, whose bloody scalp he was compelled to see *torn off* and *borne off* as a trophy.

This band of furies consisted of warriors from various tribes; and among the number were two Stockbridge Indians, one of whom claimed Nelson as his prisoner. The route pursued by the enemy, after completing the work of destruction at that doomed place, was down the Cherry Valley creek; and from Otsego lake, down the Susquehanna to the Tioga, and thence westward *via* the Genesee flats to Niagara.

The enemy, while returning to Canada, separated into small parties, the better to procure the means of subsistence. The two Stockbridge Indians, with whom he journeyed, made a canoe from a bass-wood tree, in which, with their prisoner,

they floated down the Susquehanna. At Indian villages, the party usually assembled. At two of those, Nelson had to run the gantlet, but he escaped with little injury. One of the prisoners, an aged man, who ran with a heavy pack on his back, was nearly killed. When Nelson was about to run, his master, who was called Capt. David, took off his pack to give him a fair chance for his life; and on one occasion placed himself at the entrance of a wigwam to which the prisoners were to flee, to witness the feat. Owing to his fleetness, he was not much injured. Said his master as he approached the goal, "you did run well." Many of the party—and among the number was his master David, tarried nearly two weeks to plant corn, in the Genesee valley—at which time he was sent forward with David's brother to Niagara, where he arrived after a journey of 18 days from his captivity.

As one of the Stockbridge Indians was an excellent hunter, Nelson did not suffer for the want of provisions, such as they were. The party, on their start from Cherry Valley, took along several hogs and sheep, which were killed and then roasted whole, after burning off the hair and wool. On his arrival at Niagara, Nelson was told by his master that he was adopted as an Indian, and was at liberty to hunt, fish, or enlist into the British service. Not long after this he was sold into the forester service of the enemy, the duties of which were "to procure wood, water, etc., for the garrison, and do the boat-ing;" being attached to what was called the Indian department. He was sent on one occasion with a party to Buffalo. He was for a while with several other captives whose situation was like his own, in the employ of Col. John Butler. More than a year of his captivity was spent in the vicinity of Niagara.

While Nelson was with the two Indians on his way from Cherry Valley to Niagara, David, his owner, afterwards told him that the other Indian wanted to kill him. He said he replied to his brother—"You must first kill me, then you will have *two scalps* and *be a big man*." On their route to Canada, they passed the body of a white man, who had been killed by some other party.

Peace was proclaimed in the spring of 1783, and Nelson, with many other prisoners—none, however, who were taken when he was—returned home *via* Ticonderoga and Fort Edward.

Previous to his return he visited Montreal, where he was paid for labor done in the British service the year before.

An Invasion of Sir John Johnson.—Several times in April, of this year, the Mohawk river settlements were alarmed by anticipated invasions, but those alarms died away and were not renewed until near the middle of May. The following correspondence addressed to "Col. Visscher, at Caughnawaga," gives the earliest reliable testimony of the enemy's approach.

"FORT PARIS, *May 15th*, 1780.

"SIR—I have intelligence, which I believe is very certain, that the enemy are on their way, and will attack in four different places in this county within a few days. I hope you will exert yourself to discover them, and make every possible preparation to defeat their design.

"It is expected that they will come by the way of Sacandaga.

"I am your h'ble serv't.

"JACOB KLOCK, *Col.*

Bearing the same date, Col. Visscher received an anonymous letter written at Caughnawaga, stating that an invasion of the enemy under Sir. John Johnson was hourly expected, adding as a corroborating circumstance, that a number of his near neighbors, five of whom were named, had gone away the night before to join the invaders. The writer added, that he had written some days previous what he suspected, and that the enemy would be very strong.

Among the Visscher papers on this subject I also find the following :

"SCHENECTADA, *17th May*, 1780.

"DEAR SIR—Just this moment returned from Albany : Col. Van Schaick has requested of me to write to you, requesting you to send me by the bearer, Sergt. Carkeright, an account of all the persons that have gone to the enemy from your county, with their names, which request I wish you to comply with ; also let me know if any thing of the alarm has turned up.

"I am, dear sir, your friend,

"H. GLEN.

"*Col. Visger.*"

Nothing more was heard of the enemy until Sunday night

the 21st day of May, when Sir John Johnson, at the head of about 500 troops, British, Indians and tories, entered the Johnstown settlements from the expected northern route. The objects of the invasion doubtless were, the recovery of property concealed on his leaving the country, the murder of certain whig partizans, the plunder of their dwellings, and the capture of several individuals as prisoners; intending, by the execution of part of the enterprise, to terrify his former neighbors.

About midnight the destructives arrived in the north east part of the town, from which several of the tories had disappeared the day before, to meet and conduct their kindred spirits to the dwellings of their patriotic neighbors: for when Johnson was censured for the murder of those men, he replied that their "tory neighbors and not himself were blameable for those acts." A party of the enemy proceeded directly to the house of Lodowick Putman, an honest Dutchman, living two miles from the court house. Putman had three sons and two daughters. On the night the enemy broke into the house, two of his sons were fortunately gone *sparkling* a few miles distant. Old Mr. Putman, who was a whig of the times, and his son Aaron who was at home, were taken from their beds, murdered, and scalped. While the indians were plundering the house and pulling down clothing from hooks along the wall, Mrs. Putman snatched several articles of female apparel, such as gowns, petticoats, etc., from the hands of a large Indian, telling him that such and such things she must and would have for her daughter. The fierce looking savage, whom few women of the present day would care to meet, much less to contend with, offered some resistance to her gaining several garments, and they jerked each other about the room; but seeing her determination to possess them, he finally yielded to her entreaties and prowess, and with a sullen "umph" let go his hold. After the enemy had been gone sometime from the house, Mrs. Putman and her daughter Hannah, afterwards the wife of Jacob Shew, Esq., leaving the mangled remains of their murdered friends, proceeded to the Johnstown fort, where they arrived about sun-rise. The jail was palisaded, and, with several block houses built within the inclosure, constituted the Johnstown fort.

At this period, one of Putman's daughters was married to

Amasa Stevens, also a whig, living in the neighborhood. While some of the enemy were at Putman's, another party approached the dwelling of Stevens, and forcing the doors and windows, entered it in different directions at the same instant. Poor Stevens was also dragged from his bed, and compelled to leave his house. Mrs. Stevens, in the act of leaving the bed, desired a stout savage, or a painted tory, as she afterwards supposed, not to allow the Indians to hurt her husband. He forced her back upon the bed with her terrified children, a boy, named after his grandfather, two and a half years old, and an infant daughter named Clarissa, telling her she should not be hurt. A few rods from the house Stevens was murdered, scalped and hung upon the garden fence. After the enemy had left the dwelling, Mrs. Stevens looked out to see if she could discover any one about the premises. She had supposed her husband taken by them into captivity ; but seeing in the uncertain starlight the almost naked form of a man leaning upon the fence, she readily imagined it to be that of her husband. In a tremulous voice she several times called "Amasa ! Amasa !" but receiving no answer she ran to the fence. God only knows what her mental agony was, on arriving there and finding her husband stiffening in death. With almost supernatural strength she took down the body and bore it into the dwelling (which, with Putman's, had been spared the incendiary torch from motives of policy), and depositing it, sprinkled with the scalding tears of blighted affection, she snatched the two pledges of her early love and sought safety in flight to the fort ; where she found her surviving relatives.

The amorous Putman brothers set out on their return hometowards day-light, from what is now called Sammonsville, and discovering the light of the burning buildings at Tribes' Hill, they hastily directed their steps to the fort, meeting at the gateway their mourning relatives.

Stevens had just finished planting when murdered, and the next week purposed to have journeyed eastward with his family. The Putmans were killed on the farm formerly owned and occupied by Col. Archibald McIntyre. They were both buried in one grave in a single rough box ; and while their neighbors were performing the act of burial, they were once alarmed by the supposed approach of the enemy and left the grave, but

soon returned and filled it.—*Clarissa, relict of Joseph Leach, and daughter of Amasa Stevens.*

Dividing his forces, Col. Johnson sent part of them, mostly Indians and tories, to Tribes' Hill ; under the direction, as believed, of Henry and William Bowen, two brothers who had formerly lived in that vicinity and removed with the Johnsons to Canada. These destructives were to fall upon the Mohawk river settlements, at the hill, and proceed up its flats, while Johnson led the remainder in person by a western route to Caughnawaga, the appointed place for them to unite. The Bowens led their followers through Albany Bush, a tory settlement in the eastern part of the town, where, of course, no one was molested, and directed their steps to the dwelling of Capt. Garret Putman, a noted whig. Putman, who had a son named Victor, also a whig, had been ordered to Fort Hunter but a few days before, and had removed his family thither ; renting his house to William Gault, an old English gardener who had resided in Cherry Valley before its destruction, and James Plateau, also an Englishman. Without knowing that the Putman house had changed occupants, the enemy surrounded it, forced an entrance, and tomahawked and scalped its inmates. The house was then pillaged and set on fire, and its plunderers knew not until next day, that they had obtained the scalps of two tories. In the morning, Gault, who was near 80 years old, was discovered alive outside the dwelling, and was taken across the river to Fort Hunter, where his wounds were properly dressed ; but he soon after died.

The Visscher Family.—Among the early settlers in the Mohawk valley, was Harman Visscher, who died before the Revolution, leaving an aged widow, three sons, Frederick, a Colonel* of militia, John, a Captain, and Harman ; and two sisters, Margaret, and Rebecca. Frederick, the elder brother, who was born on the 22d of February, 1741 ; was married and resided a little distance below the paternal dwelling, which stood nearly on the site of the present residence of Mr. Alfred

* Some of the family write this name Visscher, and others Fisher. The original Dutch name was Vlager. Harman Visscher's son Frederick, the Colonel, wrote his name Fisher until just before his death, at which time he desired his children to spell the name as in the context. Fisher is the English of Visscher, and I have in this work written it Visscher. John, a brother of the Colonel wrote his name Fisher, and so do his descendants.

De Graff. The other Visscher brothers were unmarried, and, with their mother and sisters, lived at the homestead. The Visscher family was one of much influence, and warmly advocated the popular cause. The following anecdote will show the position of the elder brother, at an early period of the contest. Soon after the difficulties commenced at Boston, a meeting of the citizens along the Mohawk valley was called at Tribes' Hill, on which occasion Col. John Butler was present, and harrangued the multitude on the duties of subjects to their sovereign, etc., and then proposed a test for his hearers, some 300 in number. Having formed a line, he desired those who were willing to oppose the king, to remain standing, and those who favored royal pretensions to advance a few paces forward. The result was, Frederick Visscher stood alone, as the only avowed opposer of the British government.—*Daniel*, his son.

A few days before the invasion of Johnson, a bateau from Schenectada was seen opposite Col. Visscher's, taking in his most valuable effects; and his neighbors, living along the south side of the river, among whom was Nicholas Quackenboss, crossed over to learn the cause of his removal. On his arrival, the neighbor enquired of Col. Visscher if an enemy was expected, that he was thus preparing to move his family and effects? The Colonel replied that he knew of no hostile movement unknown to his neighbors. After a little conversation of the kind, and when about to recross the river, said Quackenboss, clenching his fist in a threatening manner and addressing him playfully in Low Dutch, "Ah, Colonel! if you know something of the enemy and don't let us know it, I hope you'll be the first one scalped!" Having sent his family to Schenectada, Col. Visscher went to the homestead, thinking himself and brothers would be the better able to defend themselves, if attacked by an enemy.

On Sunday evening, about eight o'clock, Captain Walter Vrooman, of Guilderland, arrived at the Visscher homestead with a company of 80 men, on his way to the Johnstown fort. He had intended to quarter his men over night at Visscher's, for their own comfort and the safety of the family; but the Colonel, observing that himself and brothers could probably defend the house if attacked, forwarded the troops to Johns-

town, knowing that that place was feebly garrisoned. What a pity those troops had not remained !

After the murder of Gault and Plateau, the enemy proceeded up the river to the dwelling of Capt. Henry Hansen, which stood where John Visscher resided in 1845.* On reaching the dwelling of Hansen, who was an American Captain, the enemy forced an entrance, and, taking him from his bed, they murdered and scalped him. His sons, Victor and John I., then at home, were captured. Margaret, a daughter, was hurried out of the house by an Indian, who told her it was on fire. She asked him to aid her in carrying out the bed on which she had been sleeping, and he did so. Depositing it in an old Indian hut near by, and learning that her mother was still in the burning building, finding access through the door too dangerous, she broke a window in her room and called to her. As may be supposed, the old lady was greatly terrified and bewildered at first ; but recovering, she groped her way to the window, and was helped out by her daughter, who assisted her to the hut—from whence, after day-light, she was conveyed to a place of safety. The enemy made no female scalps or captives at this time, and offered indignities to but few of the sex. In the garret of Hansen's dwelling was a keg of powder, which exploded with terrific effect.

Proceeding west along the river, the enemy next halted at the dwelling of Barney Hansen, which stood where Benj. R. Jenkins once lived. Hansen, who chanced to be from home, had a son about 10 years of age, who was going to school at Fort Hunter. On Saturday evening preceding the invasion, Peter, a son of Cornelius Putman, of *Ca-daugh-ri ta*,† about the same age as young Hansen, went home with the latter, crossing the river in a boat, to tarry with him over Sunday. The lads slept in a bunk, which, on retiring to rest on Sunday night, was

* Henry Hansen was a son of Nicholas Hansen, who, with his brother Hendrick, took a patent for two thousand acres of land along the north side of the Mohawk, above Tribes' Hill. The patent was executed by Gov. Hunter, and dated July 13, 1713. The brothers settled on those lands soon after, and Henry Hansen was the first white child born on the north side of the Mohawk west of Fort Hunter, and east of the German settlements, many miles above.

† *Ca-daugh-ri-ta*, is an Indian word, and signifies "The Steep Bank-back or perpendicular wall." In the southeast part of Glen is a high bank on the Schoharie, a mile or two from its mouth, occasioned by an extensive slide, long, long ago, the Indian name for which originated at the time. In 1845, I terminated this word with the letter y, but am satisfied it should end with an a, and have so written it.

drawn before the outside door; and the first intimation the family had of the enemy's proximity, was their heavy blows upon the door with an axe, just before day-light, sending the splinters upon the boys' bed, causing them to burry their heads beneath the bedding. An entrance was quickly forced, and the house plundered. The two boys were led out by two Indians, and claimed as prisoners, but owing to the earnest entreaties of Mrs. Hansen that they might be left, a British officer interfered, saying that they were too young to endure the journey; they were then liberated. This house was built and owned by Joseph Clement, a tory, who was supposed to have been present; consequently, it was not burned.

From the house of Barney Hansen, the enemy proceeded to that of Col. Visscher, where Adam Zielie once resided, and where, too, they were disappointed in not finding any of the family; plundering and setting it on fire, they hastened onward to the Visscher homestead, where they arrived just at day-light. Among the plunder made at Hansen's, was the clothing of young Putman, and as the Indians threw away such articles as they considered useless, he followed them at a distance, recovering and putting on his apparel as fast as rejected. He obtained the last of it near the dwelling of Col. Visscher—entering which, he discovered it to be on fire. Looking for pails he found several which the enemy had broken, but a further search discovered a tub of sour milk; this he drew near the fire, and throwing it on the flames with his hands, extinguished them—not, however, until a large hole had been burned entirely through the floor. This house was consumed in October following.

About 20 of the enemy first arrived at the old Visscher place, and attempted to force an entrance by cutting in the door, but being fired upon from a window by the intrepid inmates, they retreated round a corner of the house, where they were less exposed. The main body of the enemy, nearly 300 in number, arrived soon after and joined in the attack. The brothers defended the house for some length of time after the enemy gained entrance below, and a melee followed in the stairway, on their attempting to ascend. Several balls were fired up through the floor—the lower room not being plastered over head, which the brothers avoided by standing over the large timbers which supported it. At this period the sisters escaped from the cellar-

kitchen and fled to the woods not far distant. They were met in their flight by a party of savages, who snatched from the head of one, a bonnet; and from the bosom of the other a neckerchief—but were allowed to escape unhurt. Mrs. Visscher, about to follow her daughters from the house, was stricken down at the door by a blow on the head from the butt of a musket, and left without being scalped.

The brothers returned the fire of their assailants for a while with spirit, but getting out of ammunition their castle was no longer tenable; and Harman, jumping from a back chamber window, attempted to escape by flight. In the act of leaping a garden fence, near the house, he was shot, and there killed and scalped. As the enemy ascended the stairs, Col. Visscher discharged a pistol he held in his hand, and calling for quarters, threw it behind him in token of submission. An Indian running up, struck him a blow on the head with a tomahawk, which brought him to the floor. He fell upon his face, and the Indian took two crown scalps from his head, which, no doubt, entitled him to a double reward, then giving him a gash in the back of the neck, he turned him and attempted to cut his throat, which was only prevented by his cravat, the knife penetrating just through the skin. His brother, Capt. John Visscher, as the enemy ascended the stairs, retreated to one corner of the room, in which was a quantity of peas, that he might there repel his assailants. An Indian seeing him armed with a sword, hurled a tomahawk at his head, which brought him down. He was then killed outright, scalped as he lay upon the grain, and there left. The house was plundered, and set on fire (as stated by William Bowen, who returned after the war), with a chemical match, conveyed upon the roof by an arrow.

Leaving the progress of the destructives for a time, let us follow the fortunes of Col. Visscher. After the enemy had left, his consciousness returned, and as soon as strength would allow, he ascertained that his brother John was dead. From a window he discovered that the house was on fire, which, no doubt, quickened his exertions. Descending, he found his mother near the door, faint from the blow upon her head, and too weak to render him any assistance. With no little effort the Colonel succeeded in removing the body of his brother out of the house,

and then assisted his mother, who was seated in a chair,* the bottom of which had already caught fire, to a place of safety; and having carried out a bed, he laid down upon it, at a little distance from the house, quite exhausted. Tom, a black slave, belonging to Adam Zielie, was the first neighbor to arrive at Visscher's. He enquired of the Colonel what he should do for him? Visscher could not speak, but signified by signs his desire for water. Tom ran down to the *Da-de-nos-ca-ra*,† a brook running through a ravine a little distance east of the house, and filling his old hat, the only substitute for a vessel at hand, he soon returned with it; a drink of which restored the wounded patriot to consciousness and speech. His neighbor, Joseph Clement, arrived at Visscher's while the Colonel lay upon the bed, and on being asked by Tom Zielie what they should do for him, unblushingly replied in Low Dutch, "Laat de vervluktten rabble starven!" Let the cursed rebel die!

This Clement returned after the war, as did many ingrates, not repentant, but to justify their acts of murder and plunder. At the raising of a barn on the Conyne place, below Caughnawaga, a few years after the return of peace, Clement was there and got into a quarrel with several patriots, by whom he was "roughly handled," and possibly might not have survived the fracas, again to have boasted of his deeds of infamy, but for the timely interference of Benjamin Smith.

Tom, who possessed a feeling heart, was not to be suaded from his Samaritan kindness, by the icy coldness of his tory neighbor, and instantly set about relieving the suffering man's condition. Uriah Bowen arrived about the time Tom returned with the water, and assisted in removing the dead and wounded farther from the burning building. Col. Visscher directed Tom to harness a span of black colts, then in a pasture near (which, as the morning was very foggy, had escaped the notice of the enemy), before a wagon, and take him to the river at David Putman's. The colts were soon harnessed, when the bodies of the murdered brothers, and those of Col. Visscher and his mother, were put into the wagon (the two latter upon a bed),

* This chair is preserved as a sacred relic by the De Graff family, at the Visscher house.

† *Da-de-nos-ca-ra*, means literally, "bearded trees, or trees with excrescences or tufts on them"—*Giles F. Yates, Esq.* Lands adjoining this stream were originally timbered with hemlock and black ash, which originated the significant name.

and it moved forward. The noise of the wagon was heard by the girls who came from their concealment to learn the fate of the family, and join the mournful group. When the wagon arrived near the bank of the river, several Tories were present, who refused to assist to carry the Visschers down the bank to a canoe, whereupon Tom took the colts by their heads and led them down the bank; and what was then considered remarkable, they went as steadily as old horses, although never before harnessed. Said *David Zielie*, in 1849, "Tom carried Col. Visscher and his mother from the wagon, on his back, to a boat, in which the Colonel's sisters also found a place and were taken across the river to Ephraim Wemple's, where every attention was paid them. When a person is scalped, the skin falls upon the face so as to disfigure the countenance; but on its being drawn up on the crown of the head, the face resumes its natural look; such was the case with Col. Visscher, as stated by an eye witness.

Seeing the necessity of his having proper medical attention, the Colonel's friends on the south side of the river, sent him in the canoe to Schenectada, where he arrived just at dark the same day of his misfortune. There he received the medical attendance of Doctors Mead of that place, Stringer of Albany, and two Surgeons, belonging to the U. S. army. His case was for some time a critical one, and he did not recover as was anticipated; but on turning him over, the reason why he did not was obvious. The wound inflicted by the scalping knife in the back of the neck, had escaped the observation of his attendants, and the flies getting into it, and depositing their larva, had rendered it an offensive sore, but on its being properly dressed, the patient recovered rapidly. On the return of Wemple and Tom with the boat, they found the colts still standing where they had been left three days before, not having been fed or watered. At the time Col. Visscher received his wounds, Nicholas Quackenboss previously mentioned, happened to be at Albany, purchasing fish and other necessities, and on learning that his neighbor was at Schenectada, called, on his way home, to see him. On enquiring of Visscher how he did, the latter, placing his hand on his wounded head, replied in Dutch, "Well, Nicholas, you've had your wish!" The reader must not suppose, from what took place between Visscher and Quackenboss, at the

two interviews named, that the former, at the time of removing his family, was in possession of any intelligence of the enemy unknown to his neighbors. It was then notorious in the valley that an invasion was to be apprehended.

David Zielie also assured the writer that he assisted in burying John and Harmon Visscher the day after they were killed. They were buried in two army chests, found on the bank of the river. Harmon had fallen so near the house that he was badly burned; indeed, one leg had been removed at the knee by dogs, but Tom found it, or a part of it, a week or two after, and buried it. In crowding the other foot into the box, the toes were so burned as to fall off.

Several attempts were made to capture Col. Visscher during the war, which proved abortive. After he recovered, he gave the faithful negro,* who had treated him so kindly when suffering under the wounds of the enemy, a valuable horse. Gov. George Clinton, as a partial reward for the sufferings and losses in the war, appointed Col. Visscher a Brigadier-General; but refusing to equip himself, his commission, which was dated February 6, 1787, was succeeded on the 7th of March following, by his appointment of first judge of the Montgomery county common pleas, which office he satisfactorily filled.

After the war was over, say about the year 1790, a party of Indians, on their way to Albany, halted a day or two at Caughnawaga, among whom was the one who had tomahawked and scalped Col. Visscher, in 1780, leaving him for dead. This Indian could not credit the fact of his being still alive, as he said he had himself *cut his throat*; and was desirous of having ocular demonstration of his existence, and possibly would have been gratified by Mrs. Visscher, but information having reached the ears of the Colonel that his tormentor was in the valley, a spirit of revenge fired his breast, and himself and John Stoner, then living with him, who, in the murder of his father had reason for not kindly greeting those sons of the forest; having prepared several loaded guns, the friends of the family very properly warned the Indian and his fellows, not pass the house within rifle shot distance; but he ventured to the door, as is

* Tom afterwards lived in Schoharie County, where he was much respected for his industrious habits, and where, at a good old age he died. After his removal to Schoharie, he usually paid Col. Visscher a visit every year, when he received substantial evidence of that patriot's gratitude.

herafter shown. Judge Visscher, a living monument of savage warfare, was an active and useful citizen of the Mohawk valley for many years, and died of a complaint in the head ; caused, as was supposed, by the loss of his scalp, on the 9th day of June, 1809. His widow, whose maiden name was Gazena De Graff, died in 1815.

I have before me a certificate, printed and written, which was executed at Albany, Dec. 28, 1786, by Generals Ab'm Ten Broeck and Peter Gansevoort, Jr., to whom he was well known, the former of whom was a General of Albany Co. militia early in the war, and the other the Colonel who so gallantly defended Fort Stanwix in 1777, when invested by St. Ledger, and promoted to a Brig.-General in 1781. They certified that under a law passed April 22, 1786, Col. Frederick Visscher, then 45 years old, from having been disabled in the service of his country, by having been wounded and scalped by the Indians, was entitled to a pension of \$25 per month ; which we suppose he obtained.

After the preceding account was published in 1845, I learned from *John Fisher*, a son of the Colonel, the following circumstance : On the morning the Indian put in an appearance at the Visscher mansion to see the object of his torture, Stoner had been sent by Mrs. Visscher from the house on an errand, to get him out of the way, and the Colonel was in the kitchen. His wife was boiling soap, and seeing the Indian approaching near the door, she purposely upset a kettle of lye on the floor between her husband and the door, to get him to lie down on a bed in a recess of the room which he did. Said John to his mother on the sly : "Is that so that daddy shant see the Indian?" She boxed his ears for asking the question, as he said, so as to warm the wax for the remembrance of a lifetime. In the next moment she stepped to the door and met the Indian, who asked to see her husband. She said : "You can't see him with safety;" and pointing significantly to the guns and bayonet fastened to a pole standing in sight, she added : "Those were prepared for you, and you had better leave at once." He did so, and John who had followed his mother out of the door and heard what she had said, saw the Indian pass up the valley of the creek near, accompanied by two boys who were rolling hoops. Thus

beyond a doubt, by the forethought and action of Mrs. Visscher, a serious collision was turned aside.

Lamentation of Dogs.—The following incident attended the invasion of the Mohawk valley by Sir Johnson in the summer as 1780, between Tribeshill and Caughnawaga—now Fonda. Two days after the desolator had spread his curtain of destruction along this goodly heritage, the dogs of several families whose dwellings had been ravaged and burned—some of whose masters were among the slain or captives with the enemy—congregated on a hill north of the Albert Slingerland place several miles east of Fonda, and there set up such a howling as was probably never made by so great a number of dogs before, or since, in the Mohawk valley. They began their unearthly moaning just at sun-set, and continued it several hours; to the great annoyance of a few houseless citizens still concealed in the surrounding forest. This was a canine mourning for their friends and their homes.—From *Daniel Ziedie*, who heard this remarkable concert. He died at an advanced age, August 10, 1850, in the invaded district.

Some years after the Revolution, Judge Visscher, to whom the homestead reverted on the death of his brothers, erected a substantial brick dwelling over the ashes of his birth-place, where he spent the evening of his days, amid the associations of youthful pleasure and manly suffering. This desirable farm residence is pleasantly situated on a rise of ground in the town of Mohawk, several miles east of Fonda, Montgomery county. It is given the Indian name of the adjoining creek, in the hope of preserving that name. Between the house and the river, which it fronts, may be seen the Mohawk turnpike, and the track of the Utica and Schenectada railroad. The place is now owned and occupied by Mr. Alfred De Graff, a great grandson of its former patriotic proprietor, who has recently much improved its appearance.

From this digression we return to the war-path of the enemy. They captured three negroes and a wench belonging to the Visscher family; burnt the barn, and in it, as supposed, their own dead, killed by the brothers; from whence they proceeded to the dwelling of Barney Wemple, a little farther up the river, which was rifled and burned with the out-buildings attached. Wemple had sent a slave, before day-light, to catch horses, who,

hearing the firing, and discovering the light of the burning buildings down the valley, ran to the house and gave intelligence that foes were near. Thus alarmed, the family fled, almost naked, into a small swamp, just in time to escape the tomahawk. Wemple erected a dwelling on the site of his former one, soon after it was burnt, which shared a similar fate during Johnson's invasion of the valley the following October. In their course up the river, the enemy also burnt the out-buildings of Peter Conyne, the dwelling of John Wemple, and possibly one or two others. Arriving at Caughnawaga, the destruction of property was renewed. Douw Fonda, who removed from Schenectada and settled at that place about the year 1751 (the same year in which Harman Visscher settled below), was an aged widower, and resided, with a few domestics, in a large stone dwelling with wings, which stood on the grounds of the County Agricultural Society. It had been the intention of the citizens to fortify this dwelling, and it was partially surrounded by strong pickets. Fonda's three sons, John, Jelles, and Adam, also good whigs, were living in the neighborhood.

Jelles Fonda resided a short distance below the Caughnawaga church, owning a large dwelling and store. At the time of this invasion, he was absent on public business. About a week previous, he sent part of his family and effects in a bateau to Schenectada, to which place they were accompanied by the wife and children of John Fonda. The wife of Major Fonda and her son Douw, were at home, however, on that morning. Hearing the firing at Visscher's and discovering the light of the burning buildings below, Mrs. Fonda and her son fled to the river near, where there was a ferry. Remaining in the ferry-boat, she sent Douw to get two horses, and being gone some time, fears were excited lest he had been captured. As her apprehensions for her son's safety increased, she called him repeatedly by name. He returned with the horses and they began to cross the river, but had hardly reached its centre when several of the enemy, attracted to the spot by her voice, arrived on the bank they had left. A volley of balls passed over the boat without injuring its inmates, and leaving it upon the south shore, they mounted their horses and directed their course towards Schenectada, where they arrived in due time.

Adam Fonda, at the time of Johnson's invasion, resided near

the Cayadutta creek, where Douw Fonda resided in 1850. Arriving at Adam Fonda's, the enemy made him a prisoner, and fired his dwelling. Margaret, (Peggy, as she was called,) the widow of Barney Wemple, lived near Fonda, and where Mina Wemple formerly resided, on a knoll not far from the creek, at which place she then kept a public house. The enemy, making her son, Mina, a prisoner, locked her up in her own dwelling and set it on fire. From an upper window she made the valley echo to her cries of "murder" and "help," which brought some one to her relief. Her voice arrested the attention of John Fonda, who sent one of his slaves round the knoll which formerly stood west of the Fonda Hotel, to learn the cause of alarm; but hardly had the slave returned, before the enemy's advance from both parties was there also, making Fonda a prisoner, and burning his dwelling.

The eastern party, on arriving at the dwelling of Maj. Fonda, plundered and set it on fire. There were then few goods in his store; but his dwelling contained some rare furniture for that period, among which was a musical clock, that, at certain hours, performed three several tunes. The Indians would have saved this house for the great respect they had for its owner, whom they had known as the warm personal friend of Sir Wm. Johnson but their more than savage allies, the Tories, insisted on its destruction. As the devouring element was consuming the dwelling, the clock began to perform, and the Indians, in numbers, gathered round in mute astonishment, to listen to its melody. They supposed it the voice of a spirit, which they may have thought was pleased with the manner in which they were serving tyranny. Of the plunder made at this dwelling, was a large circular mirror, which a citizen in concealment saw, first in the hands of a squaw, but it being a source of envy it soon passed into the hands of a stout Indian—not, however, without a severe struggle on her part. The Indians were extravagantly fond of mirrors, and it is not unlikely this costly one was broken in pieces and divided between them. Among the furniture destroyed in the house, was a marble table on which stood the statue of an Indian, whose head rested on a pivot, which, from the slightest motion was continually—

"Niding, nodding, and nid, nid, nodding."

Neither the parsonage or the church at Caughnawaga, were harmed.* Dr. Romeyn, then its pastor, was from home. Mrs. Romeyn, as she was fleeing up the hill north of her house with her family, carrying two children, was seen by the Indians, who laughed heartily at the ludicrous figure she presented, without offering to molest her, except by giving an extra whoop.

Murder of Douw Fonda.—When the alarm first reached the family of Douw Fonda, Penelope Grant, a Scotch girl living with him, to whom the old gentleman was much attached, urged him to accompany her to the hill whither the Romeyn family were fleeing; but the old patriot had become childish, and seizing his gun, he exclaimed—"Penelope, do you stay here with me—I will fight for you to the last drop of blood!" Finding persuasion of no avail, she left him to his fate, which was indeed a lamentable one; for soon the enemy arrived, and he was led out by a Mohawk Indian, known as "One armed Peter" (he having lost an arm), toward the bank of the river, where he was tomahawked and scalped. As he was led from the house, he was observed by John I. Hansen, a prisoner, to have some kind of a book and a cane in his hand. His murderer had often partaken of his hospitality, having lived for many years in his neighborhood. When afterwards reproved for this murder, he replied that as it was the intention of the enemy to kill him, "he thought he might as well get the bounty for his scalp as any one else!" Mr. Fonda had long been a warm personal friend of Sir William Johnson, and it is said that Sir John much regretted his death, and censured the murderer. This Indian, Peter, was the murderer of Capt. Hansen, on the same morning. With the plunder made at Douw Fonda's were four male slaves and one female, who were all taken to Canada. Several other slaves were of the plunder made in the neighborhood, and doubtless became incorporated with the Canada Indians.†

* It has been stated by some writer, that this church edifice was palisaded and otherwise fortified in the war; but such was not the fact, and the citizens fled past it to find safety in the woods north of it. I am very sorry to say this old land-mark of the past century was demolished about the year 1870, and its building material converted into other uses, to the great regret of every one who would see historic buildings preserved.

† The preceding facts relating to this invasion were obtained from Daniel and John Viascher, sons of Col. Fr. Viascher; Mrs. Margaret Putman, a sister of Col. Viascher; Angelica, daughter of Henry Hansen, and widow of John Fonda; Catharine, daugh-

An incident of no little interest is related by an eye witness from the hill, as having occurred in this vicinity on the morning of this invasion. A little distance in advance of the enemy, a man was seen in a wagon which contained several barrels, urging his horses forward. Despairing of making his escape with the wagon, he abandoned it, and mounting one of his horses which he had loosened from the wagon, he drove to the river, into which they plunged and swam across with him in safety. On reaching the wagon, the barrels were soon found to contain rum which had been destined to one of the frontier forts. Knocking in the head of a cask, the Indians were beginning to drink and gather round with shouts of merriment, when a British officer dressed in green came up, and with a tomahawk hacked the barrels in pieces, causing the liquor to run upon the ground, to the mortification of his tawny associates, who dispersed with evident displeasure.—*Mrs. Penelope Forbes*. Her maiden name was Grant, mentioned as living with Mr. Douw Fonda.

The enemy, led by Col. Johnson in person, on their way to Caughnawaga, plundered and burned the dwellings of James Davis, one Van Brochlin and Sampson Sammons.—*Mrs. John Fonda*. Sammons with his sons, Jacob, Frederick and Thomas, were captured, but himself and youngest son Thomas, were set at liberty; the other two were carried to Canada. For an account of their sufferings, see *Life of Brant*.

Cornelius and Harmanus Smith, lived two miles west of Maj. Fonda and Harmanus, on the morning of Johnson's invasion, was going to mill,* and called just after day-light at Johannes Veeder's. The latter was then at Schenectada, but his son, Simon (afterwards a judge of Montgomery county), who resided with him, was at home, and had arisen. On his way to Veeder's, Smith had discovered the smoke of the Sammons dwelling, but being unable to account for it, continued his journey, and was captured near the mill. Cornelius Smith, alarmed soon after his brother left home, escaped with his family in a boat to

ter of John Fonda, late the wife of Evert Yates; Peter, a son of Cornelius Putman; Volkert Voorhees; Cornelius, son of Barney Wemple; David, son of Adam Zielle; and John S. Quackenbosc.

* A small grist mill, which stood on the west bank of the creek near the turnpike road in Fonda. This mill was inclosed by palisades in the latter part of the war, to serve the purposes of a fort.

the south side of the river. Aaron Smith, father of my informant, *William A. Smith*, lived a short distance west of the brothers named. His house was burned at this time, and again in the fall, the family fleeing to the woods. Sir John Johnson liberated Harmanus Smith, at Johnson Hall, but kept a slave captured with him. The concealed family could hear the enemy break their china ware, and yell exultantly as they did so. A female slave of the Johnson family then living at Smith's, was left at the house to save what she could; with a bundle of effects in the woods, she saw her black husband Quack, came to him, and insisted on going to Canada with him. She had crooked feet, and Johnson wanted to leave her, but go she would, and go she did. She made tracks like those of a bear. Matthew Van Deusen and Nicholas Van Brochlin, living together above Smith's, were also burned out in the spring and following fall. Mr. Veeder, who had accompanied Smith toward the road from hearing the discharge of musketry down the valley, soon after his neighbor was out of sight, beheld to his surprise a party of Indians approaching him from that direction; upon which he ran to his house, a little distance above the present village of Fonda, pursued by them. He alarmed his family, which consisted of Gilbert Van Deusen, Henry Vrooman, a lame man, and James Terwilleger, a German; and several women and slaves. The three men snatched each a gun and fled from the back door, Vrooman with his boots in his hand; and as Veeder, minus a hat, was following them with a gun in each hand, the enemy opened the front door. They leveled their guns but did not fire, supposing, possibly, that he would be intimidated and surrender himself a prisoner. As Veeder left the house, the women fled down cellar for safety. The fugitives had to pass a board fence a few rods from the house, and as Veeder was leaping it, several of the enemy fired on him, three of their balls passing through the board beneath him. One of his comrades drew up to return the fire, but Veeder, fearing it might endanger the safety of the women, would not permit him to. The house was then plundered, and after removing the women from the cellar, the house was fired, and with it several out-buildings. The dwellings of Abraham Veeder, Col. Volkert Veeder, that of Smith already named, and those of two of the Vroomans, situ-

ated above, also shared a similar fate, and became a heap of ruins.—*Volkert*, a son of Simon Veeder.

Good Luck.—At this period, George Eacker resided just below the Nose. Having discovered the fire of the burning buildings down the valley, he sent his family into the woods on the adjoining mountain, but remained himself to secure some of his effects. While thus busily engaged, several of the enemy arrived and made him prisoner. As they began to plunder his house, they sent him into the cellar to procure food. On entering it, he discovered an outside door ajar; passing which, he fled for the woods. As they thought his stay protracted, the Indians entered the cellar, and had the mortification to see their late prisoner climbing the hill, beyond the reach of their guns. Finding his family, he led them to a place of greater security in the forest, where they remained until the present danger was past, and their buildings reduced to ashes.—*Judge David Eacker.*

The enemy proceeded at this time as far west as the Nose, destroying a new dwelling, ashery, etc., just then erected by Major Jelles Fonda.—*Mrs. John Fonda.*

When Sir John Johnson removed from Johnstown to Canada, a faithful slave owned by him, buried, after he had left, his most valuable papers and a large quantity of silver coin, in an iron chest, in the garden at Johnson Hall. Among the confiscated property of Sir John sold at auction, was this very slave. He was bought by Col. Volkert Veeder, and no persuasion could induce him to reveal any secrets of his former master. This slave was recovered by Johnson on the morning of his invasion; and returning to the Hall with his first owner, he disinterred the iron chest, and the contents were obtained. Some of the papers, from having been several years in the ground, were nearly destroyed. This slave, although well treated by Col. Veeder, was glad of an opportunity to join Col. Johnson, who had made him a confidant, and accompany him to Canada.—*Mrs. Fonda.*

Several boys were captured along the river, who were liberated at Johnson Hall, and returned home, among whom were James Romeyn, and Mina, (a contraction of Myndert) Wemple. The latter, hearing the proposition made by Sir John, to allow the boys to return, who was rather larger than any of the others,

stepped in among them saying, "me too ! me too !" and was finally permitted to accompany them off ; and returned to the ashes of her inn, to console his mother. Thomas Sammons, Abraham Veeder, and John Fonda (and possibly some others), were also permitted, on certain conditions, to return home ; the latter, and his brother Adam, casting lots to see which should be retained a prisoner. The captives thus liberated, were given a "pass," by Col. Johnson, lest they might meet some of the enemy, and be retaken. They had not proceeded far when Veeder, who was a brother of Lieut.-Col. Volkert Veeder, halted to read his pass. "Well," said his companion, Fonda, in Low Dutch, "you may stop here to read your pass, if you choose, but I prefer reading mine when out of danger of them red devils of Sir John's."—*Evert Yates*.

Colonels Harper and Volkert Veeder, collected, as speedily as possible, the scattered militia of Tryon county, to pursue the invaders, but being too weak to successfully give them battle, they were permitted, almost unmolested, to escape with their booty to Canada. John J. Hanson, captured at Tribes' Hill, after journeying with the enemy two days, effected his escape, and arrived half-starved, at the dwelling of a German, living back of Stone Arabia, who supplied him with food, and he reached Fort Hunter in safety.—*Mrs. Evert Yates*.

Death of a Farmer.—In the summer of 1780, as believed, Simon Groat was pursued from a field in which he was at work on the south side of the Mokawk, six or eight miles above Schenectada, by a party of Indians and Tories. He ran down the river bank and called to John Clement, who was at work on the opposite side, to come with a canoe and take him across. He replied that he dared not do it. Attempting to ford the stream, Groat was shot and sank into the water and disappeared. Clement made his escape.—*John S. Clement*, in 1855.

How Jacob Enders Captures Two Armed Spies in the Schoharie Settlements.—Among the native yeomanry of the Schoharie valley who aided in defending its domestic altars, was Jacob Enders, a descendant of one of its earliest German settlers. Early in the summer of 1780, Enders and a soldier named Williams, who had been a settler near Harpersfield, were sent on a scout from the Schoharie forts to reconnoitre near the sources of the Charlotte and Delaware rivers. They had not

proceeded far, when Williams feigning sickness, returned to Schoharie and left his companion to perform the remaining duty alone. Enders was gone three days, visited the places he was required to, and set his face homeward without seeing a human being. Out of provisions, he was journeying from Harpersfield through Jefferson, towards the upper (Schoharie) fort, by way of the Hager settlement (now North Blenheim) and still distant 10 or 12 miles from the fort, when he fell in with and captured two prisoners.

Near the foot-path of his route, he discovered two men seated upon a rock or log beside a little brook eating their dinner. He rightly conjectured they were not from Schoharie, and at once resolved to make them prisoners. To undertake the capture of two armed men in the wilderness without knowing they were unattended, was a bold project, but well suited to the spirit of the scout; but much of the war was a romance and many were the actors in its novel scenes. Advancing to within pistol shot distance, he gained the covert of a large sugar maple unobserved by the strangers. As though addressing scores of troops, Enders shouted in a voice of thunder: "My men, hold yourselves in readiness to fire!" and turning toward the strangers, he bade them instantly to surrender themselves his prisoners, if they would have their lives spared! So sudden and unexpected was their surprise, that they laid down their arms and ammunition at his command, and walked off as he bade them several rods; supposing every rock and tree in their rear concealed a rebel rifle. Enders lost not a moment in securing the guns and ammunition of his prisoners. Hastily removing the locks from the guns, with a screw driver which he carried, he put them into his pocket, and then laying down the guns he bade his prisoners take them up and proceed before him in the direction of the fort. A more chop-fallen pair was not seen on the frontiers of New York in the whole war, than were the prisoners of Enders, when they discovered the ruse he had played on them. Although wearied and faint as the scout was but an hour before, the excitement created by the novelty of his position, enabled him to complete the rest of his journey before sunset, entering the Schoharie valley near Henry Mattice's mill. On the surrender of the prisoners bearing their own guns, to Capt. Hager, great were the plaudits of the garrison bestowed

upon the brave Enders ; the muzzle of whose gun had kept the prisoners about two rods in advance of him.

When brought in, the captives each had an extra pair of shoes, which had been worn but little, and which they now put on, giving away their old ones. Their story was that they belonged to a Pennsylvania regiment, and were scouting on the frontiers of that State, when they became lost, and strayed to where they were taken. After an examination, the prisoners were sent by Capt. Hager to the middle fort ; where a very rigid search of their persons and dress was made without finding anything to criminate them, and they were set at liberty : although not a few doubted the truth of their narrative—asking very properly why a scout should have an extra pair of shoes ? The reason assigned by the men for having them was, that they were taking them for soldiers at one of the Pennsylvania forts.

It subsequently became known at Schoharie, that the prisoners made by Enders were what he had taken them to be, *spies* directly from Canada, and that on being released, they proceeded to the vicinity of Athens and delivered to some royalist near the former residence of Col. Huetson (who had been hung some time before), their Canadian letters, *which were sewed between the soles of their shoes*. This narrative was obtained from *Jacob Enders*, at Sloansville, in May 1847.

P. S. This old hero was found drowned in the Schoharie, on Tuesday, January 4, 1848. It was supposed that in passing along upon its bank in going to his home, he accidentally slipped and fell in, and being almost helpless—for he had been palsied for years—was soon chilled to death ; for the water was shallow where he was found. Such was the opinion of the coroner's inquest on this occasion. He was 91 years old on the 25th day of August, preceding his death. As there were no relatives near, the Schoharie Lodge of Odd Fellows took charge of his remains and buried them with laudable zeal and becoming respect. The funeral was attended in the Lutheran church, and a discourse adapted to the occasion was delivered by Rev. Dr. G. A. Lintner, after which the remains were interred in accordance with the deceased's request, in the cemetery of the ancient stone church or fort ; which building, when invaded by the enemy in 1780, himself and kindred spirits stood ready to defend to the death.

Ah! gallant old warrior! though the young knew thee not,
Yet their grandmothers did while protecting their cot.
When the hatchet all bloody was cutting the air,
It was then mothers knew thee—for then thou wert there!
And the smiles of the babes but for thee and like braves,
Would have ended in shrieks and found juvenile graves.

Anecdotes Attending the Ranger Service in the Mohawk Valley in 1780, Related by Jacob Shew, one of Their Number.—In the spring of 1780, Jacob Shew went for one of a class as then termed, in Capt. Garret Putman's company for the term of nine months, a part of which time he was on duty at Fort Plank. The ranger service often called the troops from one frontier fort to another. Shew was one of a guard of perhaps a dozen men once sent with a drove of cattle from Fort Plain to Fort Stanwix. While encamped for the night near Shoemaker's place, near the now village of Mohawk, they were fired upon after dark by concealed foes, who had doubtless kept an eye of vigilance on their movements. The fire was a random one, and none of the Americans were injured; but it was promptly returned in the direction of the enemy, and they were not again disturbed that night. On resuming their march in the morning, the guard found blood on the ground, and supposed they had killed or wounded one or more of the "night watch."

At another time, Shew was one of a guard sent up the Mohawk with several boats laden with provisions and military stores, also for Fort Stanwix. The boats were usually laden and started from Schenectada, a military escort receiving them in charge at Fort Plain. The troops went along the shore, and at rapids had to aid in getting the boats along; which were laid up nights, the boatmen encamping on shore with the guard.

When moving up the Mohawk from Fort Plain to take charge of Fort House, a little stockade on the north side of the river enclosing the dwelling of George House—situated nearly opposite Fort Windecker, a party of Putman's men, of which number was my friend Shew, halted over night at a similar stockade at George Klock's, a mile or two below. On their arrival, the citizens clustered within the little post were much gratified at having their security increased, and gave to the men in war's panoply a cordial welcome. Moses Van Camp, one of the latter and a fine soldier, was not a little annoyed by

the warm reception he met from a buxom wench who chanced to know him. "Oh Moses!" she exclaimed, "how glad I am to see you; now we are safe!" and running up she grasped his muscular hand and held on as though she had a life lease of it. She did not give him a hug and a kiss, though his companions told him afterwards that she wanted to. The ardor of this artless, dark eyed and darker skinned maiden, put the blush on young Van Camp, who subsequently had often to hear of the joyous tears his presence had caused to flow down cheeks—whose rosy flashes refused at the surface to answer to his own. This is not the last we shall have to say of this daring young man.

Some time in the summer of this year (1780), several Indians appeared down the river from Fort Herkimer, and attempted, as supposed, to draw a scout from the fort. They burnt a train of powder on a log, and thus raised a smoke to attract notice. By a maneuver, Capt. Putman, then on duty at this post, attempted to surprise them. At the head of his company, with martial music, he made quite a circuit in the woods and returned to the fort, leaving, concealed by the way, his Lieut., Solomon Woodworth, Shew, and several other soldiers. But the ruse did not succeed. The Indians, from some position, no doubt counted their numbers, and were aware that all had not gone back to the fort.

In the fall of 1780, a girl in her teens went from Fort Herkimer to pick apples, not far distant; and while thus engaged at a favorite tree, just out of sight of the fort, she was surprised by an Indian; was tomahawked and scalped. She left the fort early in the day, and not returning at the proper time, her friends became alarmed for her safety and sought her at her favorite tree, which stood in a retired part of the orchard; beneath which she lay, weltering in her own blood. She was borne to the fort, her wounds dressed, and she recovered and lived after the war.

Captivity of the Hynds Family.—The following facts were obtained, in 1837, from *Henry Hynds*,* a son of William Hynds, who was one of the few whigs living in New Dorlach, in the Revolution. On the evening of July 4th, 1780, a party of the

* He died at Hyndsville, N. Y., Jan. 9, 1852, aged 88 years.

enemy, consisting of seven Indians, a squaw, and one white man, Capt. Adam Crysler, arrived in the settlement and put up, as was afterwards learned, at the house of Michael Merckley. The ostensible object of their visit was, to capture Bastian France, as a son of the latter informed the author ; but as he chanced to be from home, at the suggestion of the Merckley family, they concluded to seize upon some other whigs in the vicinity. As there was but little intercourse among distant neighbors in that busy season of the year, and William Hynds was living in quite a retired place, it was suggested to Crysler, that if this family was carried into captivity, and the house not burned, they might be gone a week and no one else know of their absence. The suggestion was received with favor, and the next day, as the family of Hynds were at dinner, they were surprised and taken prisoners. As the captors approached the dwelling, they fired a gun in at an open door, to intimidate the family ; and entering secured Mr. Hynds, his wife, daughters Catharine, and Mary, who were older than my informant, and four children, younger, Elizabeth, William, Lana, and an infant. The Indians then plundered the house of whatever they desired to take along. Henry was compelled to catch four horses belonging to his father, obedience to which command several of the party stood with ready rifles to enforce, and prevent his escape. Upon the backs of three of the horses was placed the plunder made in the dwelling ; and upon the fourth, on a man's saddle, Mrs. Hynds, with several of her youngest children, was permitted to ride. The party moved forward about two o'clock, and traveled that afternoon to Lake Utsayantho, and encamped near the Champion place, seven miles distant from the dwelling of Hynds. The second night they encamped in an orchard near Collier's. Among the plunder taken from the dwelling of Hynds, was a quantity of ham and pork, which the Indians ate ; giving the prisoners flour, which they made into pudding.

Mr. Hynds was bound nights, and a rope laid across his body, each end of which was tied to an Indian. The party were three weeks going to Niagara ; and killed on the route one deer, several muskrats, otters, etc., which served for food. In lieu of salt, they used ashes, and the family continued well until they reached Niagara. The large children went barefooted nearly all the way to Canada. Soon after they started, the squaw took

from Henry, then 16 years old, his shoes, which, as she could not wear them, she threw away. While journeying, they built fires nights, around which they slept upon the ground. Soup was their usual supper. On passing Indian villages, the prisoners were much abused by squaws and children; and on one occasion Mr. Hynds was knocked down by a blow upon the head with an empty bottle.

Soon after their arrival at Niagara, Mr. Hynds and all his family, except Henry, took the fever and ague, of which William, a promising lad, died. The prisoners were at Niagara when the troops under Sir John Johnson, destined to ravish the Schoharie and Mohawk valleys, set out on their journey. The Tories from Schoharie and New Dorlach, who accompanied the army, often boasted to the prisoners that Albany would soon be taken by the British, when themselves were to possess certain choice sections of the Schoharie flats. Mary, then fourteen or fifteen years of age, was separated from the family at Niagara, and taken to supply a vacancy in an Indian family, occasioned by the death of one of its members. Some time in the fall, the prisoners were removed to Buck's Island, where Elizabeth, the child next older than William, also died. From the Island, they were removed to Montreal, where Lana, the youngest child but one, died. Mrs. Hynds, whose constitution was undermined by her mental and bodily sufferings, with her infant child, soon after followed her other three children to the grave; reducing the family from nine to four. In the winter following his capture, Henry had a severe attack of fever and ague, and was removed from the guard-house to the hospital; where he was properly treated and soon recovered.

About two years and a half after their capture, Mr. Hynds, his son Henry, and daughter Catharine, with nearly three hundred other prisoners, returned home by the usual route down the Hudson river. Mary was detained nearly three years longer in Canada, but finally returned. As was surmised, the whigs of New Dorlach knew nothing of the capture of Mr. Hynds and his family until they had been gone three or four days.

An Indian Visits the Upper Schoharie Fort.—The greater part of the month of July, 1780, Seth's Henry, and a few other Indians, were secreted about the Schoharie settlements, in the

hope of killing or surprising some of the principal settlers, as he stated after the war.

One dark night, this Indian, says *Josias E. Vrooman*, visited the upper fort, in the hope of surprising a sentinel. He commenced climbing up at one of the sentry-boxes, with a spear in his hand, but before he was within reach of the sentinel, who chanced on that night to be Frederick Quant, the latter heard his approach, and gave the usual challenge. The Indian then dropped down upon the ground and threw himself under one of the farm wagons which usually clustered around the outside of the pickets. A ball from the rifle of Quant, fired in the direction he ran, entered a wagon near his head, but the Indian made his escape.

Surprise of Peter Geortner and John Folkert.—Among the many captives made by the enemy near the Mohawk in the war, were Geortner and Folkert. Just in what year I am not positive, but I think it safe to place it among the events of July 1780. Geortner was living at the time on the farm below Fort Plain, known for years as the Ver Planck farm (now owned by Jacob C. Nellis), and Folkert was a farm hand in his employ. These two men were mowing grass about half a mile east of the house. Thirsty, they went to a spring on the hillside of the meadow in which they were engaged. This spring still bubbles its cold waters for the traveler near the old Firman place; now near the gate on the road from Canajoharie to Fort Plain. The road and canal now occupy the site of the ancient meadow. Geortner was just climbing the fence which shut in the meadow a little distance from the spring to renew his labor, when four hideously painted Indians from concealment near—as if by magic—were upon them. One of them seized Folkert by the shoulder and shouted: “My prisoner!” at which moment Geortner raised his scythe in a menacing attitude. One of the Indians cocked and poised his rifle upon the yeoman, as another told Folkert in the Indian dialect, which the latter understood, to direct his comrade to lay down his weapon instantly to save his life. He dropped his scythe and with his fellow was quickly hurried into the woods south of the spring.

As soon as a retired spot was gained, a halt was made to search the persons of the prisoners, which resulted in finding upon Geortner a small hammer and pocket knife, of which he

was quickly relieved. The party proceeded directly to Bowman's creek some eight or ten miles southwest of Fort Plain ; where a mare and a colt were stolen from a citizen named Flint, and from thence they sought the southern route of war parties to Canada. It became known in a few hours at the fort, that the mowers had been spirited away, by finding their implements still in the field, but in what manner or whence taken was a mystery. The feelings of Mrs. Geortner may be more easily imagined than described. Folkert is believed to have been a single man. The prisoners endured the usual privations their neighbors did in like circumstances on their way to Canada, and at one time the party were so straitened for food, that the colt was killed and feasted upon. This meat, the almost famished captives likened to that of chickens. When the party prepared for slumber, Geortner, with his arms drawn back and firmly bound above the elbows, was seated on the ground with his back against a tree to which he was fastened ; thus every night found him securely pinioned. Their captors manifested less anxiety about their other prisoner who was seldom bound, not being very apprehensive—as they read his courage—of his leaving them.

Geortner often told his fellow captive after the war, that they might have escaped had the latter dared to untie his arms. On arriving in Canada, the prisoners were confined upon Rebel Island. After a while they were exchanged, and with other homeward bound captives returned by way of Boston. In Albany, they, with several others who were anticipating a joyful reunion with surviving friends, were taken to the house of a patriotic family, and not only well fed, but kindly supplied with food for the remainder of the journey, which terminated about nine months after their surprise at the well known spring. The Indians who captured Geortner and Folkert, told them on their forest march, that the object of their visit had been to surprise Lieut. William Seeber and Adam Countryman ; which circumstances did not warrant, and imposed an oath upon the prisoners that they should not divulge the nature of their errand, as they hoped at some subsequent period to realize their first intent.

Near the residence of Peter Geortner when made a captive, is an island of several acres in the middle of the Mohawk, now

called Ver Planck's Island. Often in the summer season did Geortner with his family in a canoe kept for the purpose, repair to the island at nightfall with a few blankets, and there sleep in the bushes, being too much fatigued to go to the fort to lodge, or anxious to be early at the farm for morning's work—fearing a nocturnal visit from wild beasts and hissing serpents, or warring elements, less than a visit from painted man.—Facts from *Audolph Seeber*, a nephew of Lieut. William Seeber, and *George Geortner*, a son of Peter Geortner, who was a boy 10 or 12 years old when his father was captured, and who was going to school at Fort Plain at that period. I had interviews with these old gentlemen about the year 1846. Geortner died at Canajoharie January 14, 1851, aged 84 years. He had a son George who also died at Canajoharie in 1849, aged about 80.

Captivity of William Bouck and Others.—For the following particulars the author is indebted to the manuscript of *Judge Hager to Col. J. W. Bouck*, and the memory of *Dick*, a former slave belonging to the Bouck family.

About the 25th of July, William Bouck, an elderly man, the one mentioned as the first white male child born in Schoharie, went from the upper fort to his dwelling, situated where Wilhelmus Bouck formerly resided (nearly two miles distant from said fort), to secure his crops, taking with him a girl named Nancy Lattimore, a female slave, and her three children, two sons and a daughter. As the family were making preparations in the evening to retire to rest, Seth's Henry and three other Indians entered the house and captured them, securing the little plunder it chanced to contain. The leader was disappointed in not finding either of Mr. Bouck's three sons at home.

Dick Bouck, the youngest of the slaves, as the enemy entered the house, sprang behind a door which stood open, and escaped their notice. The other prisoners were taken out, and as they were about to start on their journey, Master Dick, afraid of being left alone in the dark, made some noise on purpose to attract their attention, and one of the Indians re-entered the house and "hustled him out." Speaking of his capture, Dick said: "I made a noise, like a tam fool, and de Ingens took me dar prisoner." The party then set forward, and the captor of Dick (then eight years old) took him upon his back, and carried him as far as the residence of the late Gen. Patchin, a distance of seven or

eight miles, where they encamped. The enemy expected to be pursued the following day, when it would undoubtedly become known that Mr. Bouck had been captured, and before daylight the march was resumed. After sunrise, Dick had to travel on foot with the other prisoners; and on the following night they encamped at Harpersfield. At this place lived a Scotch tory, named Hugh Rose, who made jonny-cake for the Indians, which the latter shared with their prisoners. "Dis," said Dick, "was de fus food de gabe us fore we lef home." While on their way from the Patchin place to Harpersfield, the party, for obvious reasons, avoided the beaten road, but Dick, who said "de bushes hurt him feet," embraced repeated opportunities to steal into it, and sometimes traveled several rods in it, before his violation of their commands was observed. He often was cunning enough to leave the road just in time to avoid detection, but repeatedly he was caught in "the forbidden path," when he was put upon a new trail, with a threat or a slap. Rose furnished provisions for the enemy to subsist on a part of the way to Canada, and they left his house about 8 o'clock the next morning.

William Bouck, Jr., was out on a scout from the upper fort at the time his father's family was captured. This scout consisted of Bouck, John Haggidorn, Bartholomew C. Vrooman (the first husband of Mrs. Van Slyck before mentioned), and Bartholomew Haggidorn. They were sent on the errand which had led so many scouts in that direction—to anticipate, if possible, any hostile movement of the enemy. The Indians, with their prisoners, had been gone but a very short time from the house of Rose, before the scout named entered it. They enquired of Rose if there were any Indians in that vicinity. "Yes," he replied, "the woods are full of them." They desired to know in what direction they were from his house, when, instead of sending them from, he directed them towards the enemy. The footsteps of the scout arrested the attention of the Indians, who halted, leveled their rifles, and waited the approach of the former. The Indians were on a rise of ground, and as Bouck looked up he saw Nancy, waving her bonnet, with fear depicted in her countenance, which signal he rightly conjectured was intended to warn him of danger, and direct his flight in another course. He instantly divined the reason of her being there, and appraising his comrades of their peril, he

turned and fled in an opposite direction. At that instant the Indians fired, and John Haggidorn was wounded in the hip, and a ball passed through the cravat of Bouck, which was tied around his neck. Haggidorn fell, but instantly sprang up and followed his companions. Had they known that there were but four of the enemy, they would no doubt have turned upon them and rescued the prisoners. The scout returned to the house of Rose, and as Haggidorn was too severely wounded to proceed, he was left by his friends, who assured the tory that if harm befel their wounded friend, or he was not well taken care of, his own life should be the forfeit.

As was anticipated, Bouck was missing in the morning, and as soon as information of the fact reached the fort, Capt. Haggidorn despatched about twenty men, under the command of Lieutenants Ephraim Vrooman and Joseph Harper, in pursuit of the captors. They rightly conjectured the enemy would take the usual route towards Harpersfield, and after proceeding in uncertainty until they discovered the track of Dick in the path, which they at once supposed left the impression of his heel, they pushed forward rapidly. The scout had gone but a few miles towards the fort, when they fortunately fell in with the pursuing party, and instantly joined it. After arriving at the place where Haggidorn had been wounded, they soon struck upon the trail of the enemy, which ascended the high grounds near. The Indians had gone but a mile or two beyond where the scout saw them, and halted to rest upon a narrow plain near the top of mountain, where three of them remained with the prisoners, while Seth's Henry ascended to the summit, which afforded a most extended prospect, to reconnoitre. The Indians left with the prisoners, feeling themselves secure, had laid down their packs, and were in the act of mending their mocasins, as the Americans were cautiously winding their way up the acclivity.

Seth's Henry, from his elevated position, had completely overlooked his approaching foes, and feeling satisfied that they were now safe, he had just returned to his companions and told them they were out of danger from pursuit, as the Americans gained a view of them within rifle-shot distance. The lives of the prisoners being endangered, several of whom were nearest the Americans, prevented the instant discharge of a volley of balls, but as Leek had a fair aim upon an Indian, he snapped

and his rifle unfortunately missed fire. Hearing the click, the Indians instantly sprang to their feet, seized their weapons, and leaving their prisoners and packs, giving a whoop and exclaiming "Yankees," fled barefooted down the mountain in an opposite direction. The prisoners were then unbound, grateful for so unexpected a deliverance, and the party descended the hill and proceeded to the dwelling of Rose. A litter was there prepared, on which Haggidorn was carried by his friends to the fort, where, under proper treatment, he recovered.

If Seth's Henry was foiled in taking Mr. Bouck and his family to Canada, it did not discourage him from making other attempts to surprise some of the Schoharie citizens. Familiar as he was with every hill, dale, ravine, and cluster of shrubbery along the river, he was enabled often to approach the very dwellings of the settlers, without being observed.

He told Mrs. Van Slyck, after the war, that on Tuesday, one week before the destruction of Vrooman's Land, and about a week after his capture of William Bouck, himself and two other Indians, one of whom was called William, his sister's son, lay concealed near a spring, in an angle of a fence, by the thick shade of a sassafras tree, not far from her father's dwelling, when she, with a pail, went to the spring for water—that William wanted to shoot her, but he would not let him.

Close Quarters.—Mrs. Van Slyck stated that on the day referred to, her father, Samuel Vrooman, was at work, with several others, in a field of grain not far from his house, where a small party of riflemen were in attendance to guard them; and that she was at home alone to prepare their dinner. When she had it about ready, she went, with a pail, to the spring for water. As she approached it she saw the mocasined track of an Indian, which she at once recognized as such, but recently made. In an instant she was seized with lively apprehension; and the first thought—as she felt her hair move on her head—was that she would turn and run; but this would betray to the enemy her knowledge of their supposed proximity; whereas, if she did not pretend to notice the track, if her scalp was not what the foe sought, she would doubtless escape. She therefore walked boldly up to the spring, dipped her pail, and walked back to the house. She expected, at every step, to hear the crack of a rifle discharged at herself, and passing several stumps on the way,

this, and this, thought she, will shield me for the moment. On arriving at the house, she set down her pail and ran to the field (leaving several gates open) to tell her friends what she had seen at the spring. The soldiers visited it and saw the Indian foot-marks, but the makers, observing their approach, had fled.

Seth's Henry pretended after the war, that nothing but his friendship for her saved informant's life at the spring, but the fear of pursuit from the riflemen near, was, perhaps, the real cause of her escape. William, who leveled his rifle at her, and was prevented firing by the caution of his leader, had, for many years, held a grudge against her. Being often at her father's house before the war, she one day accused him of stealing geese eggs, which he resented, although perhaps guilty, drew his knife and struck a blow at her, the blade of which entered the right thigh upon the outside, leaving an indellible evidence of his resentment. This ugly looking scar she carried to her grave.

The same day that those Indians were concealed at Vrooman's spring, they were discovered elsewhere by some person in the settlement. Seth's Henry told Mrs. Van Slyck, that the night preceding his visit to the spring, he, with his companions, had entered the kitchen of Ephraim Vrooman's dwelling, and finding a kettle of supawn, made use of it for their suppers. Two Germans lodged in the house that night; a fact unknown to the Indians, as was to the former the visit of the latter. After procuring food at this house, they went to the barn of Samue Vrooman, where they tarried over night. Thus were an armed and savage foe often prowling about the very dwellings of the frontier settlers of New York, without their knowledge.

Colored Men Take the Responsibility.—Seth's Henry, at his interview, also stated to Mrs. Van Slyck, that some time in the summer of 1780, seven Indians (of which number, was the Schoharie Indian, William), went into the vicinity of Catskill to capture prisoners. That they visited a small settlement where the whites were from home, and soon succeeded in capturing seven lusty negroes. The latter generally went so willingly into captivity that they were seldom bound in the day-time. After traveling some distance, the party halted upon the bank of a spring to rest, when the Indians, leaving their guns behind them, descended to drink. The favorable moment was seized by the

prisoners to liberate themselves, and snatching up the guns, they fired upon their captors, four of whom were killed; the other three fled, and William was the only one who recovered his trusty rifle. The negroes, with the six guns, returned home in due time, without further molestation.

Capt. Richtmyer, who resided near the Middle fort, was told by Joseph Ecker (a tory, who returned to Schoharie after the war), that on a certain day, four tories, a Shafer, a Winne, a Milles and another person he would not name, (supposed by Capt. R., to have been Ecker himself), were secreted all day near his meadow, not far from the present site of the county poor house, in the hope of making him their prisoner. The grass was cut, and they expected the Captain would be there to cure it, but fortunately Col. Zelig ordered him to superintend the making of cartridges at the fort, and next day several soldiers were sent from the fort to guard the workmen. Thus was the design of the enemy frustrated. Four places of concealment were made and occupied by the tories near the field, by setting up green twigs, which were afterwards noticed by the citizens. —George, a son of Capt. Richtmyer.

Invasion of the Canajoharie District.—I come now to one of the most important invasions, because one of the most destructive made by the enemy in Tryon county during the war. When the militia of the vicinity had been drawn from their homes to guard bateaux on their way up the Mohawk with stores for Fort Stanwix; Brant, with whom were associated Cornplanter and other distinguished chiefs, with a large body of warriors and tories desolated the settlement. Here is part of a letter from Col. Samuel Clyde to Gov. George Clinton, written three days after the event, which shows the success of the destructives:

“CANAJOHARIE, *August 6, 1780.*

“SIR—I here send you an account of the fate of our district:

On the 2d day of this inst., Joseph Brant, at the head of four or five hundred Indians and tories, broke in upon the settlements, and laid the best part of the district in ashes, and killed 16 of the inhabitants, that we have found, took between 50 and 60 prisoners—mostly women and children—12 of whom they have sent back. They have killed or drove away with them,

upwards of 300 head of cattle and horses; have burned 53 dwelling houses, besides some out-houses, and as many barns; one very elegant church, and one grist-mill, and two small forts that the women fled out of. They have burned all the inhabitants' weapons and implements for husbandry, so that they are left in a miserable condition. They have nothing left to support themselves but what grain they have growing, and that they cannot get saved for want of tools to work with, and very few to be got here.

"This affair happened at a very unfortunate hour, when all the militia of the county were called up to Fort Schuyler—Stanwix—to guard nine bateaux half laden. It was said the enemy intended to take them on their passage to Fort Schuyler. There was scarce a man left that was able to go. It seems that everything conspired for our destruction in this quarter; one whole district almost destroyed, and the best regiment of militia in the county rendered unable to help themselves or the public. This I refer you to Gen. Rensselaer for the truth of."

Brant, apprised in some manner of the intended movement of supplies, threw out a hint that he would cut them off in their transit to Fort Stanwix; consequently the militia were drawn from the defense of their own homes, and suffered in human life and property, a disaster next to that of Oriskany. I have gathered some interesting details of the invasion, which will find a place here.

As I have elsewhere shown, it was at this visit of the enemy that the old Indian trader, John Abeel, became the captive of his own son, the Seneca warrior Cornplanter, who kindly sent him back to the ashes of his own home and the bosom of his family.

About the time of this invasion a party of the enemy appeared in the vicinity of Fort Dayton. Two Indians had the temerity to approach a barn, in which two men were threshing, on whom they fired. The flail-stick in the hands of one was nearly severed by a bullet, but the young farmers escaped to the fort. It was well garrisoned, and a party of Americans being then mounted, pursued and killed both the Indians. The enemy succeeded, however, in capturing the wife of Jacob Shoemaker, and her son, a lad some 10 years old, who were in a field picking green peas. On their arrival in Canada, Sir John Johnson,

paid seven dollars to ransom the mother, who, leaving her son in captivity, arrived at Albany sometime after, from whence she was carried to Schenectada in a wagon, by Isaac Covenhoven, and from thence she accompanied one Waldradt, a former neighbor, to Herkimer.—*Isaac Covenhoven*, who was at Fort Dayton during the invasion.

Escape of John Rother and his Niece from an Indian.—

Among the German families living comfortably in the Geisenberg settlement at this period, three or four miles southerly from Fort Plain, was that of John Rother, or Roth, as in English.* He owned the grist-mill in that locality, and Daniel Olendorf was his miller. His landed estate subsequently went into possession of the Hall family. As was the case with most of his neighbors, Rother kept a large watch-dog; which, as the enemy approached his house, August 2, 1780, set up a furious barking. Discovering the Indians, he sprang to his house and, seizing his gun, fled toward Fort Plank, situated between Geisenberg and Dutch Town, more than a mile from his dwelling. He was followed by a niece, who was a member of his family. His wife was concealed in a field of growing flax. As the Indians came near the dwelling they were furiously set upon by the dog, which they stopped to shoot; the gun alarming several neighbors. The Indians lost no time in plundering and burning the dwelling; the first they fired in that neighborhood.

Rother and niece, in their flight, were pursued by a single Indian, tomahawk in hand, who was intent on their death or captivity. The young lady could not keep up with her uncle, and as she fell in his rear and saw her foe gaining upon her, she shouted, "Uncle, the Indian!" He would then halt, raise his gun, and the warrior would stop or fall back, enabling her to pass him, when he would again set forward. Although Rother's gun was loaded, yet he did not dare to fire on the Indian, lest, if he missed him, two more scalps would go to Canada. Thus was the exciting race continued—the ominous shout, "Uncle, the Indian!" being repeated half a score of time—until, as they neared the fort, the Indian was fired upon by its inmates, when he sullenly retired into the forest. Had Rother's gun been in

* Other families in the locality were those of Myers, Casler, Olendorf, Copeman, Schneider, Brookman, Reaner, Sitz, Bellinger, Conterman, Keeler, Zoller, House, Pickard.

the hands of a Stoner or a Foster, the Indian would have paid dearly for his temerity ; and it still seems a wonder, when the rascal stayed his pursuit, that he had not fired at him. Rother lived, a respected citizen, to old age, and is still remembered by aged people of his neighborhood, as a social and companionable old man. His wife, the Doctress, as she was called, dispensed her prescriptions for a long period ; as she lived to be over 100 years old. John Rother, Jr., a son of this old couple, was a justice of the peace after the war.—From *Dr. G. A. Lintner*, who had the story from Rother's lips.

Captivity of Little Evau Myers.—August 13, 1851, I visited at her residence in Columbia, the widow of Lawrence Shoemaker, who was then living with Moses Eysaman, a son of her first husband, Jacob Eysaman. She was a daughter of Joseph Myers, who resided about four miles southwest of Fort Plain, and was, at our interview, 76 years old. At the invasion of the enemy, August 2, 1780, Myers resided near the Geisenberg ; his family consisting of himself, wife, and three children aged three, five, and seven years. Evau, the only girl, was then five. Her youngest brother had been kicked on the head by a horse. Myers, who had lost a leg, had gone to Fort Plank on the fatal day to make cartridges, a military duty he could perform. A good part of a mile from Myers, resided Mrs. John Rother, whose skill in the healing art gave her the name of Doctress.* Mrs. Myers desired the two oldest children to go to the Doctress and get some salve for the youngest child's head. The oldest boy said he would carry his brother to her on his back, and let her apply the salve, and Evau went along for company.

When nearly half way there and in sight of Rother's house they heard a gun fired, and on looking, saw Indians about the house. They turned to run home, but the Indians had discovered them, and soon several had overtaken them. One tried to pull off the little boy from the back of the other, but they held fast to each other and cried ; and in the next instant another Indian ran a bayonet through them, pinning both bodies to the ground in the death struggle. The oldest was quickly

* Indeed, she gained quite a celebrity. Geo. Countryman assured me that a soldier named Godfrey Young, wounded in a delicate manner, was given up by a physician, and was cured by this woman. While another soldier, named Sharke, with a gun-shot wound in the arm, which a doctor wanted to amputate, she also cared for and saved the arm. She had a garden in which she raised many herbs used in her practice.

scalped, she was snatched up in the arms of another, and away they ran. Several of the party were soon at the house of Myers; but fortunately when the children left the house his wife went to pull flax, and hearing the gun at Rother's and divining its import, she laid down in the flax and escaped notice. Evau did not cry, on which account she supposed she escaped the tomahawk. The house was plundered and burned, and she with other prisoners was soon on the way to Canada, and too young to travel with the party, she was borne on the back of an Indian, most of the way in the long and tiresome journey. She spoke German when captured, was taken among the Indians and forgot her German; but she was so young they finally delivered her at Montreal for a bounty. Here, in turn, she soon forgot her Indian and learned to speak English. She must have been a bright child, for I found her a very intelligent old lady at our interview. Peggy Sharrar, who was also made a prisoner near Myer's, she saw above Herkimer, going to Canada, but of her fate I am not informed.

At an Indian village, an Indian took her in his arms and whipped her; a squaw then set her down to run the gauntlet; in doing which she was put on a horse, and an Indian led it through the lines. She was thumped off several times and he put her on again; she was hurt some, but did not dare cry. She saw the Indians drying scalps on the journey, and at its end her cheeks were painted and she was given an Indian dress. Evau was so young and required so much care, that the Indians grew tired of her, and took her to an English garrison, and received a bounty for her capture. She was a long time in Canada before it was known whose child she was, as she had unfortunately forgotten her own name;* but Peter Olendorf, who was captured at the same invasion, readily guessed her parentage, when she said her father had one wooden leg, and lived not far from a fort. Mrs. Bartlett Pickard, having a nursing child, was captured in the vicinity of Myers', who, with other female prisoners, were liberated by Brant and returned home. She told the enemy that little Evau was her daughter, but the pretence did not avail. Mrs. Pickard arrived at Fort Plank three

* This was not an uncommon occurrence in the war. One of Col. Campbells children of the same age, was in the same predicament when he was delivered to his mother.—*Campbells' Annals*, p. 182.

days after her capture almost famished, and then Mrs. Myers first learned the fate of her daughter. Mrs. Pletts, made a prisoner on the same day, in Freysbush, came back when Evan did, taking a motherly care of her, for which she and her parents were ever grateful.

Captivity of David Olendorf and his Wife.—This couple who had then been married about a year were also among the prisoners made August 2, 1780, near the Geisenberg. Olendorf was John Rother's miller at this period, and when surprised they, himself and wife, were engaged in a barn, he in pitching wheat from a wagon, and she in mowing it away ; a duty that often devolved on women during the war. When he, before the muzzle of a gun, was ordered down from the wagon, she was not in sight, and on being asked if anyone else was in the barn, he replied in the negative—thinking thus to save his wife from captivity. One of the enemy suspicious he was not alone, said to him ; “If any one else is in the barn, call them out, for we are going to burn it.” True to their word, they did burn it, and after it was set on fire she was called down from the loft. They also burned their dwelling after plundering it of all they desired.

The little settlement at the Geisenberg—usually pronounced Gaasaberg—called after the war Hallsville (after Robert Hall, an early merchant there), was ravaged and burned ; and with other prisoners, the Olendorfs were hurried off to Canada ; suffering in common with their captive neighbors on the way, from privations and excessive fatigue. Soon after this long journey began, the Indians asked Olendorf if he could run pretty well, and he replied in the affirmative. He was then required to take a foot race with an athletic Indian, being assured that if he could beat his competitor, he should be set at liberty. He easily won the race to be rewarded by treachery, and found when too late why his pedestrian powers had been tested ; for instead of being liberated, he was securely bound every night after the race, until he arrived at the end of his journey. During the long and dreary march he once came near losing his life, by incurring the displeasure of his red masters in a frolic, and a tomahawk hurled at his head, sunk deep into a tree behind which he sprang for shelter ; when an old Indian interfered and saved his life.

On reaching Canada, Olendorf and his wife were separated, he being imprisoned with many others. After some weeks imprisonment, not finding an opportunity to escape, he agreed to enlist into the British service—resolving to embrace the first opportunity, to desert. He was of German descent. While on his way with the enemy in force to the frontier settlements of New York—under Sir John Johnson—two prisoners were brought in by a party of the enemy. Being near them, Olendorf overheard one ask the other in German, if he had any tobacco? he replied in the negative. The former chanced to have a small hank of pigtail, and unwinding a coil or two, he found opportunity unobserved to place it in the hand of its seeker. The latter turning to his fellow prisoner with an expression of joy, said of the donor: “Ar is an Dutchman!” Olendorf shook his head significantly, saying in effect, caution, you may be overheard.

When encamped in the evening, Olendorf, who was a sergeant in his new position, found opportunity to speak with the prisoners. He inquired if they dared to attempt their escape, and being answered in the affirmative, and also that they could find their way back to the place of their capture, he told them to be in readiness that very night, and he would fly with them, for he was determined not to war against his friends. It became his official duty that night to post sentinels, which favored the design; and after stationing the most distant one, he took occasion while returning to lop several twigs, that he might pass the outer watchman unobserved. Securing what provisions he could, he went to those prisoners about midnight, and conducted them in silence without the camp; when, by observing great caution, a part of the time crawling upon their hands and feet, the trio found the broken boughs and passed all the sentinels in safety. “Now,” said the sergeant, “if you know the way to the settlements, lead on, for we have not a moment to lose.” One of the liberated captives became pilot, and in a few days the trio reached Fort Plain in safety, where they were joyously welcomed by their friends—whom they forewarned of the invader’s approach.

Mrs. Olendorf, then most delicately situated, feared longer to remain in an Indian family, to which she had been taken, and, watching her opportunity, when the family were all drunk;

to which condition, so far as possible, she had contributed by freely passing them liquor, she fled for refuge to the residence of an English officer for protection. The family were at first afraid to conceal her, fearing the revenge of the savages, who they rightly inferred would seek for her there; but her condition excited their pity, and when the Indians approached, she was concealed in a closet, and they left without finding her; and soon after they were paid a ransom for her. On the birth of her little son, two English gentlemen acted as sponsors; from whom she had a certificate of his birth, etc. She was finally taken to Halifax, exchanged with other prisoners, and reached Fort Plain some 13 or 14 months after her captivity; presenting her husband, on her return, with a little namesake about nine months old. This Daniel Olendorf, Sr., was one of a scout that shot Walter Butler subsequent to his return from captivity, in the manner elsewhere described. Daniel Olendorf, named as having been born among the Indians, long known as an inn-keeper at Cooperstown, died at his residence in Hartwick, N. Y., in March, 1847. He also had a brother, Peter, once an inn-keeper at Fort Plain. It was the writers fortune to be well acquainted with the *Olendorf brothers*, from whom these facts were obtained.

Mary Sitts Captured.—In the neighborhood of Daniel Olendorf, in the Geisenberg settlement resided Baltus Sitts. His house stood just back of the present farm house of Henry Sanders, about four miles from Fort Plain. At the great invasion of the enemy, August 2, 1780, it is believed that Sitts and his wife were at work in the field, and thus escaped the enemy. At the dwelling, which was plundered and burned, Mary Sitts, then nine years old, and her grandfather were taken by the enemy. Sophia Sitts, a little sister of Mary, then five years old, was captured by a squaw near a couple of apple trees a little distance from the house, which trees are believed to be still standing. After carrying her prisoner upon her back some distance, the squaw realized the task she had undertaken, and setting the child down unharmed, and pointing toward her house, she bade her go back. She did so, and found her friends. The grandfather was taken to Fallhill, where he was liberated, at the intercession of the squaw named, and he returned to

Fort Plank. Probably the Sitts family had done this squaw some favor.

Mary Sitts was taken to Canada, adopted into an Indian family, and ever after remained there. A few years after, her father went after her. He found her, in everything but color, a veritable squaw, and no persuasion could induce her to return to the home of her childhood. It was known, subsequently, that she became the wife of an Indian, after whose death she married a white man and remained in Canada.

Sophia Sitts had three husbands: William Livingston, Joseph Pooler, and Jacob Wager, and, with a pretty good memory, is now (April 1, 1882,) living a mile or two from Hallsville, with Mrs. Thomas Williams, a daughter of hers, by Livingston. She distinctly remembers her own and her sister's capture, and says she was then aged five—placing her birth October 6, 1774, which would make her age 107, in the fall of 1881. Few women have done so much hard work in their lifetime as has this centenarian. For many years she was considered one of the best binders ever seen in a wheat field. The facts relating to this Sitts family were obtained at interviews with Mrs. Wager, for the writer, by the late *Abram Walrath*, in 1880, and by Douglas Ayres, M. D., in March, 1882. Where, in the wide world, is there another living person that was a prisoner so long ago to the foes of American liberty? P. S.—Feb. 1, 1883, Mrs. Wager is still living.

Captivity of Caty Bettinger.—Here is another case, similar to that of Mary Sitts. Among the prisoners made around Hallsville in the invasion of August, 1780, was Caty Bettinger, a daughter of Martin Bettinger, at the age of eight or 10 years. Her father had gone on the enterprise to Fort Stanwix, and her mother, with six children, was captured and taken some distance, but liberated, by Brant, with other female captives, as elsewhere shown. Susannah, an older daughter, was in a wheat field and escaped, but from there saw an Indian, with his tomahawk over her head, capture her mother. Caty, not at the house, was captured by another party and taken to Canada. She was not exchanged at the end of the war, and a few years later her father went after her. He found her domiciled among the Indians, just verging upon womanhood, and in everything but color, a squaw. She was identified by a scar on one arm from

the bite of a dog. She could not be persuaded to return with him, choosing to remain in her isolated home. She was given a small cake, baked and sent her by her mother, which touched her sensibility, even to tears. It is believed she married an Indian, and uncouth and uncivilized as she was, remained in her isolated, wild-wood home.

A family of Ecklers residing near Bettinger's was captured at the same time, and the youngest boy did not return until several years after the war, but then remained in the State.—*John Walrath*, corroborated by *John Smith*, *John H. Brookman* and *Solomon Norton*.

Capture of the Shaulls and Others.—At this period, three brothers, John, Sebastian and Matthias Shaull, resided two miles from the present village of Van Hornsville. In the August invasion of 1780, they were all three made prisoners and taken to Canada. Frederick Bonner, who lived near the Shaulls, saw the enemy in time to hide himself under an untanned cowhide, and thus escaped observation. Two of the Shaull brothers were exchanged in due time and returned home, but for some cause, John remained in Canada for several years after the war, and until his friends went there and persuaded him to return. The women and children of this family are said to have been captured, and by Brant, allowed to return to the settlement.—*Isaac Shaull*, in 1851, a grandson of Matthias Shaull.

I have somewhere seen it stated that on this invasion of August 2d, 1780, Jacob Bronner aged 63, George Snouts aged 50, and Peter Casselman, were captured by the enemy near Fort Plank.

Providential Escape of the Lintner Family.—George Lintner was among the pioneer residents of that part of the Canajoharie settlements known as Geisenberg, in the present town of Minden, four miles from Fort Plain. On the 2d day of August, 1780, Mr. Lintner went early in the day to perform some duty at Fort Plank, from one to two miles distant. At the end of only a few hours, he learned from the signal guns of the neighboring forts, as also from the constant discharge of fire-arms, which he believed in the hands of the enemy, that the invaders of the territory were numerous, and would doubtless find every habitation in the district. The arrival of Rother

and his niece, and probably other fugitives at this post, told him of the possible fate of his own family, but he dared not proceed thither alone, and Fort Plank was too feebly garrisoned to afford a sallying party. His family consisted of a wife and five children, their ages ranging at about 15, 11, 8 and 6 years, and an infant of a few months ; and being now unable to afford them needed assistance caused him many an anxious thought and fearful foreboding. The names of those children in which their ages stand were, Albert, Elizabeth, John and Abram.

During the forenoon, Mrs. Lintner and her children had heard the frequent discharge of guns in the neighborhood, but did not suspect it proceeded from the enemy until noon, when they had seated themselves at the dinner table. The mother then began to feel disquieted and said : " My children, we are eating our dinner here, and the Indians might come and murder us before we were aware of it." As she said this she arose from the table and opened the door ; and instantly she saw a sight that almost curdled the blood in her veins. Scarcely a mile distant she saw a thick cloud of smoke, and at once recognized it as coming from the roof of Rother's grist-mill, while in the next moment she heard the discharge of several guns, which the enemy had fired into a flock of sheep near the mill. Such omens could not be misconstrued, and snatching her infant child she fled from the house followed by the other children, down a steep bank into the woods, just beyond. Scarcely had they gained this covert, when the Indians entered the house and found the table ready for dinner ; and not finding the family in the house, they fired into and then searched the bushes through which the family had passed but a few minutes before. Their firing told the fugitives they had not fled one moment too soon. Dispatching the dinner so opportunely provided for them, they plundered and set fire to the house, and only remaining long enough to be sure it would burn, they left it to pay a similar visit to some other dwelling.

After Mrs. Lintner had found a favorable place of concealment, she discovered that Abram, her six year old boy, had become separated from the party, and although she felt a mother's anxiety for his safety, she dared not make a search for him. The lad found his way back to the house well on fire,

evidently soon after the Indians left it, and had sufficient presence of mind to draw the cradle out of doors. He remained about there all the afternoon, and as night came on he dragged the cradle into a pig-stye still standing on the premises, in which he slept that night, too young to apprehend danger. The three oldest children, two boys and a girl, wended their way late in the day to Fort Clyde, which, as "The evening shades prevailed," they reached in safety. Mrs. Lintner, with her infant child, remained that night under a hollow tree not far from her late home. A family dog was with her and several times in the evening its bark was answered by another which she supposed belonged to the enemy, and which she feared might betray her hiding place. After a night of fearful solicitude, she made her way in safety to Fort Clyde, to find the children who had gained it the evening before.

On the morning after he left his home of cheerful contentment, Mr. Lintner, having heard no alarm guns, ventured, as early as he dared to go, to learn the fate of his family. Finding his dwelling down, he approached its site with dreadful apprehension, but after a careful examination of the debris, in which he could discover no charred remains, he became satisfied that the family had not been murdered in the house; and while still searching his premises, if possible to learn their fate, he discovered his little boy, in an adjoining field, following some cattle, evidently not knowing what else to do. He asked him where his mother and the other children were, when he began to cry, being unable to give any account of them, except that they ran into the bushes back of the house. The father, having become satisfied that if the remainder of his family were not prisoners on the route to Canada, they might have reached Fort Clyde. Taking the hand of his little boy, thither he directed his steps; where, to their great joy, the family were again united; when Mrs. Lintner, in German, expressed her gratitude as follows: "*Obwohl wir nun Alles verloren haben ausser den Kleidern die wir auf den Leibe tragen, so fühl ich mich doch reicher als je zuvor in meinem Leben!*" "Now, although we have lost everything but the clothes we have on, I feel richer than I ever did before in all my life!"

I have named the principal events, crowded into the life of this family in 24 hours, with minuteness; not only because the

details were before me, but because, in tracing them, I should paint a picture of scenes in scores of other families at that period, too many of which, alas! were tinged with blood and darkened by suffering. Of the many similar scenes happening in and along this valley, comparatively but here and there one has found a writers' pen, the greater number of them having gone with the removal and extinction of families, into the vortex of vague tradition or irretrievable forgetfulness.

This Lintner farm is now owned by Peter Moyer, of Fort Plain.—Facts from *Rev. Dr. G. A. Lintner*, a son of Albert Lintner one of the children who escaped with their mother to Fort Clyde, obtained in Nov., 1857. Elizabeth, Albert Lintner's sister married John G. Walrath, and after a long and useful life, died in November, 1857 at the age of 88 years.

A Fatal Horse-race.—It may be well, in this connection, to speak of the sad fate of the little boy, Abram Lintner, who, alone, of his father's family, saw their house burn down. The facts were obtained several years ago from *Mr. and Mrs. William H. Seeber*, former neighbors of the Lintner family. For many years after the Revolution, there was much horse-racing in and contiguous to the Mohawk valley. One of the favorite courses was in "Seeber's lane," as a straight portion of the road was called, running from Freysbush toward Canajoharie village. On Saturday afternoon, August 24, 1799, a race came off on this road, the rendezvous being at the public house of Conrad Seeber. From the race, Henry Hurdick and Abram Lintner started, on horseback, to go home, when H. said to L., "Let us try your young horse with this one." Hurdick was on a large stock horse, owned by the Lintner family, which he had just rode in competition with a horse of the landlord, the latter winning. They started to run, but had not gone far, and when about opposite the old Christopher P. Yates (now Daniel A. Devoe) place, Lintner's horse stumbled and, falling, threw him over its head. As soon as Hurdick could rein up his horse and catch the other, he hastened back to find his comrade—dead. He was a heavy man, and was thrown with such force as to be instantly killed. Nearly opposite to Yates, then lived John Knouts (the present Charles Wagner place), and in his house Lintner's body was kept over night. Word was sent to the family, and his brother, Albert, took home the remains, the

next morning, to the weeping mother, who was dreadfully agitated and was long in becoming reconciled to the blow. He was an unmarried man and had always lived with his parents, which fact will show one good reason for his mother's grief. He was 25 years, two months, and one day old. George and Elizabeth Lintner, his parents, died : the latter, July 11, 1818, aged 78 years, and the former, January 27, 1826, aged 87 years.

A few years before this event, say between 1790 and '95, Capt. Hudson, a merchant at Indian Castle, got up a company of cavalry, the first one organized in this vicinity. Peter Young, Esq., was his successor in its command, and it is believed was its commandant at the period considered. To this company Lintner belonged, and on the Tuesday following his death, his funeral took place at the Geisenberg church, the Rev. John C. Weiting officiating. The company of Captain Young buried their comrade, with military honors ; and in the procession, next to the remains, his own horse was led, with his boots fastened upon the saddle. At the burial the soldiers dismounted and stood in a circle around the grave, holding their horses behind them, while the last funeral rites were being performed. Every company of cavalry, at that period, had a trumpeter, and the one for this troop, for a long time, was John Geesler, who entered the country as a Hessian soldier, under Gen. Burgoyne. Although but few tunes could be played upon such an instrument, I remember how inspiring, 50 or 60 years ago, were their strains. This company of light-horse never performed another duty so sad in all its bearings ; and seldom has so large an audience been seen at a country funeral.

Fate of the Knouts Family.—In the destruction of the Canajoharie District, August 2, 1780, by the Indians, under Brant as their general leader, although they were pitted in numerous small bands ; they visited the dwelling of John Knouts, who resided on the farm now owned by Josiah Roof, in Freysbush. The site of the Knouts dwelling may still be seen in Roof's apple orchard, in which, also, are the graves of Mrs. K. and her children, who were slain by the Indians. Mr. Knouts was made a prisoner on his premises, but was afterwards killed, by the enemy after they left the settlement. When several of the invaders entered her dwelling, Mrs. Knouts was engaged in some duty outside of it, and hearing the outcries of her chil-

dren, four in number, she ran in just in time to see one of them stricken down with the fatal tomahawk ; and hardly had she begun to supplicate for the lives of some of the dear ones, when she was felled by a similar blow and scalped, with three of her children in the house. Henry, the fourth child, still unharmed, was a boy, eight or 10 years of age, who was taken from the room by one of the party—supposed a tory neighbor—who led him round a corner of the house and told him to run for his life. He had gone only a few rods when he met an Indian, whose tomahawk felled him to the ground, where he was quickly scalped and left for dead.

On the following day a party went from Fort Clyde to bury this murdered family, when they found the boy who had fallen while fleeing from the house, still alive and able to give the details of the horrible scene of the day before. "I should have escaped," said the intelligent little fellow, who was running to get back of the barn and thus flee unobserved to the woods, "but an Indian met me, between the house and the barn, who knocked me on the head with his hatchet and pulled out my hair." He was ignorant of the savage custom of scalping. He was taken to Fort Clyde and carefully treated, and after his wounds had nearly healed, he took cold, which caused an inflammation of the brain, and he died.

The mother was found lying in the door yard, with the three children murdered with her, in her arms. Thus they sometimes disposed of their slain before firing a dwelling, as supposed to strike the greater terror to living witnesses of their hellish cruelty. Her scalp was hanging on a stake in the fence near by, where the Indians in their great haste to surprise other families, seemed to have forgotten it, and it was buried with her remains. There is a tradition that the Indian who slew her took from her hand a ring having on it a Masonic emblem, discovering which, he said : "Had I known that the squaw had on such a ring, I would not have harmed her." After securing what plunder they cared for, the enemy set fire to the house and as soon as its destruction was insured, they hurried away to find another ; and as woods concealed the scattered dwellings from each other, families that had not heard or heeded signal guns that day, were but too liable to be surprised. John Abeel, the father of Cornplanter, an Indian

trader who settled in this town, married a Miss Knouts, who was no doubt a relative of this family. Thus we see that an entire family, if not the very name, were stricken from life.—*Rev. Dr. G. A. Lintner, and Peter G. Dunkel.*

A Modest Retrospect.—The following pretty sketch of the juvenile recollections of a "Grand-mother's childhood tales," is from the facile pen of one of Albany's most accomplished and gifted ladies, Mrs. W. W. Crannell. And I am confident her admiring friends will be gratified that this "back-ward shadow" of her memory here finds a place, as it will give the reader some idea of frontier life to the women at the period to which it refers.

Life Scenes.—Seventeen miles from my own home, in the county of Herkimer, was situated the old homestead in which my mother was born. With the exception of Santa Claus, there was nothing looked forward to so eagerly, or from which we anticipated so much pleasure, as the semi-annual visit to this old homestead. After we left the main road we drove along a private road, or lane, that made its way from one main road to another; a sort of short cut of two or three miles, through the lands of several farmers whose houses were built, as the farm-houses of that period were won't to be, in the centre of the farm. When we reached the door yard, we unbarred the gate and drove through a flock of hissing geese and quacking ducks, up to the back or porch door. The noise of the geese would call grand-mother to the door, and her bright, cheery face, crowned with its wealth of snowy white hair, would appear at the upper half of the door, which was flung open, while her trembling hands were unfastening the lower half. How well I remember the old house, with its porch, or "stoop," through which we passed into the "living-room." The red beams over head were filled with pegs, upon which were hung braided ears of corn, strings of dried apples, or other homely articles which had not been put in winter quarters yet. And then the fire place—such corn and potatoes as we roasted in its ashes! How often we sat before its cheerful blaze and drank sweet cider and ate apples, while we listened to our elders' tales, until morpheus wooed us to his embrace. And what fun it was to climb into bed. First to pull the curtains back and then throw down the blue and white spread, the flannel and linen sheets, all homespun. If it was cold, the warming-pan was placed between the sheets, and then,

getting upon a chair, we stept upon the chest near the bed, and with the aid of mother and a "one, two, three," in we went, down, down, down in the soft, warm, feather beds. Did we ever sleep such a sleep as that in after years?

But I digress: this is not what I set out to relate. When mother and aunts were out visiting the neighbors, then grandmother (Nancy Keller), taking her knitting, would sit down beside the fire and talk of her girlhood.

Revolutionary Scenes.—"Those were hard times and dreadful scenes," she would say; "some of them I do not remember, as I was a baby when they transpired, but my mother (Moyer) told me that often she would wake up in the middle of the night at the sound of a horn, and a man's voice crying out, 'To arms! to arms!' Father would run for his musket, and mother would take me in her arms and, with my two brothers clinging to her dress, start for her shelter in the wood. All the farmers had some place of safety for their families to run to in case of an alarm. Ours was a hollow place in the woods, between some trees. It was just big enough for us to lie down in, and the boughs and under-brush at the sides had been arranged to hide it from the savage eye. One night we had gained the place in safety, our way to the woods being lighted by fires, from burning hay stacks and buildings. I had been ill, and I moaned and cried, while my brothers lay down as close to mother's side as possible. All at once we heard soft foot-falls on the leafy ground; then an Indian passed quickly with a lighted torch; then another and another; how many, was never known, for we could see them so plainly through the boughs placed over us, that we closed our eyes in fear and scarcely breathed; yes, *we*, for I ceased crying and nestled close on mother's breast. How long did we lie there? We never knew. Measured by what we endured, it was ages before we heard father's voice calling, "All right, come out." And what must mother have suffered? Every gun shot might be the death call of her husband; every soft foot-fall and quick passing shadow, be death personified for her. And when the foot-fall ceased near her hiding place, and the shadow remained stationary, when one cry of the baby in her arms or the children at her side were messengers of instant and horrible death; when at last the shadow started and the feet gave a headlong bound, and a fearful whoop rang out upon

the stillness about her; what wonderful control of her nerves she must have had, not to betray her presence by the least movement, and how well we had learned, even to the baby, to sustain a rigid silence."

There were witches in grand-mother's day, too; most horrible stories of witchcraft we heard from the younger members of the family, who had listened to the stories told by their parents. One woman in particular seemed to haunt the old home until grand-father, who had no belief in the black art, offended her, and was punished in this wise: Every day she came begging to the door, but it was forbidden to give her aught, yet one day grand-mother's heart was filled with compassion for her and she gave her a skein of woolen yarn. The eyes of the witch gleamed with joy, as she went from the door to the pasture near by. In this pasture was a stump of a tree lately cut down. She moved the yarn about over this stump and next day a valuable black horse of grand-father's was found dead, with his head on this stump.

This is one of many stories that used to make it anything but pleasant for us when we went to bed, but the early morning always found us safe and sound and ready for our morning "douche" in the water running from the penstock opposite the double door.

Other Doings of the Enemy in Freysbush.—The patriotic families in Freysbush who found safety, when attainable, at Fort Clyde, which stood on the present Nellis farm opposite John P. Dunkel's place, were those of Nellis, Yerdon, Garlock, Radnour, Dunkel, Wormuth, Miller, Lintner, Walrath Lewis, Wolfe, Schreiber, Failing, Ehle, Knouts, Westerman, Brookman, Young, Yates and a few others. From the house of Knouts, the same party proceeded to that of Johan Steffanis Schreiber, who discovered them approaching and made his escape. They made prisoners of his wife and two or three small children, and led them into captivity; a fact recorded on a large power-horn.—*Dr. G. A. Lintner.* This horn is in the State Cabinet.

Capture of Mrs. Pletts and Maria Strobeck.—Nancy, a daughter of John Casper Yerdon, who lived on the farm now owned by Philip Failing, had a few years before the war married George Pletts. She had had several children, and a few months before the event narrated, she had a pair of twins, one

of which had died. It would seem as though Pletts and his family were living at his wife's father's, for, on the eventful August 2d, 1780, her nursing child was left in a cradle there, and she went some distance from the house to the vicinity of a spring to dig potatoes for dinner. An Indian made her his prisoner there, and hurried her away to some place where other captives were gathered. The Yerdon house, for some cause, was not approached. After the assembling of several small parties, there came up a shower, and the party gained what shelter a hay-stack afforded. The enemy then declared if they were pursued, they would kill their prisoners before they would abandon them. Mrs. Pletts, as the weather was warm, was clad only in an under garment and a skirt, not even having on the accustomed short gown of the period; and thus scantily clad, was compelled to travel all the way to Canada. The infant she left in the cradle was named Elizabeth, which grew up and married Henry Hurdick.*

Maria Strobeck, sprightly girl just entering her teens, was also captured with her father at a clearing where they had gone to save some ashes, near the Failing farm in the vicinity of Mrs. Pletts, and went with the party she did, to Canada.

Mrs. Dyoniscius Miller was made a prisoner in the Freysbush settlement, but the circumstances attending her capture are not now remembered. She was probably taken at her own home, as she had with her a nursing child. She was placed on a horse, which was led by an Indian to Canada. Although the enemy came down in large bodies, they usually returned in small parties; and prisoners taken near together, often journeyed with different captors, some of them not meeting again until their return. As the party having Mrs. Miller grew straitened for food, she had but little nourishment for her infant child, and as it cried from weariness and hunger, an Indian more than once came back hatchet in hand to kill it, but pressing it to her breast, she would not afford him the desired opportunity. Indians never fancy the song of a crying child. To

* He is remembered as a jockey race-horse-rider, and was distinguished for that only. He died poor, and at his funeral, Rev. John Jacob Wack officiated. A collection of several dollars was taken up in the crowd to pay the *Domino* for his services; who, with commendable grace, told his friends to give it to the poor widow, which was done.

save her darling, Mrs. Miller kept almost constantly nursing, or in a fruitless attempt to nurse, until her breasts became very sore and blistered from the heat ; but she saved the child to bring it safely back again. It grew up and married William Dygert, who, years after, died in a prayer meeting.

John Peter Dunckel, a remarkably strong man, was also made a prisoner on the fatal August 2d, 1780, in Freyabush. He was working with his brother Francis and Nicholas Yerdon. They were getting out staves, when approached by a small party of Indians. As they turned to flee toward Fort Clyde, a quarter of a mile or more distant, they were fired upon and Hon. Peter was wounded and captured, but his brother escaped to the fort, although pursued to within gun-shot of it. Yerdon fell under a large tree unobserved by the Indians who ran over it. The captive was taken to Canada, sharing in the prisoner's general suffering. As we hear of no inconvenience from his wound we suppose it to have been a slight one. The party having Dunckel were much straitened for food, and a hedgehog they had shot and hung up on their way down, although it was covered with skippers, they threw into a pot, cooked and ate it. Hunger don't stand upon trifles.

On their way to Canada, Mrs. Pletts and Miss Strobeck, toward whom the former acted as foster mother, were scantily fed, and on her return Mrs. P. told her friends that on their weary journey they came to a brook in which they caught several small fish which they ate raw, and although they were wriggling in their mouths, they proved a great luxury. On arriving in the Indian country, they were taken into separate Indian families ; and finding many unclean dishes, Mrs. Pletts, who was a tidy wowan, voluntarily scoured them clean and kept them so. This act very much pleased the Indians, who treated her afterward with marked kindness. She felt it her duty still to keep a parental eye upon Miss Strobeck, and finding her romping with the young Indians, she tried to persuade her to leave them, but she was so happy with them, she would give no heed to the counsel of Mrs. Pletts. Indeed, she became so infatuated with the novelty of Indian life, that she could not be persuaded to be included in the exchange of prisoners, and did not return with Mrs. Pletts when she might. Some six or eight years after the war, her father made the

journey to Canada and found her, but she could not then be prevailed upon to return home with him ; and it was supposed she subsequently took an Indian husband and remained there.

Trifles are not always highly esteemed. While among the Indians, Mrs. Pletts was given a sewing needle, which she boasted of using for years after her return, and which she prized very highly.

Quite a number of prisoners taken in Tryon county, were liberated at one time and came back together, and among them were John Peter Dunckel and Mrs. George Pletts; and sometime after when they were well stricken in years—he having lost his wife, who was Nancy Countryman, and she her husband—They concluded to unite their fortunes, and came on foot to the house of Dominie Gros, who then lived in Freysbush, and he united them in wedlock. At this time the groom had two sons, Peter and Adam, and the bride had seven or eight children, but they were all grown up, and none of them ever designated this as a runaway match. It was an agreeable pastime for the young to hear this old couple relate stories of the war, their own perils included.—Facts from *William H. Seeber* and his wife, *Dr. Lintner*, *Peter G. Dunckel*, and others.

Escape of Henry Nellis and Son.—One of the early settlers claiming protection at Fort Clyde, was Henry Nellis, upon whose lands its pallisades were cut. In fleeing to this fort about the time Adam Garlock reached it, Henry Nellis and his son George H. Nellis, a man of some prominence and a General of militia after the war, the following incident occurred: Pursued by several Indians, as they neared the fort, the son caught his foot in some fastening and fell, just as an Indian fired upon him. Seeing him fall, his father called to know if he was hurt, and springing to his feet with the exclamation, "I guess not," he entered the fort in safety just behind his father; when, to his surprise, he found a bullet hole through his hat. His fall, no doubt, saved his life.—*Family recollection.*

Escape of Adam Garlock from the Indians.—On the day so fatal to the Freysbush settlement, Adam Garlock, a well to do farmer (called old Adam after the war to distinguish him from a younger namesake), was proceeding on horseback westerly in the road as it then ran across the William H. Seeber farm

when his horse, a spirited animal, sniffed the wind and tossed his head and mane in fright. Looking for a cause, the rider saw a party of over a dozen Indians approaching. Horses not unfrequently disclosed evidence of the nearness of Indians when not in sight. They scented them as wild animals often do the hunter when to the windward of them. He discovered the cause of his horse's fear just as the animal whirled around to take the back track which, with a free rein, he gave him a chance to do, when a volley of bullets whistled about his head. Those with guns still loaded pursued, and at several turns in the road they continued to fire at him. Riding to a path which turned off at his left toward Fort Clyde, he dashed down that path unobserved by his foes, and gained the fort in safety. The instinct of his horse, no doubt, prevented his death or captivity. This circumstance is said to have aided him in procuring a \$40 pension, of which bounty he felt quite proud.—*William H. Seeber.*

At this same invasion of the enemy, as believed, Elizabeth Garlock was scalped and left on the river road above Fort Plain. She supposed the act was done by one Countryman, who had gone from the neighborhood, but he was painted as an Indian. Tories were often called blue-eyed Indians. She recovered, married Nicholas Philips, removed to Vernon and died there at the age of about 80.—*Elias Garlock*, a relative.

Captivity of John Casler.—John, son of Thomas Casler, an early resident of Freysbush, was captured by the enemy, believed in the invasion of August, 1780. On the way to Canada, the prisoners were bound to trees nights, and on one occasion when thus bound, the carelessness of the Indians set the leaves on fire, and as the flames approached Casler, he called on his captors to loosen him that he might escape the element. Bernard Frey, to whom the prisoner was well known was with the enemy, and on his hearing his petition, unfeelingly said to the Indians: "Let the d—d rebel burn up." The dusky warriors were more humane, and removed him from danger. Only a night or two after, Casler succeeded in making his escape. He rightly conjectured the enemy would search for him on the back track, and proceeding a short distance, he secured a safe covert a little one side of the route and remained there a whole day, and until he saw his foes return;

when he took the back track and reached the ashes of his home in safety. Whenever he afterwards spoke of his captivity, he was sure to add, that if he ever again saw Bernard Frey, he would shoot him at sight. Such was the feeling engendered in that terrible war of neighbor against neighbor. Casler entertained no love for the Indians after the war, and he had credit for bringing home a pack of dressed deer-skins, and leaving a dead Indian hunter on a Schoharie mountain where he obtained them.—*William H. Seeber.*

This Casler, was the father Abram Casler, who was hung in Schoharie county, in May, 1817. The latter, who was a small, but well formed man, was intimate with a Mrs. Houghkirk, of Palatine, whose husband was a drunkard, and who met a sudden death, whose nature some thought had been given a sudden jog. Casler poisoned his wife that he might marry Mrs. Houghkirk.—*Nicholas Stellar.*

The Enemy Approach very near to Fort Plain, but it was too feebly garrisoned to afford a sally. Indeed, to make a show of force for its defense, not a few women, with hats on, holding poles as dummy-guns, were in position to be seen by the enemy, scarcely one fourth of a mile distant. It was at this general invasion that John Abeel was made a prisoner, within sight of Fort Plain; and was liberated by his son, the celebrated Cornplanter, as narrated in the first volume of this work. Abeel's house, that of Major Seeber, and others in the neighborhood, were then burned, together with the R. D. church on the hill above Abeel's. Some one has said the church was fired by a tory. This needs confirmation, although probable, as most of the men worshipping in it were staunch whigs: thus affording a pretext for its destruction.

Fate of Warner Dygert.—This substantial citizen, whose sister Gen. Herkimer had married, kept a tavern at the foot of Fall hill, not far from the residence of Gen. Herkimer, before the war; and going to his place, as believed, on the destructive day of 1780, with his son, Suffrenas, a lad some 10 years of age, to make a corn-crib—his movements were watched by four Indians. Every body then carried a gun where their duty called them. From their concealment they saw him set down his gun, and, with a tinder-box and flint, light his pipe, at which moment he was shot down; and, running up, they dis-

patched and scalped him. The little son was made a prisoner and taken to Canada. He returned to his surviving friends, at the end of his captivity, in company with Mr. Dunkel and Mrs. Pletts, and other captives from the Canajoharie district. The widow of Warner Dygert married a Snell, and at his death she married John Roorback, who outlived her. Suffrenas Dygert went to live in Canada after the war, and some years after came back and made an unsuccessful attempt to get a pension from our government; went back to Canada and remained there.— *William H. Seeber and wife.*

An Incident at Fort Herkimer.—In the summer of 1780, believed at the August invasion, four white men and a negro were hoeing corn on the farm of Henry Olendorf, who made one of the party, half a mile to the eastward of Fort Herkimer. The party had been thus engaged but a short time after breakfast, when about a dozen Indians appeared in close proximity, evidently intent on their capture, as, at that time, they could easily have shot them. The yeomen fled toward the fort, hotly pursued by their foes, who did not fire on the fugitives until they were brought within range of American rifles; when they let fly a volley of balls, and the poor negro was killed. The race was witnessed with great excitement by the inmates of the fort, fearful that its issue might be fatal to all of the pursued.

When brought to a stand by a shower of balls from the fort, the pursuing party all fell back, except one, partially sheltered by a small barn which contained a valuable stud horse, which fact, it was believed, he knew. He gained access to the barn, although within gun-shot of the fort. He soon made his appearance, leading the gay animal, which he vainly endeavored to make a shelter for his own person, as the prancing of the steed prevented. From the moment he left the barn, a sharp shooter in the fort had his rifle poised to gain an exposure, which was rendered by the waltzing of the animal, and a rifle-ball pierced the Indian's head, and he fell near the carcass of the negro, whose death was so soon revenged. The noble animal, which would have served a Ringold or a Sheridan for a charger, ran across the field, but, unfortunately, in the direction of the retiring foemen, who drew up and shot him.

It became known at the fort, soon after the above event

transpired, that the enemy were in large numbers on the hill back of it, ready, if the fort should be weakened by a sallying party, to attempt its capture. Among the anxious inmates of the fort, who witnessed this Herkimer county foot-race, was Conrad Hess, who was brought up in the vicinity of the fort. Facts from *Volkert Fox*, who had them from the lips of Hess and Olendorf. The latter died about the year 1837. Fox died March 12, 1879, aged 79 years.

Small Forts.—There were many small military posts on the frontiers, usually private dwellings, fitted for defense; some of which were palisaded and others were not; but all such were called "forts." A stone house was used, if practicable, and such were not always palisaded, while wooden dwellings usually were. In not a few instances such defenses were at times strengthened, to guard laborers, etc., by troops from regulars forts; and often scouts of rangers tarried at such places over night. Thus we had "Fort Ehle," the palisaded dwelling of John Ehle, a mile or two south of the present village of Canajoharie; "Fort Rensselaer," the old Van Alstine stone house, still standing in the village of Canajoharie, which was one of the better class and said to have been palisaded; next was "Fort Failing," the stone dwelling erected by Nicholas Failing, for his son, Henry N., which stood a mile to the westward of Fort Rensselaer. This was a strong, new, stone house, the windows and doors of which, as I was assured by *Jacob Failing*, whose father, Henry N., occupied it, were secured with oak plank, bullet proof, while along its southern or hill side a staging was erected, to which access was gained from second story windows. This staging, with an oak floor, was planked breast high, so that a few men, posted there, could protect the house against a strong invasion. This house was not palisaded nor was it ever invaded. It unfortunately took fire and burnt down about the year 1833, and it was the writer's fortune, as a Canajoharie fireman, to see it burn. Crossing to the north side of the river, half a mile above Palatine Bridge, was the ancient stone house of Maj. John Frey, and as it was a fortified house in the French war, it is reasonable to conclude it was not without preparation for defense now. This house is still standing. Next came "Fort Wagner," the stone dwelling of Lieut.-Col. Peter Wagner, still standing on the dairy farm

of J. Harvey Smith, two miles west of Nelliston. This house was palisaded, with a block-house in the inclosure for the accommodation of moving troops, as also fugitives seeking shelter. Upon Fort Wagner, some of Sir John Johnson's troops fired in passing it at the fall invasion of 1780.

A short mile west of Fort Wagner was Fort Fox, the stone dwelling of Philip Fox, who owned the mills near the Lutheran stone church. In Sir John Johnson's invasion those mills were burned, but the enemy in force passed up on the flats near the river. Some of the Indians halted and were lying down near the creek, when John Finck, an inmate of the fort, with a long gun, fired among them, and away they went. Maj. Peter Schuyler became the owner of this place, and rebuilt the mills after the war, but changed their site. On the death of Schuyler, Charles Newkirk, who was an officer of some grade in the Revolution, and a Colonel of militia after the war, married Schuyler's widow.* At Fort Fox, Christopher Fox also resided, said *Joseph I. Nellis*. This has long been known as the Archibald Fox place. Christopher Fox owned a valuable stud horse, which was in the barn, which the enemy set on fire, in passing, and after they were on the flats, some one ran from the house and let the horse out of the barn. He soon ran down toward the river, and the Indians shot him.

Fort Hess, a mile west of Fort Fox, was a small fortified stone house of John Hess; long known as the Abram Smith place. Next above, and upon ascending ground, stood the stone dwelling of Johanes Bellinger, but his family, with some others found refuge in Fort Hess. One of the last occupants of this dwelling was Aaron Clark, who had married Miss Margaret Fox; and the writer recollects, in 1833, of having followed into this old dwelling a pretty little feminine Fox. It was torn down in 1839, and was said to have been 101 years old; placing its erection in 1738. This Bellinger was a firm patriot, and at the Beginning of the war had three sons and

* Mrs. Gertrude Schuyler was the only child of Gerardus Lansing, whose wife was Maria Schuyler. Mrs. Gertrude Schuyler and her husband, Peter Schuyler, were first cousins. Miss Lansing was born in Albany about the year 1749. She was educated at a French boarding school in the "Bowerie," New York. On the death of her husband, Mrs. Schuyler married Major Charles Newkirk, as above stated. Aged people pronounce Mrs. Newkirk the most remarkable and accomplished woman, of her day, residing in the Mohawk valley.

six daughters; the latter all grown to be buxom young women. Two of the sons fell in battle. The romance attending the courtship of Peggy, one of those daughters, which will appear in the events of 1781, will account for the special mention of this family.—*Jacob P. Fox* and others.

It is difficult to locate all the prominent citizens of this vicinity in their own little castles. Next to fort Hess seems to have been Fort Klock, a palisaded stone house then owned and occupied by John Klock, father of Adam Klock, which house is yet standing over a mile to the eastward of St. Johnsville. At a southeast upper window of this house, the widow of Peter Haner was standing on the day of Johnson's invasion, when a bullet, nearly spent, struck her head, and she sat down stunned but not seriously hurt. I am glad that this old landmark, which is a very ancient building, is allowed to remain. The dwelling of Old George Klock, as called to distinguish him from his son, I infer, stood not far above John Klock's, and was perhaps best known as Fort Klock. He had two sons, Col. Jacob and George, and a daughter Margaret, who married Col. Ebenezer Cox—and after his death at Oriskany, married Hunter Quackenbush. Col. Klock, who married a daughter of Christian Nellis—then a widow Iielmer—lived where Jonas Snell now lives, three-fourths of a mile below the village. The place has never been out of the Klock family, and Mrs. Snell was a Klock. On the land of one of the Klocks' was erected at an early period, a Reformed Dutch church, a small edifice built of wood. It had neither a steeple or bell, but had the sounding board of the times, over its one-man pulpit. This church had some seats to accommodate Indian hearers. Domine Gros occasionally preached in this church before the Revolution. Rev. Henry Dyslin, reputed a good scholar, was one of its last pastors. George Bauder, a Stone Arabia boy of the Revolution, assured the writer that the first Sabbath after his marriage in Kingsbush, he took his wife to this church. He thought the edifice was demolished about the year 1818. He died at Palatine Bridge, 1857 or 1858.—*Henry Smith* and others.

Not far from George Klock, Sen., dwelt Christian Nellis, whose house was strengthened and called Fort Nellis. Nellis had six sons, Henry who dwelt with his father; Christian, Robert, Adam, George and Theobald. This was one of the

wealthiest and best families in Palatine district. After the war the elder Christian Nellis went to Timmerman's mill where his horses took fright, ran away and he was killed. He left a good memory, but like all good men of day he was very sectarian, being a Lutheran; and it is said that his sons Henry and George acknowledged their faith in the Lutheran creed to possess lands, which their father would not give them as disciples of Calvin. Col. Jeremiah Nellis now resides upon the site of Fort Nellis. Between the Nellis place and St. Johnsville, perhaps one-third of a mile below the village, dwelt in the Revolution, John Richard Failing. Whether his house was fortified I am not informed, but it was on his lands that an encounter took place between the Americans under Van Rensselaer, and troops under Sir John Johnson, in the fall of 1780.—*Henry Smith, Jacob P. Fox* and others.

Fort Timmerman, about a mile above Fort Nellis, settled at an early period, David and Conrad Timmerman—or Zimmerman as sometimes written—brothers, who there erected a small grist-mill which took on their name. Indeed, the locality was known as "Timmerman's" or "Timmerman's creek," for many years and until a post-office was established there about the year 1815, which was named St. Johnsville.*

* In Child's *Gazetteer and Business Directory*, for Montgomery and Fulton counties published in 1870, it is stated on some persons *ipse dixit*, that this place was so named from St. John's church, erected in the village at an early day. Nothing could be wider of the mark. If there was a St. John's church there, what denomination built it, when was it erected, and where did it stand? The first church edifice in the neighborhood—for there was then no village, was the Reformed Dutch church, which stood a mile out of the village, and which was standing, as believed, when the post-office was established. Rev. David Devoe was preaching in it in 1815. April 4, 1811, the Legislature passed an act to lay out a road—known at that period as the "New Turnpike"—from the house of Henry Gros, in Johnstown, to the house of John C. Nellis, in the town of Openheim, Montgomery county. The western terminus was at the Mohawk Turnpike, nearly two miles east of St. Johnsville. The commissioners named in the act were John McIntyre, Alexander St. John and William Newton. How long the road was in building is unknown, but it is well remembered, that St. John (of Northampton) was a surveyor of repute, and that he took almost the entire direction of the enterprise; making his head quarters when near its westerly end, at *Timmerman's*. At this period Messrs. Lloyd and Groff—Henry J. Lloyd and Christian Groff—were merchandizing at this place. The senior member of the firm was the first post-master there. When the people met to select a name for the post office, it was concluded to compliment Surveyor St. John with the name. *Mr. Enoch Snell*, a life-long resident of this town remembers, though then a boy, hearing some one say on returning from the meeting to name the office: "We are going to call it St. Johnsville." He never heard that a church was connected with the name. *Jacob P. Fox* and *Daniel Groff* (a brother of the early merchant named), both of whom were born on the same day within a few miles of St. Johnsville, and were in their teens when the

The fortified dwelling of Conrad Timmerman—who was wounded at Oriskany—is supposed to have stood not far from the mill. At some period, believed in 1780, when a large number of Indians and tories were in the woods on the hill northward making demonstrations of an attack on the feebly defended post; Conrad Timmerman, who had a long gun, seeing a large Indian in an exposed condition—although so far off he felt secure—fired at him. Instantly a stampede of the whole party followed. It became known subsequently that the long shot was a fatal one to the worst savage on the ground. I am not certain that the residence of Col. Klock in Upper St. Johnsville was fortified; but a mile more above lived Capt. Christian House, whose dwelling was known as Fort House. This was a little below East creek. Events transpiring at Fort House are all lost.—*George Timmerman and Conrad P. Snell.*

Early Adventures.—In February and March, 1862, I had two interviews with Henry Smith, then over 94 years old. He lived to be over 100; and I may add, for the benefit of boys, he never used any tobacco. I found him intelligent, with a very retentive memory. His father, Henry Smith, came into the valley with the Tilleborough adventurers, in 1773, and finally made his permanent home on the south side of the Mohawk, a little below St. Johnsville. He was a cooper by trade, and often worked for Henry Markell, an early tavern-keeper at Timmerman's. Henry Smith, Jr., was born December 1, 1767, making him six years old when he came to America; and, dying without issue, he gave the homestead to Joseph Smith, a nephew, who now occupies it. Agreeable to the statement of Mrs. Fox, a daughter of Captain Rechter, Henry Smith had a brother, John, who settled in Tilleborough. With the adventurers of that place came, in the same ship, the brothers, John and Henry Hees, of whom Smith gave the following particulars: John Hees left his home clandestinely, came to this country, married, lost his wife, went back to Germany, and again came hither with his brother and others. John settled in Stone Arabia, and some years after,

office was established; say that it was named after the Surveyor St John; neither of whom ever heard that the name had the least reference to a church. Mr. Fox survives, but Mr. Groff died in 1879, at the age of 82. The Reformed church was the only one erected in the town of St Johnsville, until the methodist church was built, probably 35 years after the post-office was established, and we think neither of them ever took on the name of a Saint.

his son, Jacob, located at Palatine Bridge, where we remember him, back to 1826, as a prominent citizen, justice, etc. Henry Hees became a school teacher, and informant, at the age of eight or nine, attended his school in the old R. D. church, below St. Johnsville. Scholars came from quite a distance, and were taught in German. Hees was a severe disciplinarian, and informant remembered getting punished by him 12 different times, for non-attendance at school and other offenses. Said he was whipped on his hands till the blood ran. He said Audolph Walrath got a similar punishment 18 times in the same school. Hees afterwards taught school at Herkimer; there instructing in both English and German. This early pedagogue died, when quite old, at St. Johnsville. Smith first learned English of John Swale; whom he paid by instructing him in German. Swale was taken from a poor-house and brought up by George Klock. — *Henry Smith.*

A Bear Story.—One of the earliest German settlers in Dutchtown, was a man named Lively, who, when out hunting, shot a bear, which turned upon him and scratched out one of his eyes. He would probably have lost his life, had not his little dog, Penny, attacked bruin in the rear and caused him to relax his hold on the master to meet his new foe; when Mr. Lively made "lively" tracks and got away. Some of his neighbors went in pursuit of the bear and found him dead, from the gun-shot wound. The hunter was told that he must thank Providence for his life. "No," he replied, "I must thank Penny for it." Wolves were so numerous in this settlement, that sheep had to be folded nights as late as 1773. — *George Countryman.*

Col. Ebenezer Cox, who fell at Oriskany, resided, at the time of his death, on the south side of the Mohawk, not far from the present residence of Jacob Sanders, in Minden, perhaps a mile from St. Johnsville. The Cox farm is now owned by Samuel F. Smith, whose wife is a grand-daughter of Colonel Cox. The farm has always been in the possession of his descendants. — *Dewit C. Cox, a grand-son of Colonel Cox.*

More of Brant's Invasion.—Jacob Nellis, a man of family in Dutchtown, set out to go to Indian Castle, and was shot in the road opposite the mouth of East Canada creek. His father, Henry Nellis, who was called the oldest man of the name, and supposed to have been living with his son; seeing the enemy

approaching, adopted a ruse which saved himself and the rest of the family. He shouted at the top of his voice, "Here they are boys! March up! march up!" The Indians, hearing and fearing the order, skedaddled into the bushes and disappeared—no doubt supposing the house fortified. In their hot haste to get away, they abandoned some plunder made elsewhere. A German doctor, named Frank, and his wife were also killed in Dutchtown, and, where she fell, her blood killed the grass, so that the spot was identified for a long time. Frederick Countryman was also surprised and slain.* He was found to have been stabbed with a spear 19 times, as was said by a tory from Fort Hunter. An elderly man, named House, was slain in the Geisenberg settlement. He was first captured, and proceeded a little distance between two Indians, who, thinking he would be a trouble to them, tomahawked and scalped him. A girl, named Martha House, supposed of the same family, was taken to Canada thinly clad, and was almost naked on arriving there. Her Indian captor treated her kindly. She dreamed, the night before, that she was a prisoner. After her return she married a man named Staley, who had also been in a Canadian prison.—*Henry Smith and George Countryman.*

The First Scholar in Dutchtown.—The first schoolmaster there, said my informant who attended it, was John Pickard, a self educated German. He taught before the war in a log building erected for the purpose, which the enemy did not burn; for the reason, probably, that it afforded no plunder. After Fort Willet was built he kept a school in a hut within the inclosure, until near the close of the war, when he sickened from some disease prevailing in the fort and died within it. What this sickness was is unknown, but the Indians' remedy was resorted to for its correction. A lad named Owen, living in the Henry Sanders family, caught a live skunk, which was set at liberty in the fort and the disease was stayed; one would think that it ought to have been. After the war, a Hessian named Glazier, who came into the State under Burgoyne, kept the Dutchtown school, instructing in both German and English.—*George Countryman.*

The last victims of a savage death in the westerly part of

* Brant came up just after the event and expressed his regret that Countryman had been killed. Said he, "It is as it is, but if it had not been it should not happen."

Minden, were Frederick Young and a man named House. They had gone to a field to look at a colt, when a small party of the enemy supposed all to have been Indians concealed behind a stone heap shot them down. Young, a man very highly esteemed was not killed, and as an Indian approached to scalp him, he caught the knife blade in his hand, which was drawn through it nearly severing the fingers. Both were scalped, but Young was found alive and taken to the fort, where he died before night. They were shot within sight of the fort, but the enemy escaped with their bloody booty. This event happened eight days after the inhabitants had news that peace had been ratified, which gave it a saddening hue. It is not probable that these forest-sons had heard the peace news.

After Brant's invasion of August 1780, nine citizens without coffins were buried in one grave at Fort Plank.—*George Countryman.*

Christian Pease, with a son seven or eight years old, was taken prisoner in Dutchtown at some period of the war. On their way to Canada, the party was much straitened for food, and Pease discovering a dead fish in a pond, waded in and got it. It fell apart on reaching the shore, when the Indians gathered it up, put it into a pot with wild onions making of it a kind of soup. Pease told his friends that for three or four days his breath was almost intolerable. He lived to come back, and after many years died in Dutchtown.—*George Countryman.*

Generosity of Brant.—Among the prisoners made in Dutchtown, Geisenbergh and Freysbush, were a dozen or more young women who were brought together at the main encampment of the enemy, who had gone some distance from the valley to elude pursuit, many of whom were personally known to the chieftain, Brant. In an address delivered before a Fort Plain audience by the late Rev. Dr. G. A. Lintner, who was born in the invaded district and had the opportunity of learning from the lips of those female prisoners the facts in the case, here are his words corroborated by George Countryman, who lived at that eventful period, of Brant's conduct at the time.

"He occasionally exhibited traits of humanity, which were redeeming qualities of his character. On the evening of the day when the Canajoharie settlement was destroyed by the Indians under his command, some 12 or 15 women were brought

in as prisoners. Brant saw their distress and his heart was touched with compassion. While the Indians were regaling themselves over their plunder—dancing and yelling around their camp fires, Brant approached the little company of terror-stricken prisoners and said : “ Follow me ! ” They expected to be led to instant death, but he conducted them through the darkness of that dreadful night to a place in the woods some distance from the Indian camp, where he ordered them to sit down and keep still until the next day, when the sun should have reached a mark which he made on a tree, and then they might return home. He then left them. The next morning a little before break of day, he came again and made another mark higher on the tree and told them they must not set out till the sun had reached that mark ; for some of his Indians were still back, and if they met them they would be killed. They remained according to his directions, and then they safely returned to the settlement.”

I have elsewhere mentioned Mr. Lintner's statement of the grief manifested by Brant over the fall of Lieut. Wormuth near Cherry Valley, whose life, when recognized, he would have spared, but on the assurance of the fallen hero that he could not survive, Brant turned with a look of sadness and a signal to one of his followers, that soon placed him beyond suffering.

Why a House was not Burned.—In the general destruction of the Dutchtown settlements in Minden, by Indians and Tories, in the summer of 1780, to the surprise of every one, the house of George Countryman remained unharmed ; since it was well known that there was not a more staunch Whig in the neighborhood. This circumstance remained a mystery, however, until the close of the war. He had a brother who had followed the Johnsons and Butlers to Canada, who was with the horde of invaders on the occasion named. He was a married man, and, supposing his wife was at the house of his brother, his entreaties to have it spared prevailed ; and it stood a seeming monument of savage mercy. After the war this brother sent word, from Canada, to George, informing him why his house had been spared the incendiary torch, assuring him also that, had he known at the time that his own wife was not in it, he would have seen that smoke with the rest. George was so angered by this message that he at once wrote to his brother never to

darken his door again, "since," he added, "you have not only been false to your country, but a traitor to your king." He never returned to the home of his childhood, but sent for his wife, who joined him in Canada, where they remained.—*George Countryman, Jr.*

A Common Sense View of Scalping.—The Rev. Dr. George A. Lintner, in an address upon the *Early History of the Mohawk valley*, thus expresses his views of this nefarious traffic: "We do not wish to indulge in any hostile feeling against the British government. Much of that bitter feeling which existed in this country against the mother country after the Revolutionary war, was engendered by that inhuman policy which instigated the savages to make war upon us with the tomahawk and scalping knife. The bounty offered for scalps was horrible. It stimulated the savages to acts of barbarity, and was revolting to the moral feelings and social sympathies of all civilized nations. And when England resorted to such means, when she entered upon a league with her savage allies to massacre our people, ravage our settlements and wage against us, a war of extermination; she brought a stain upon her character, which the boasted glory of her arms can never obliterate. The massacres of Wyoming, Cherry Valley, Schoharie, and the Mohawk valley will never be forgotten, and until England can wash her hands of those bloody catastrophies, she must suffer the reproach they have brought on her military fame."

The Opinion of Another.—Speaking of the cruelty of the Indians in scalping their enemies, said the historian, Trumbull: "In the late American Revolution, Britain had the inhumanity to reward those sons of barbarity, for depredations committed upon those who were struggling in the cause of liberty."

Express Messengers.—It has been the wonder of many people, how, in the absence of agents of the present day, such as telegraphs, railroads, and stage and mail conveyances, intelligence in the military service was communicated from one point to another. On short distances, footmen took express messages, and Oneida Indians were often entrusted with forest messages; while constables and privates or non-commissioned soldiers were sent on foot or on horseback from one frontier point to another to discharge such duties; speed, shrewdness and caution being the characteristics of success. Here is a message from Gen.

Washington, which is introduced to show how important information was communicated between distant points. This letter, which I find in the October number of Dawson's *Historical Magazine* for 1866, was dated where Benedict Arnold held his treasonable correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, for the surrender of West Point, and was directed to Nathaniel Shaw, Esq., a wealthy and influential merchant of New London, Connecticut; a man whose judgment and patriotism were at all times to be trusted.

"HEAD QUARTERS, ROBINSON HOUSE, 31st July, 1780.

"SIR—In the present situation of Affairs, it is indispensably necessary that we should have the most instantaneous advices of the movements of the enemy at Rhode Island. For this purpose I have posted relays of dragoons at every 15 miles distance between New London and the head quarters of the army. Thus taking as many as we can consistently spare, I shall be exceedingly obliged to you to hire as many trusty men with their horses as will continue the chain from New London to Tower Hill, posting three at every 15 miles, with orders to ride by night or by day whenever dispatches arrive at their quarters. I will be answerable for their pay while in service, which will be as long as the British fleet and army are at or off Rhode Island. Should you not be able to accomplish this business, you will inform the officer, the bearer of this, who must, in that case, carry the dragoons the whole way through, however inconvenient it may be. I shall also be obliged to you to have a constant look out kept upon the sound, and if the fleet appear standing from the Eastward toward New York, to give me instant intelligence of it by the chain of express.

"I am, with great respect, sir,

"Your most obt. svt.,

"GEO. WASHINGTON."

Schoharie Valley Invaded.—It is probable the Schöharie settlers had been notified of the misfortunes of their friends in the Mohawk valley, and were anxious to guard against any surprise. The Schöharie forts were feebly garrisoned at the time, but small parties of soldiers were constantly engaged during the day, to guard the more exposed inhabitants while harvesting an unusual growth of wheat.

Early on the morning of August 9th, three days after the destruction of the Canajoharie settlements, a scout, consisting of Conradt Winnie, Leek, and Hoever, was sent by Captain Hager, from the Upper fort, to reconnoitre in the western part of the present town of Fulton. The scout was instructed to return immediately to the fort, *without firing*, if they saw any of the enemy, and were not themselves discovered. In that part of Fulton now called Byrnville, or Sap Bush Hollow, some five or six miles distant from the Upper fort; the scout seated themselves upon a fallen tree, near the late residence of Edwin M. Dexter, to eat their breakfast; and while eating, a white man, painted as an Indian, made his appearance within some 50 yards of them. Stooping down as nature prompted, he became so good a mark that Leek, who was a dead shot, not seeing any one else, could not resist the temptation to fire, and levelling his rifle, the tory was instantly weltering in his gore. As surgical instruments were afterwards found upon his person, he was supposed to have been a surgeon, in the employ of Brant. A small stream of water near, which took its name from the killing of this man, whose carcass rotted by it, has been called Dead Man's creek, ever since.

Leek had not time to reload his piece, before the enemy appeared in sight. The scout fled, hotly pursued by a party of Indians, who passed their dying comrade without halting. Hoever had to drop his knapsack, containing some valuable articles, to outrun his pursuers, which he afterwards recovered, the enemy supposing it contained nothing more than a soldier's luncheon. They were so closely followed that they were separated; Leek flying towards the fort, while Hoever and Winne were driven into the woods, in an opposite direction. The two latter afterwards saw, from a place of concealment near the Schoharie, in the present town of Blenheim, their prisoners and plunder. Leek reached the fort in safety, after a race of nine or 10 miles, but not enough in advance of his pursuers, to have a seasonable alarm given to warn citizens of impending danger. The single discharge of a cannon was the usual signal; if the discharge was repeated, it was considered hazardous to approach the fort, while a third successive discharge served to assure the citizen that he could not possibly reach the fort without encountering

the enemy. Indeed, the signals were the same at all the frontier posts.

The invaders, consisting of 73 Indians, almost naked, and five Tories—Benjamin Beacraft, Frederick Sager, Walter Allet, one Thompson, and a mulatto, commanded by Captain Brant, approached Vrooman's Land in the vicinity of the Upper fort, about 10 o'clock in the morning. They entered the valley on the west side of the river, above the Onistagrawa in three places: one party coming down from the mountain near the late residence of Charles Watson; another near the Jacob Haines place, then the residence of Capt. Tunis Vrooman; and the third near the dwelling of the late Harmanus Vrooman, at that time the residence of Col. Peter Vrooman, who chanced to be with his family in the Middle fort.

Captain Hager had gone, on the morning of that day, to his farm attended by a small guard, to draw in some hay, nearly seven miles distant from the Upper fort, the command of which then devolved on Tunis Vrooman, captain of the "Associated Exempts." Although the citizens of Schoharie had huts at the several forts where they usually lodged nights, and where their clothing and most valuable effects were kept during the summer, the female part of many families were in the daily habit of visiting their dwellings to do certain kinds of work, while their husbands were engaged in securing their crops. On the morning of the day in question, Captain Vrooman also returned home to secure wheat, accompanied by his family—his wife to do her washing. The command of the garrison next belonged to Ephraim Vrooman, a Lieutenant under Captain Hager, but as he went to his farm soon after Captain Vrooman left, it finally devolved on Lieut. William Harper, who had not a dozen men with him in the fort. The wife of Lieutenant Vrooman also returned home to do her washing.*

Captain Vrooman, who had drawn one load of wheat to a barrack before breakfast, arose on that morning with a presentiment that some disastrous event was about to happen, which he could not drive from his mind; and he expressed his forebodings at the breakfast table. Four rifle-men called at his house in the morning and took breakfast with him, but returned to the

* Mrs. Vrooman said to her friends as she left the fort, "This is the last morning I intend to go to my house to work." Her words were truly prophetic.—*Andrew Loucks.*

fort soon after, to attend the roll-call. Captain Vrooman's family consisted of himself, wife, four sons (John, Barney, Tunis and Peter), and two slaves, a male and female. After breakfast, Captain Vrooman and his sons drew another load of wheat to the barrack : and while it was unloading, he stopped repeatedly to look out towards the surrounding hills. The grain had not all been pitched from the wagon, before his worst fears were realized, and he beheld, descending upon the flats near, a party of hostile savages. He descended from the barrack, not far from which he was tomahawked, scalped, and had his throat cut by a Schoharie Indian, named John ; who stood upon his shoulders while tearing off his scalp.

Many of the old Dutch dwellings in Schoharie (the outside doors of which were usually made in two parts, so that the lower half of the passage could be closed while the upper remained open), had a kitchen detached from them, and such was that of Capt. Vrooman. His wife was washing in a narrow passage between the buildings, when she was surprised and stricken down. After the first blow from the tomahawk, she remained standing, but a second blow laid her dead at the feet of an Indian, who also scalped her. The house was then plundered and set on fire, as was the barn, barracks of grain, hay, etc., and the three oldest boys, with the blacks, made captives. Peter, who fled on the first alarm and concealed himself in some bushes, would probably have escaped the notice of the enemy, had not one of the blacks made known his place of concealment ; he was then captured and taken along a short distance, but crying to return, he ran to a fence, to which he was pursued by the tory Beacraft, who caught him, and placing his legs between his own, bent him back and cut his throat ; after which, he scalped and hung him across the fence.* Vrooman's horses

* Of the murder of this Vrooman boy, Beacraft took occasion repeatedly to boast, in the presence of the prisoners, while on his way to Canada ; as also he did on several subsequent occasions ; and yet he had the impudence to return, after the war closed, to Schoharie. His visits becoming known, a party of about a dozen whigs one evening surrounded the house he was in, near where the bridge in Blenheim now stands, and leading him from it into a grove near, they stripped and bound him to a sapling, and then inflicted 50 lashes, with hickory gads, upon his bare back, telling him, at intervals of every 10, for what particular offense they were given. He was then unbound, and given his life on condition that he would instantly leave that valley, and never more pollute its soil with his presence. He expressed his gratitude that his life was spared, left the settlement and was never afterwards heard from by the citizens of Schoharie — *Captivity of Patchin*, corroborated.

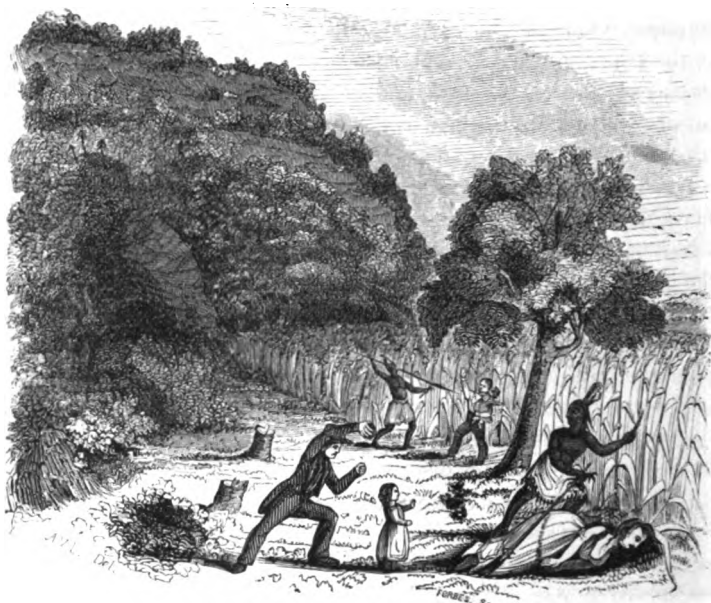
were unharnessed and given to the boys to hold, as were several more, when the Indians were plundering, killing cattle and other animals, and burning other buildings. While the Indians were shooting hogs in the pen, a ball went through it and lodged in the calf of John's leg ; which instantly brought him to the ground ; the horses then ran towards the river, and two of them were not recaptured.

The party which entered the valley at the dwelling of Col. Vrooman, were led by Brant in person, who hoped to surprise a *rebel* Colonel ; but the services of that brave man were to be spared to his country. His family were also at the Middle fort.* From the dwelling of Col. Vrooman, which was a good brick tenement, and to which was applied the torch of destruction, Seth's Henry (with whom the reader has some acquaintance), led several of the enemy to the dwelling of Lieut. Vrooman, which stood where Peter Kneiskern formerly lived. His family consisted of himself, wife Christina, sons Bartholomew and Josias E., and daughters Janett (four years old), and Christina (an infant), two Germans, Creshiboom and Hoffman, (captured at Burgoyne's surrender), and several slaves ; the latter, however, were at work near the river and escaped. On hearing the alarm, Vrooman ran to the house, caught up his infant child and fled into the corn-field, between his dwelling and the Onistagrawa, followed by his wife leading her little daughter ; said to have had long and beautiful hair for a child. He seated himself against the trunk of a large apple tree, and his wife was concealed a few rods from him in the thrifty corn. The road is now laid between the orchard and the mountain, but at the period of which I speak, it passed over the flats east of the dwelling. His family would, no doubt, have remained undiscovered, had Mrs. Vrooman continued silent ; but not knowing where her husband was, and becoming alarmed, she rose up and called to him in Low Dutch : "Ephraim, Ephraim, where are you ; have you got the child ?" The words were scarcely uttered, when a bullet from the rifle of Seth's Henry pierced her body. When struggling upon the ground, he addressed her in

* From what has appeared in several publications, a belief has gone abroad that Col. Vrooman was a cowardly, weak man. The impression is very erroneous, he was far otherwise, as the author has had *indubitable and repeated evidence*.

the Dutch tongue, as follows : " Now say—what these Indian dogs do here " * He then tomahawked and scalped her.

While Seth's Henry was killing and scalping Mrs. Vrooman, the tory Bercraft, dressed as an Indian, killed her little daughter with a stone, and drew off her scalp ; in the meantime a powerful Indian directed by her call to her husband's place of concealment, approached him and thrust a spear at his body, which he parried, and the infant in his arms smiled. Another pass was made, and parried, and the child again smiled. At the



The Onistagrawa and scene beneath it.

third blow of the spear, which was also warded off, the little innocent, then only five months old, laughed aloud at the supposed sport ; which awakened the sympathy of the savage, and he made Vrooman a prisoner. His sons and the Germans named, were also captured.

* This Indian had held a grudge against Mrs. Vrooman for many years. She was a Swart before marriage ; at which time, and just after the ceremony was performed, she entered the kitchen of her father's dwelling and seeing several young Indians there, she imprudently asked a by stander, in Dutch, " what do these Indian dogs do here ? " He remembered the expression, and his resentment led him directly to her residence, to revenge the insult — *Mrs. Van Slyck.*

Upon the top of this mountain (called by some Vrooman's Nose) which afforded a fine prospect of the valley, the enemy were often secreted to watch for exposed citizens.

John Vrooman, who dwelt where Bartholomew Vrooman afterwards lived, was captured, as were his wife and five children. His house was set on fire but was put out. Adam A. Vrooman, who lived where Josias Vrooman did in 1845, fled to the Upper fort, three fourths of a mile distant, after being twice fired upon by the enemy. He had a pistol, and when the Indians gained upon him he presented it and they would fall back, but renewed the chase when he set forward. He was pursued until protected by the fort. On his arrival he was asked how he had escaped: his answer was, "I pulled foot." From that day to his death he was called "Pull Foot Vrooman." His wife was made a prisoner.

Simon Vrooman, who resided where Adam P. Vrooman formerly did, was taken prisoner, as were his wife and son, Jacob, a boy three years old. John Daly, aged over sixty; Thomas Meriness, and James Turner, young men; Abbey Eliza Stowits, a girl of seventeen summers; the wife of Philip Hoefer; the widow of Cornelius Vrooman, and several slaves not mentioned, were also captured in Vrooman's Land, making the number of prisoners, in all, about 30. The five persons mentioned, were all that were killed at this time. Brant might easily have taken the Upper fort, had he known how feebly it was garrisoned.

Abraham Vrooman, who happened to be in Vrooman's Land with his wagon, on which was a hay-rack, when the alarm was given, drove down through the valley and picked up several of the citizens. On arriving at the residence of Judge Swart, who lived in the lower end of the settlement, he reined up and called to Swart's wife, then at an oven a little distance from the house, "Cornelia, jump into my wagon, *the Indians are upon us!*" She ran into the house, snatched her infant child* from its cradle, returned, and, with her husband, bounded into the wagon, which started forward just before the enemy, tomahawk in hand, reached their dwelling. Vrooman had a powerful team, and did not stop to open the gates, which then obstructed the highway, but drove directly against them, forcing them open. Pass-

* The child thus seasonably rescued, became the wife of David Swart, of Shelby, Orleans county, New York.

ing under an apple tree, the rack on his wagon struck a limb, which sent it back against his head, causing the blood to flow freely. He drove to the Middle fort, which was also feebly garrisoned.

The destructives burnt, at this place, nine dwellings and the furniture they contained, with their barns and barracks, which were mostly filled with an abundant harvest. Ninety good horses were also driven, with their owners, into captivity. Large slices of meat were cut from the carcasses of the cattle and hogs, strewed along the valley, and hung across the backs of some of the horses, to serve as provisions for the party on their way to Canada. Among the plunder was a noble stud-horse, belonging to Judge Swart, and as the Indians were afraid of him, he was given young Tunis Vrooman to ride, who rode him all the way to Canada. His having the care of this horse caused the enemy to treat him kindly, and he was not compelled to run the gantlet.

Before Seth's Henry left the settlement, he placed his war club, which he believed was known to some of the citizens, in a conspicuous place and purposely left it. Notched upon it were the evidences, as traced by the Indians on similar weapons, of 35 scalps and 40 prisoners. No very pleasing record, as we may suppose, for the people of Schoharie, who knew that several of their own valuable citizens helped to swell the startling, though no doubt authentic record of the deeds of this crafty warrior.

On the arrival of Leek at the Upper fort, after being so hotly pursued, John Hager (then at work on his father's place) hearing the alarm gun of the fort, mounted a horse, and rode up and informed Capt. Hager that the buildings were on fire in the valley below. The hay on his wagon, which was unloading in the barn, was quickly thrown off, and the few inhabitants of that vicinity were taken into it, driven into the woods, and concealed near Keyser's kill. Henry Hager started with the wagon, when a favorite dog, that began to bark, was caught by him, and fearing it would betray the fugitives, he cut its throat with his pocket knife. After proceeding some distance from his house, having forgotten some article he intended to have taken with him, he returned and found it already occupied by the enemy, who made him their prisoner. He was nearly 80 years old, and as he was known to the enemy to be a firm whig—his sons (one

a Captain) and several of his grandsons all being in the rebel army—he was treated with marked severity.

The enemy, on leaving Vrooman's Land, proceeded with their booty and prisoners directly up the river. A grist-mill, owned by Adam Crysler, a tory Captain, and standing on the Lower Brakabeen creek, as called in old conveyances, which runs into the Schoharie near the residence of the late Samuel Lawyer, was sacked of the little flour it chanced to contain, and then set on fire—the tories, with the enemy, declaring that the whigs of Vrooman's Land should not be longer benefited by said mill. Several fragments of the mill-stone used in this mill, which was an Esopus conglomerate, have been recovered from the creek since 1841, and deposited in the cabinets of geologists. The Indians, on their arrival in that part of Brakabeen, burned all of Captain Hager's buildings, and Henry Hager's barn. Henry Mattice and Adam Brown, tories, accompanied the enemy from Brakabeen of their own accord.

I have said that the families of Capt. Hager and his father were concealed at Keyser's kill. The wagon which carried them from their homes was left in one place, the horses in another, and the women and children were sheltered beneath a rock in a ravine of the mountain stream before named. After the women and children were disposed of, Capt. Hager, taking with him his brother, Lawrence Bouck, Jacob Thomas, and several others who composed the guard mentioned, proceeded from Keyser's kill with due caution, to ascertain if the Upper fort had been captured. It was nearly noon when Brant left the vicinity of that fort, and nearly night when its commandant and his men reached it. On the following day the party concealed near Keyser's kill, were conveyed to the fort.

The 10th day of August, 1780, was one of sadness and mourning for the citizens of Vrooman's Land, some of whom had lost near relatives among the slain, and all, among the captives, either relatives or valued friends; while the destruction of property to individuals was a loss, especially at that season of the year, when too late to grow sustenance for their families, to be most keenly felt and deplored. The burial of the dead took place the day after their massacre, on the farm of John Feeck, near the fort. The bodies of Captain Vrooman, his wife and son, were deposited in one grave, and that of Mrs. Ephraim

Vrooman and her daughter, in another. The remains of the former woman presented a most horrible appearance. Left by her murderers between the burning buildings, her flesh was partly consumed, exposing her entrails.

A presentiment.—When the dead body of Mrs. Ephraim Vrooman was first discovered in the corn-field, it was evident that she had partially recovered, and had vainly endeavored to staunch the flowing blood from the wound in her breast, first with her cap or some portion of her dress, and afterwards with earth, having dug quite a hole in the ground. This woman, as one of her sons assured the writer, had had a presentiment for nearly three years that she was to be shot. She fancied she felt a cold substance passing through her body, from the back to the breast, and often the same sensation returned. She frequently expressed her fears in the family that she was to be shot, and singular as the coincidence may appear, when she was shot, the ball passed through her body where she had so long imagined it would. Nearly three years before her death, in the month of November, several of their apple trees were observed to be in blossom, which freak of nature the superstitious also considered an unfavorable omen.

Humanity of Brant.—The destroyers of Vrooman's Land proceeded in the afternoon about 15 miles, and encamped for the night. The scalps of the slain were stretched upon hoops, and dried in the presence of the relative prisoners, the oldest of whom were all bound nights. As the party was proceeding along the east shore of the Schoharie, in the afternoon, after journeying some six miles, Brant permitted the wife of John Vrooman, with her own infant, and that taken with Ephraim Vrooman, to return back to the settlement. From the late Daniel Hager place, another evidence of Brant's humanity, was still better exemplified the following day. The reader may desire to know the fate of this child, whose infant smiles had saved its father's life. Its mother being already dead, it was necessarily weaned, but at too tender an age, and three months after, it sickened and died. On the morning after the massacre, the line of march was again resumed, and when about half way from the Patchin place to Harpersfield, Brant yielded to the repeated importunities of several of his female captives, and perhaps the seasonable interference of several tory friends near, and permitted all

of them (except Mrs. Simon Vrooman), with several male children—nearly one-half the whole number of prisoners—to return to Schoharie. Brant led the liberated captives aside nearly half a mile to a place of concealment, where he required them to remain until night. Among the liberated captives at this place, where my informant, Maria, a daughter of John Vrooman, afterwards the wife of Frederick Mattice, and her sister Susanna, subsequently the wife of Hoever, and their brother Bartholomew. These ladies knew Brant who yielded to their importunities and sent them and other captives back. The female prisoners, when captured, were plundered of their bonnets, neckerchiefs, beads, ear rings, etc., which articles, of course, they did not recover. Word having been sent to Schoharie that those prisoners had been liberated, Maj. Thomas Ecker, Lieut. Harper, and Schoharie John, a friendly Indian, who lived at Middleburgh during the war, was then not far from where Mrs. Vrooman had been left the preceding afternoon, with several horses; and placing three persons on a horse, they conveyed them to the Upper fort, where they arrived just at dusk.

On the evening of the second day, the journeying party reached the Susquehanna. The prisoners were obliged to travel on foot, with the exception of Mrs. Vrooman, and the lad, Tunis Vrooman. The provisions on the journey were fresh meat after the first day, as they obtained but little flour, which was boiled into a pudding the first night. The meat taken from Schoharie was soon fly-blown, but when roasted in the coals it was feasted upon by the hungry prisoners. They progressed slowly, because they were obliged to hunt deer, and catch fish for food on their way, generally having enough to eat, such as it was. Fish they usually roasted whole in the coals. The parties that had been led by Brant and Quakok, a chief second in command in the Schoharie settlements, assembled at Oquago, when several hundred of the enemy, with their prisoners from the Mohawk valley, came together.

The prisoners were separated at Oquago, and proceeded by different routes to Canada. *Josias E. Vrooman*, who was among those, claimed by Seneca warriors, went with a party up the Chemung. In the Genesee valley he saw a stake planted in the ground, some five or six feet high, which was painted red

and sharpened at the top, on which was resting a fleshless skull. The Indians told the prisoners it was the skull of Lieut. Boyd, who was killed in that vicinity the year before, and each of them was compelled to hold it. Whether the skull shown was that of Lieut. Boyd, or some other prisoner who had shared a similar fate, cannot be known ; but as several teeth were found with Boyd's and Parker's bones, when removed, there can remain no doubt but that the head of Parker, which was identified by an old scar, was buried by his comrades.—*C. Metcalf.*

While on their journey, Lieutenant Vrooman was once led out between two Indians—one armed with a tomahawk and the other a knife—to be murdered. Standing on a log which lay across a marsh or mire between the Indians, he addressed them in their own dialect, and finally made his peace with them for some trifling offense, and his life was spared. The old patriot, Hager, was cruelly treated all the way, and was several times struck upon the head with the flat side of a tomahawk.

I have said that John, a son of Capt. Vrooman, was wounded by the enemy while holding his father's horses. He was compelled to travel on foot, and as no attention had been paid to the wound, it was soon filled with maggots, becoming exceedingly painful. The Indians began to talk of killing him, if he failed to keep up with them. His namesake, who was his uncle, then assumed the care of him, and dressed his wound with tobacco leaves ; when it gained a healthy appearance, and he was greatly relieved. While going through the Tonawanda swamp, the ball worked out and the wound soon healed.

On arriving in the Genesee valley, Mrs. Vrooman, then quite ill, was left there. Adam Vrooman, a brother of her's, from below the Helleberg, on hearing of her captivity, paid her ransom. Some of the prisoners were 22 days on their journey. On arriving at the Indian settlements, they were compelled to run the gantlet ; when some of them were seriously injured. A girl 12 or 14 years old, who was among the prisoners made in the Mohawk valley, was nearly killed ; and Simon Vrooman and John Daly were so badly hurt, that they both died soon after arriving at their journey's end. Vrooman's widow afterwards married a man named Markell, in Canada, and remained there. Meriness was taken to Quebec, and while there, attempted, with several other prisoners, to blow up the magazine. The design

was discovered, and the conspirators were nearly whipped to death—two of them did die; but Meriness finally recovered. Negro captives were seldom bound while on their way to Canada, nor were they compelled to run the gantlet. They hardly ever returned to the States to remain, generally adopting the Indian's life.* A negro belonging to Isaac Vrooman, usually called Tom Vrooman, who was taken to Canada at this time, became a waiter to Sir John Johnson, and in that capacity, passed through the Schoharie and Mohawk valleys in the following October. He was, however, captured by Joseph Naylor, an American soldier, near Fort Plain, and with him an elegant horse belonging to his new master, with saddle, holsters and valise.

The greater part of the Schoharie prisoners were taken to Niagara, where they remained until November, when they proceeded in a vessel down Lake Ontario. A new ship, called the "Seneca," left Niagara at the same time with the commandant of that garrison, and 360 soldiers on board. Not long after they sailed, a terrible storm arose, and in the following night, the "Seneca" foundered and all on board were lost. The vessel contained a large quantity of provisions destined for Montreal, which were also lost. The prisoners were conveyed down the St. Lawrence in bateaus; and some of them suffered much for the want of suitable clothing, being barefooted, although the ground was covered with snow where they encamped on shore over night. They arrived at Montreal about the 1st of December; from which place, after a few weeks stay, they were removed nine miles farther, to an old French post, called South Rakela, where they were confined until the summer following, and then exchanged for other prisoners. While confined at the latter place, their provisions consisted, for the most part, of salt beef—not always of the best kind—and oat meal; the latter being boiled into puddings and eaten with molasses. When an exchange was effected, most of the Schoharie prisoners, with others, were sent on board a vessel to the head of Lake Champlain, where they were landed, and from which place they returned home on foot, *via* Saratoga. They arrived at Schoharie on the 30th day of August, after an absence of little more than a year. Mr. Hager was gone about 18 months.†

* They were not recognized in the exchanges of prisoners, nor were they permitted to return from choice.

† The particulars of the destruction of Vrooman's Land, and the captivity of the citi-

A LOVE AFFAIR.

A boat at midnight sent alone
 To drift upon the moonless sea ;
 A lute, whose leading chord is gone,
 A wounded bird that hath but one
 Imperfect wing to soar upon,
 Are like what I am without thee!

—*Moore's Loves of the Angels.*

Timothy Murphy,* who escaped from the enemy in Sullivan's campaign, returned to Schoharie in the summer of 1780. While on duty there in the fall and winter of 1778 and spring of 1779, Murphy became acquainted with—*yes, enamored with*—Miss Margaret, daughter of John Feeck, whose house was inclosed at the Upper fort. She was an only child, and at that period was considered, in prospective wealth, the richest girl in the Schoharie settlements.

Perhaps the reader would be gratified with a description of the young lady, whose artless smiles could, at the age of 15 or 16, win the affections of a rough soldier, and cause him, at the earliest opportunity, to transfer the services due his country, to the valley in which she dwelt. The writer has conversed with not a few who were well acquainted with her, several of whom were numbered among her most intimate friends, all of whom ascribe to her the character of a virtuous and amiable girl.

At the period of which I am writing, she had just passed "sweet seventeen," and was entering her eighteenth year; a period in the life of woman (peculiarly calculated to convey

zens, here detailed, were obtained from Tunis, a son of Capt. Tunis Vrooman; Josias E. and Bartholomew E., sons of Lieut. Ephraim Vrooman; Maria, daughter of John Vrooman, and afterwards the wife of Frederick Mattice, all captives at the time; the manuscript of Henry Hager; Mrs. Susannah Van Slyck, daughter of Samuel Vrooman; Angellia, daughter of Col. Peter Vrooman, afterwards the wife of Major Peter Vrooman; Lawrence Bouck and Lawrence Mattice.

* Thomas Murphy, the father of Timothy, was born in Ireland, and married the widow of Thomas Simms, whose maiden name was Mary Oliver, but whether married in Europe or New Jersey is not certain. She had by her first husband, who was an Englishman, a son named George. Thomas Murphy emigrated to Minisink, N. J., where Timothy and two brothers, John and David, and a sister Mary, were born. The latter died young; and the history of those brothers cannot now be traced. From New Jersey the family went to reside at Shamokin Flats, Penn., where it is believed the parents died. About the year 1815, George Simms, Jr., a son of Tim. Murphy's half-brother, visited the family of the latter in Schoharie county, since which nothing has been heard of this branch of the family. The visitor then resided at Olean Point.—*Mrs. Foster and Mrs. Best*, daughters of Timothy Murphy.

and receive tender impressions. She was rather tall and slim, possessing a genteel form, with a full bust; and features, if not handsome, at least pretty and very insinuating. Her hair was a rich auburn; her eyes a dark hazel, peering from beneath beautiful eye-lashes; her teeth clean and well set; her nose—but alas! that was large, and altogether too prominent a nasal organ to grace the visage of a perfect beauty. Her ruby lips and peach-colored cheeks, however, contrasted charmingly with her clear white skin, besides, nature had given her, what all men like to see, a neatly-turned ankle. Miss Feeck's literary acquirements were limited. She had not been sent to a fashionable boarding-school, and instructed in the genteel and desirable arts, to the exclusion, indeed, *abhorrence*, of a practical knowledge of domestic household duties, as is too often the case at the present day. She, however, possessed a good share of common sense, was not too vain to be instructed, and practically understood housekeeping. Uniting, as she did, a very amiable disposition with her other good qualities, it is not surprising that she won the soldier's affections, and proved to him an agreeable and happy companion.

Murphy, who was 12 years the senior of Miss Feeck, was a stout, well-made man, with rather a large body and small limbs, was not quite as tall as his lady-love, but was handsomely featured, having jet-black hair, black eyes, and a skin shaded in the same dye. He possessed great muscular power, was fleet on foot, and wary in the covert as an Indian. He indulged too much in profane levity—was passionate, and often rough-tongued; but was warm-hearted and ardent in his attachment, and proved himself a kind and indulgent husband, an obliging neighbor and worthy citizen. He returned to Schoharie soon after the enemy desolated Vrooman's Land.

He had been back but a short time before it became apparent that what had, at an earlier day, seemed only a partiality on his part, and a juvenile preference on hers—won, perhaps, by his "deeds of noble daring"—was ripening into ardent, reciprocal love. But when did love's torrent ever flow smoothly on? As soon as their mutual preference became known to the parents of Miss Feeck, every effort was made by them to prevent the young lovers from meeting; and when they did chance to steal an interview, which sometimes happened when duty called him from the

Middle to the Upper fort, it was, of necessity, brief and unsatisfactory. Every effort was made by the parents to prevent those interviews, and Margaret was prohibited from leaving her father's house, *alone*, on any account. Indeed, she was not allowed to go out of the picketed inclosure to milk, unless a vigilant cousin, or some member of the family attended her—while Murphy was forbidden to enter the house under any pretext. The couple were plighted, but a serious obstacle interposed between them and Hymen's altar. The law then required the publishing of the banns for several Sabbaths in a religious meeting. Those marriage proposals were usually read by a clergyman, but as the Schoharie flocks were left to the mercy of the wolves, that of Murphy and his affianced was publicly read for several successive Sabbaths by John Van Dyck (a good old deacon, living in the vicinity), at a conference meeting held at the Middle fort, a certificate of which ceremony was placed in the hands of the groom.

Cupid is seldom wanting in stratagems, and agents to execute them. Although it had been contemplated by the parents to confine Margaret in a small room of the house, and she was so closely observed, still Murphy found repeated opportunities to nullify the paternal edict of non-intercourse, and communicate with his betrothed—not by letter, for he could not write—but through the agency of a trusty female named Maria Teabout, who was, as I have elsewhere stated, part native. Maria was the bearer of five or six verbal messages between the couple. As she was about to start on one of those errands, expressing some fear about her own safety, Murphy, whose character she almost venerated for the act, placed his hand upon her head, and repeating a few words—no doubt a lingo of his own, as he was at no loss for words—told her that no harm would ever befall her “if she proved faithful to him.” She assigned as a reason why she escaped injury or captivity in the war, the protection invoked at that time. As everything was in a state of preparation for consummating their happiness, on a certain day about the 1st of October, 1780, Maria was sent with the final message from Murphy to his sweetheart—which was, in substance, “Come, for all things are now ready.” A report had sometime before reached the ears of Margaret's parents, that she had engaged to marry Murphy; which report, in answer to their inter-

rogatories, she denied, hoping by *white lies* to lull their suspicions. Still their vigilance was not relaxed, and it was with no little difficulty Maria found an opportunity at this time to inform Margaret, that her lover had the necessary certificate of publication, and would meet her that evening near the river, with a horse, and convey her to the Middle fort. The answer to Murphy's last message was brief and artless. "Tell him," said Margaret, "I will meet him near the river, at the time appointed."

The day designated for a meeting with her lover, was one of no little anxiety to Margaret. The thought of leaving the home of her childhood against the wishes of her parents—possibly forever, and uniting her future destiny with that of a poor, though brave soldier, whose life was surrounded with constant danger, to say nothing of future prospects, was one of serious moment, as may be imagined, to a reflecting mind. But love will brave every danger, and encounter every hardship. In the course of the day she had matured her plan for eluding the vigilance of her parents, who little suspected her intended elopement; and with impatience she awaited the setting sun. Margaret dared not change an article of apparel, as that would excite suspicion, and in anything but a bridal dress, she went at the evening hour for milking, to perform that duty, accompanied as usual by a neighboring female cousin on the same errand. The task accomplished, the girls separated, her cousin to go to her own home at a little distance from the fort, and our heroine to the presence of her mother. On arriving with her pail of milk, some of which had been emptied upon the ground, she told her mother that one of the cows, it not being with the rest, had not been milked. "Then," said her mother, "you must go after it; that cow *must* be milked." This was placing matters precisely as she desired, and taking another pail she left the house with a light heart—barefooted, the better to disguise her real object.

Hanging her pail upon a stake at the cow-yard, she stole away unobserved in the direction of the river, and was soon concealed from observation by the darkness then fast obscuring the Onistagrawa. Murphy, "as the evening shades prevailed," accompanied by three of his trusty comrades, well armed, left the Middle fort, crossed the river and proceeded along its western bank to meet his intended. Having gone full two-thirds of the

way to the Upper fort, and above where she was to await his arrival, without meeting her, he began to apprehend his plan had proven abortive, and that her parents—aware of her intention—had taken proper means to prevent her leaving home. Satisfied in his mind that such was the case, he began to retrace his steps—gently calling her name as he, with his friends, proceeded homeward. On arriving just below the present site of the Middleburgh bridge, great was his surprise to hear her sweet voice respond to his call from the opposite shore of the river. Fearing she might be followed, our heroine had not stopped where her lover had agreed to seek her, but went forward. Not meeting him, she supposed some military duty had called him away, and believing her intention to leave home had already been discovered, by finding the cow in the yard and the pail near, she resolved to proceed alone to the Middle fort, and had actually *forded the Schoharie*, the water at the time being quite cold, before the voice of Murphy greeted her ear. On his crossing the river, she mounted the horse behind him, and they rode to the fort where they were heartily welcomed by its inmates, about 8 o'clock in the evening.

Some little time elapsed before the absence of Margaret was known at the paternal dwelling, which favored her flight; but when the discovery was made, it aroused the most lively apprehension of the parents for her safety. Scouts were daily returning to the fort, with reports of either seeing parties of the enemy, or evidence of their recent proximity to the settlement; and the first supposition was, that one of those straggling parties had surprised and carried her into captivity. But on finding the empty milk-pail, and learning from Margaret's cousin that the cows had all been milked while she was present, and that Maria had been up that morning from the fort below—the elopement of the daughter was rendered evident. Margaret's father, accompanied by Joachim Follock, a soldier in the Upper fort, proceeded without delay to the Middle fort, the former often calling in Low Dutch to his *Mar-chra che*, to which call the Onistagrawa feebly echoed, "*Scratch-you.*" On approaching the fort late in the evening, they were challenged by a sentinel, and not being able to give the countersign, came near being fired upon. Mr. Feeck could not, by the most earnest entreaties, prevail upon his daughter to return home with him that night—

still, to know that she was safe and unharmed, he felt amply compensated, after so great an excitement, for his journey to the fort, and the danger of having a bullet sent through his head. He returned home, as we must suppose, little suspecting what the second act was to be in the comedy, of which he was not even to be a spectator, much less an actor.

As Margaret had left home in a sad plight to visit Hymen's altar, her young female friends at the fort lent her from their own wardrobes, for the occasion—one a gown, another a bonnet and neckerchief, a third hose, shoes, etc.; until she was so clad as to make a very respectable appearance. Early in the day succeeding the elopement—preliminaries having been arranged the evening before—Murphy and Miss Feeck, accompanied by Miss Margaret Cryslar, William Bouck, an uncle of the latter, and Sergt. William Lloyd, a Virginian, set out in a wagon furnished by Garret Becker, for Schenectada. Although Murphy had the certificate of Mr. Van Dyck, a worthy old gentleman who was pretty well known abroad, that a notice of his intention "to commit matrimony" had been legally read, still it was feared the father might take effectual means in the cities of Albany and Schenectada to prevent the marriage of his daughter: and in anticipation of such an event, Major Woolsey, who then commanded the fort, gave Murphy a furlough to go to the headquarters of the Commander-in-chief, if necessary, to have the marriage take place.

The party went to Schenectada, where Murphy, on his arrival, purchased silk for a gown, and other articles necessary to complete the female attire of a bride, and the immediate requisition of several dress-makers of that ancient town hastily fitted them to the pretty form of our heroine; soon after which she was united in wedlock to the heroic Murphy—who had discovered himself successful, thus far, not only in the art of *war*, but of *love*. The couple were united, if I am rightly informed, by the Rev. Mr. Johnson, who preached in Princetown several years, and subsequently in Harpersfield. On the following day the party returned to Schoharie, where the successful groom was loudly cheered by his compatriots in arms. During the absence of the wedding party, the officers of the garrison, assisted by the young ladies in the vicinity, made preparations for their reception in a becoming manner, at the house of Peter Becker,

who then lived where Ralph Manning since resided—but a short distance from the Middle fort. A sumptuous feast was prepared for the numerous guests, which was followed in the evening by a ball, given in honor of the happy event. Nearly all the officers of the garrison were among the guests ; on which occasion the beauty and fashion then existing in that valley were brought together. After the delighted company had partaken of a rich supper, the tables were removed and the guests began to dance. The young wife, from her modest and unsophisticated demeanor, as an old lady who was present, assured the author, appeared to very good advantage in the evening, and *was indeed a pretty bride*. She, however, had previously been allowed to go into company but little, and her dancing was limited—consequently at this ball, given in honor of her nuptials, she was led while performing her part of the dance.

Only two or three figures were danced, when a scout returned to the fort and reported, that they had fallen in with a party of Indians not far distant, whereupon the linstock was applied to the alarm gun, and its thunder went booming along the valley, echoing among the surrounding mountains—a most unwelcome sound at the moment, but its import too well understood to be disregarded ; and the party repaired to the fort to finish the festival.

Now for a Reconciliation.—When Margaret's parents learned that she was married—that she was in truth the wife of Murphy—they were highly offended, and resolved never again to admit her into their house. But time, which has healed worse wounds than theirs—which were occasioned more by the poverty of their son-in-law than by his demerits—began to work its own cure of wounded pride. The mother, who felt the absence of an only child, who had been her constant companion, the most sensibly, was the first to yield to the dictates of nature ; and Maria, who had acted as a stair-case between the lovers, was now employed by Mrs. Feeck, to obtain for her an interview with her daughter. Margaret, if she had not dimpled cheeks, or a hand of French, and a foot of Chinese dimensions, had an affectionate and feeling heart, and longed to see her mother. The meeting, according to appointment, was held in a field not far from her father's dwelling ; but as she dared not approach her mother, much less enter the picketed inclosure which sur-

rounded their dwelling—fearful that an effort would be made to detain her—they conversed on a grass plot for some time, at a little distance apart. The parent was anxious to effect a reconciliation with Margaret and have her come home, but she could not think of admitting her husband with her. “Never,” said the daughter, with spirit, “as much as I love home and my parents, will I enter your house until my husband, who is quite as good as I am, enters it with me!” As Margaret was about to return to the fort below, her mother requested her to remain until she could go to the house and get her something to eat. She soon returned with a pie, which—as the daughter retreated on her approach—she sat down on the ground, then retired a little distance, and had the satisfaction to see her darling—her only child—advance, take it up, and eat of it. This act was witnessed by *Mrs. Frederick Mattice*. After eating part of the pie, she set out to go back, and the moistened eye of the mother followed, with womanly pride, the retreating footsteps of her daughter.

The father had not been present at the interview mentioned, and *his* heart also yearned to embrace his daughter, although pride prevented its acknowledgement. Repeated messages were sent to Margaret, offering full pardon on her part for the past, urging her to visit the parental dwelling; to all of which, her answers were similar to the one previously given her mother. After a little time, it was hinted that Murphy intended to take his wife to Pennsylvania, which report caused the parents of Margaret much anxiety. A new mediator, in the person of Cornelius Feeck, a relative of the young bride, was now deputed to wait upon the latter. Among other fine sayings of his, which were uttered to induce her to return home, he told her how much her father thought of her. “Yes,” she replied, with dignity and some warmth—conscious of the change in her personal appearance which the goodly apparel bought by her generous husband had wrought—“When at home, I had two or three striped linsey petticoats, and a calico frock; now see how I am dressed!” she added, at the same time flouncing the skirt of a rich silk gown—“This shows who cares most for me!” She also intimated the intention of soon accompanying her husband to Pennsylvania.

On learning the result of their kinsman’s interview with their

daughter, who had heard from her own pretty mouth (which, gentle reader, was neither too large nor too small), that she expected soon to remove to another State, the anxiety of the parents became exceedingly irksome. The fear of losing their daughter forever, wrought a wonderful change in the feelings of the parents, and false pride now yielded at once to the Christian spirit of forgiveness and reconciliation ; and the next message from them offered a full pardon to groom and bride for past offenses, promising to bury in oblivion all former animosities—receive them home with a festival such as the Germans and Dutch were proverbially known to make at weddings in former days—and treat them as children deserved, having no bad habits, and no serious fault ; unless *genuine love* could be so called. The liberal terms proposed were accepted : a treaty of family alliance formed ; and, at an appointed time, the happy couple, accompanied by about 30 officers and soldiers, and a party of citizens—the whole attended by martial music—proceeded to the Upper fort. As the guests drew near the entrance, Mr. Feeck ran forward, threw open the gate, and extending to Murphy and his wife each a hand, welcomed them home. Said he, as he grasped the hand of the patriot soldier, “ You have my daughter, but you shall not take her to Pennsylvania : I have enough to support us all.” Murphy was a man of powerful lungs, and giving the old man’s hand a gripe he long remembered, replied in his usually loud voice—“ She is no longer your’s, Master Fake ; she is my wife. I did not marry her to get your property, as I can take care of her myself.” As the party entered the house, the parents both wept for joy at the restoration of their child ; and the good things were abundantly served to the guests, whose hearts—if I dare tell it in temperance times—“ were made glad with good wine.” This reconciliation took place about a month after the marriage ; from which time, the couple made their home at Mr. Feeck’s. On the death of her parents, Margaret inherited their valuable estate and Dr. Valentine Lawyer, who married a granddaughter, still lives on a part of the patrimonial farm.—*Mrs. Angelica Vrooman, Mrs. Van Slyck, Mrs. Frederick Matice, Maria Teabout, and others.*

The Ranger Service.—Most of the riflemen who continued in Schoharie during the war, and some of the more fearless citizens,

enlisted to perform the duty of scouts, more or less of whom, were kept constantly out from the Schoharie forts, in the summer season. They were called, there as elsewhere, "Rangers," a term very applicable. Their duties were at times of the most dangerous and fatiguing kind, and not unfrequently, in the fall and spring of the year, when they had to encamp on the ground at night without a fire, they suffered almost incredible hardships. The music of those scouts, was that produced by a conch-shell, which was carried by the leader, and served to call the party together when they chanced to become separated in the woods.—*David Elerson.*

If the duties of the Schoharie Rangers were peculiarly hazardous and perplexing, still they saw some happy hours. Among the soldiers at the Middle fort were two fiddlers, who often played for their comrades to dance, when the latter could find female partners. On a certain occasion, the officers of the Middle fort, resolved to have a dance. The soldiers concluded to have one on the same night, and spared no pains or expense to rival the officers. They sent to Albany for 10 gallons of wine among other "necessaries," and succeeded in getting the ladies all away from their epauletted superiors, so as entirely to prevent the latter from dancing. My informant said that his dance cost him 30 dollars, and he supposed it cost several others quite as much.—*Elerson.*

Invasion of Ballston.—On the night of October 16, 1780,* the enemy, about 200 strong, under Major John Monroe, consisting of British regulars, Tories, and Indians entered the Ballston settlement. Most of the early settlers of Saratoga county were from New England, and were good livers. An invasion had been anticipated, and 200 Schenectada militia were sent to aid in protecting the settlement. A church, called afterwards the "red meeting-house," was being erected at the time, and opposite and near it, a dwelling owned by a Mr. Weed was inclosed in pickets, at which place the Schenectada troops were stationed. About the same time, the Ballston militia, thinking the troops sent to aid them were not sufficiently courageous, erected a small defence on Pearson's Hill, afterwards called Court House Hill, nearly two miles in advance of the stockade

* This invasion, in my *Schoharie County*, etc., was erroneously placed in 1779

named, where the invaders were expected to enter. The little fortress on the hill was guarded for several nights, but as the enemy did not appear, it was abandoned.

The second night (Sunday night) after the Ballston troops dispersed, the enemy broke into the settlement. They made their first appearance at Gordon's Mills, situated on a stream called the Mourning kill, entering the public road at the foot of the hill noticed. Col. James Gordon, who commanded the Ballston militia, and Captain Collins, an active partizan officer, living near him, were both surprised at their dwellings, and borne into captivity, with nearly thirty of their neighbors. On the arrival of the enemy at the house of Captain Collins, Mann Collins, his son, escaped from it, and gave the alarm to John and Stephen Ball, his brothers-in-law. The latter mounted a horse and rode to the house of Maj. Andrew Mitchell (Major under Colonel Gordon), who, with his family, fled into the fields, and escaped. The Balls also communicated intelligence of the enemy's proximity to the Schenectada troops at the fort.

At Gordon's Mills, Isaac Stowe, his miller, was captured on the arrival of Monroe's party, and, for some reason, soon after liberated. Feeling himself obliged to Col. Gordon, he thought it his duty to inform him of his danger, and afford him a chance of escape. Crossing a field with that laudable intent, he met an Indian, who, seeing a fugitive, as he supposed, attempting to escape, thrust a spotoon through his body, and instantly killed him. One version of this story is, that Stowe was returning from the house of Gordon, and was killed in the manner indicated, by foes just leaving his own dwelling; but Col. Gordon was already a prisoner—the story as given by the *Mitchell* brothers, was doubtless the true one.

Great numbers of cattle and hogs were driven away at this time, or killed, several dwellings and out-buildings burned, and the whole settlement greatly alarmed by the invaders, who proceeded directly back to Canada by the eastern route. Among the dwellings burned were those of one Waters, one Pearson, several Spragues, and several Patchins. Two dwellings, a little north of the present residence of Judge Thompson, owned at the time by Kennedys, escaped the torch, as they had a friend among the invaders. In a memorandum made of the event after his capture, by Colonel (subsequently Gen.) Gordon, is the fol-

lowing mention, kindly furnished the writer, by his friend, Hon. Geo. G. Scott, of Ballston: "After crossing the Kayderosseros, the party halted and Captain (also known as Major) Munro, desired Capt. John, of the Indians, to choose what prisoners he thought proper out of those who were taken, except me. He, accordingly, chose Capt. Benedict and his three sons." Who, no doubt, pursued a different route to Canada than that taken by the party having Col. Gordon. This Indian, Capt. John, is the one mentioned on page 118 of my "*Trappers of New York*," as having lost an ear-jewel at the hands of Maj. Nicholas Stoner, at De Fonclaire's tavern, subsequent to the war; which house stood upon the site of the nice dwelling erected by the late Francis Burdick, M. D.

The troops assembled in the neighborhood were on their trail by daylight on Monday morning, and followed some distance; but meeting a liberated captive, who bore a message from Col. Gordon advising the Americans to abandon the pursuit, it was given over. Why the message was sent, I am not informed, but presume he either thought the enemy too strong to warrant it, or the prisoners in danger of assassination if a hasty retreat was necessary. Col. Gordon was an Irishman by birth, and a firm patriot. He was confined in a Canadian prison for several years, and was one of a party of six or eight prisoners, who effected their escape in the latter part of the war, and after much suffering succeeded in reaching home. Henry and Christian Banta, Epenetus White, an ensign of militia, and several others, neighbors of Col. G., and captured subsequently, escaped with him. Procuring a boat, the fugitives crossed the St. Lawrence, and from its southern shore directed their steps through the forest, coming out at Passamaquoddy Bay, in Maine, where they found friends. Before reaching a dwelling the party were all in a starving condition, and Col. Gordon gave out, and was left, at his request, by his friends, who proceeded to a settlement, obtained assistance, returned, and bore him in a state of entire helplessness to a place of safety, where he recovered.

While the party were journeying, they agreed that if either of them obtained anything to eat, he should be permitted to enjoy or distribute it as he chose. In the forest, to which the trapper had not been a stranger, one of the number found a

steel-trap, in which an otter had been caught, and suffered to remain. It was mostly in a state of decomposition. The leg in the trap was whole, however, and a sight of that, Col. Gordon afterwards assured his friends, looked more inviting to him than the most savory dish he had ever beheld; but pinching hunger did not compel a violation of their agreement—his mouth watered in vain, and the finder ate his dainty morsel undisturbed. When the fugitives arrived at a house, and asked for bread, the woman told them *she had not seen a morsel in three years*. After crossing the St. Lawrence, two Indians accompanied them as guides, but under some pretext left, and finally abandoned them. The party, after suffering almost incredible hardships, all reached their homes in Ballston to the great joy of their friends.—*Charles and Hugh, sons of Major Mitchell.*

In addition to the above particulars of the Ballston invasion, I learn from a statement published in October, 1880, in the Ballston *Democrat*, over the signature of "Antiquary," that with Col. Gordon were captured John Parlow and three slaves; "H. S. Marcy now owns the Gordon place. Thomas Burnham was captured on the present Hicks place; Capt. Elisha Benedict and three sons—Caleb, Elias and Felix—and a slave on the now Reasnor place; John Davis, living opposite; Edward A. Watrous, on Court House hill; Paul Pierson and two sons, near the present Harlow residence; John Higby and son Lewis, on the now Pierson Raymond place; George Kennedy, where Henry Britt now lives; Jabez Patchin, on the present Hiram Wood place; Josiah Hollister, Ebenezer Sprague and his sons, John and Elijah, on the Thompson homestead; Thomas Kennedy; Enoch Wood and Fillmore, his hired man, near Nathaniel Mann's present residence; and Palmatier (probably the one hunting with Shew), living north of the Kayderosseras; George Scott, living on the hill northeast of now Wm. Long's residence (grandfather of Hon. Geo. G. Scott, of Ballston), disturbed by the invaders, opened his door, musket in hand, and was instantly tomahawked and left for dead, but finally recovered: Lieut. Frazer, a former neighbor, prevented his being scalped. His house was plundered, but not burned. Jonathan Filer, who lived near the now Hawkins place, escaped with his family to the woods. His house was set on fire, and

"Granny Leake," mother-in-law of Filer, put out the fire and saved the house. The prisoner Fillmore, near the Kayderosseras, escaped the enemy and returned in safety ; and at the end of a day's journey, Paul Pierson and his son John, with Ebenezer Sprague and George Kennedy, were, from some motive, allowed to return home.

The Enemy again at Ballston.—In the fall of 1780, a small party of the enemy, a dozen or more in number, entered the Ballston settlement, under the direction of Joseph Bettys, a subaltern officer in the British service, known in border difficulties by the familiar name of Jo. Bettys. He resided in the Ballston settlement previous to the war, and when the contest began, took up arms for the States, but afterwards entered the British service, proving to his former neighbors a source of frequent terror.

Maj. Andrew Mitchell, of Ballston, having visited Schenectada on business, there learned, possibly through the Oneida runners, that a small detachment, mostly tories, had left Canada, the destination of which was unknown. In the afternoon, Mitchell set out for home on horseback, accompanied by one Armstrong, a neighbor. After proceeding several miles, and arriving on the north side of Allplass creek, the thought occurred to him, that possibly *he* might not be free from danger, as a liberal reward was paid for the persons or scalps of officers. He was riding through the woods at the time, and scarcely had the thought visited his mind, which caused him to quicken the speed of his horse, when he was hailed in a commanding voice to *stop*, by a man who sprang upon a fallen tree near the road. The Major put spurs to his gallant steed and was soon out of sight of the highwayman, who fired at him as he passed. Armstrong could not keep up with his companion, but as his person was not sought for, he escaped unmolested.

Before the Revolution, Jo. Bettys and Jonathan Miller, another celebrated tory, dwelt, one on each side of Maj. Mitchell. After the transaction occurred which is noticed above, it was satisfactorily ascertained that the man who fired on the Major, was his old neighbor Miller; who had accompanied Bettys in his expedition, and then had at his beck some half a dozen genial spirits. The ground being sandy, the horse's hoofs made but little noise, and the militia officer was

not observed until opposite the party, secreted on both sides of the road expressly to capture him.

An enterprise of Bettys in the Ballston settlement, within a few days of the affair related, proved more successful. He surprised and captured Aaron Banta, and his sons, Henry and Christian, Ensign Epenetus White, and some half a dozen others. The elder Banta was left on parol, and the rest of the prisoners, who were among the best citizens in the vicinity, hurried off to Canada. The escape and return of part of them with Col. Gordon, who was taken before, is already known to the reader.—*Charles and Hugh, sons of Maj. Mitchell.*

Sir John Johnson Ravages the Schoharie and Mohawk Valleys.—A scout, consisting of Timothy Murphy, Bartholomew C. Vrooman, William Leek, and Robert Hutt, under the command of Sergeant Lloyd, left the Middle fort only a day or two after the celebration of Murphy's marriage, expecting to be gone eight or nine days. Their absence was protracted to the thirteenth day, when they were welcomed at the fort, on the evening preceding the invasion of Schoharie by Sir John Johnson. The scout, while absent, visited Punchkill, Sharon, Cherry Valley, Unadilla, Susquehanna, Delhi, Minisink, and Cairo; seeing the tracks of Indians in several places, but none of their persons. They, however, captured a tory prisoner at Prattsville, and brought him to the fort. The return of this scout was most opportune for the welfare of the garrison, as will soon appear.

In the latter part of September, 1780, Sir John Johnson left Niagara with about 500 British, Royalist, and German troops, and pursued the road opened the year before by Gen. Sullivan, most of the way from the Genesee valley to the Susquehanna—where he was joined by a large body of Indians and tories there assembled under Capt. Brant—making his effective force as estimated at the several forts, 1,000 men. There is a tradition, that several hundred of the Indians who left Niagara with Brant, returned, owing to a quarrel. Johnson's object in making this long journey so late in the season, was to ravage the beautiful valleys of the Schoharie and Mohawk rivers, when the crops of the husbandman were secured and could be burned, and, if possible, to capture and destroy the three Schoharie forts.

From Charlotte river, the eastern branch of the Susquehanna,

the enemy proceeded toward the Schoharie, and passing down Panther creek, arrived near its shore in the evening of October 16th, and encamped just above Ottegius-berg,* a romantic mountain on the west side of the river, near the upper end of Vrooman's Land.

Judge Brown assured the author, that two days before the arrival of the enemy, he obtained a knowledge of their approach through a sister who was tory-fied, and communicated the fact to Col. Vrooman; whereupon Marcus Bellinger, the supervisor, was sent to Albany to procure a wagon-load of ammunition, in anticipation of such an event. Bellinger was detained in the city from some cause, but arrived in safety at the Lower fort on the evening of the 16th inst.

Col. Johnson intended to resume his march sufficiently early on the morning of the 17th,† to pass the Upper fort, situated about three miles from the encampment, unobserved, and arriving at the Middle fort, just at daylight, surprise and capture it; supposing, with very good reason, that the possession of it would soon cause the surrender of the other two more feebly garrisoned. The enemy, passing along the bank of the river, crossed it nearly opposite, and not one-third of a mile distant from the Upper fort. Owing to some unknown delay, the troops were not in motion as early as they had intended, and the rear of the army was yet upon the bank of the river, when Peter Feeck, who had started to go after cows just as day began to dawn, discovered it, and notified a sentinel, who discharged his musket. The troops were instantly called out, and the alarm gun thrice fired. Capts. Jacob Hager and Joseph Harper, both men of acknowledged courage, with two companies of troops, numbering, it is believed, less than 100 men, were in this fort at the time. The command of the garrison devolved on Capt.

* This mountain was so called by the early German settlers, and signified the Panther mountain, the creek taking its name from it near which it enters the Schoharie. A mountain situated on the opposite side of the river above Panther mountain, distant from the latter not more than a mile or two, was called by the early Germans, Wockholter-berg; and signified the Berry mountain—so called from the usual quantity of juniper or other berries found upon it. The Schoharie, by its serpentine course, flows at the base of both mountains, giving its banks a rugged appearance.

† Col. Stone, in the "*Life of Brant*," erroneously dates this transaction on the 16th of October. Campbell, who wrote at an earlier period, has given its true date, and so far as it goes, a much more authentic account of the invasion. Col. Stone blended part of the invasion in August, with that in October, and incorporated several errors in the narrative.

Hager, the senior officer, who sent a party of volunteers to the river early in the morning, among whom were Henry Hager, his son, Lawrence Bouck, and Isaac Vrooman. They saw several of the enemy on the opposite shore, and crossed the river to capture an Indian who lagged behind his fellows. As they approached him he fired upon them, the ball striking the powder-horn of Vrooman. When they drew up to fire, he sprang behind a tree, which received three of the bullets discharged at him; he then fled, abandoning his horse, a poor black mare, with a sore back, which, with a heavy pack on, was taken to the fort.

The Middle fort, at this time, was under the command of Maj. Woolsey, a Continental officer, unfitted for the important duties of the station he held, who is said to have been a *broken officer* before going to Schoharie.* Col. Vrooman was fortunately in the fort, as were Lieut.-Col. Zielie and Maj. Thomas Ecker, officers belonging to his regiment. Capts. Lansing, Pool, Hall, Miller, and Richtmyer, were in the fort on that day, several of whom were Continental officers, and all, it is believed, were men of real courage. The fort was garrisoned by about 200 Continental troops, or nine months' men, as then called, and between 100 and 200 militia. Once during the night preceding the invasion, the sentinels gave a partial alarm, caused by the approach of a hostile scout.

Scenes at the Middle Fort.—Some of the citizens and soldiers were already up at the Middle fort, and hearing the alarm gun of the fort above, the drums were quickly beating to arms. Livingston, an officer of artillery, was looking for a match to respond to the evidence of danger, when Susannah Vrooman ran to the house and brought him a live coal—friction matches had not then been invented—with which the gun was instantly fired. The voice of a brass nine-pounder was thrice responded to from the Lower fort, and war's thunder rolled along the valley. The discharge of the alarm guns at the forts, became the signal for the foe to apply the incendiary torch, which was accordingly done to the buildings of Frederick Mattice, situated on the east side of the river in Clauverwy (where Edward

* When Maj. Woolsey, who was remarkably spry, first went to Schoharie, and was seen to leap fences, and give other evidences of agility, he was taken to be very smart, and was, of course, much respected, until found wanting in courage. He was the first man who wore a garment, since called a roundabout, in the Schoharie valley, considered at the time a novelty.—*Mrs. Angelica Vrooman.*

Pindar formerly resided), and opposite that part of Vrooman's Land which was desolated the preceding August. The barn of Mattice was the first of the beacon lights seen at the Middle fort that day, the number of which, from buildings, barracks of grain, and stacks of hay, viewed at that place, was estimated by an eye-witness, at 300. An invasion having been anticipated, the citizens lodged at the several garrisons, and the movement of the hostiles commencing thus early, no individuals were found in their dwellings except such as were either tinctured with royalty, or chose to brave the coming dangers to save their property, by pretending royalty or neutrality.

A strong northeast wind continued to blow throughout the day, and served to fan the flames of destruction. The weather was also exceedingly cold, and snow in squalls almost constantly filled the air. Maj. Ecker called for volunteers soon after daylight, and 19 bold spirits left the fort with him to learn the cause of alarm, just as the fire of Mattice's buildings was discovered. As the wind then blew almost a gale, the soldiers left their hats, and substituted kerchiefs tied closely about their heads. The head of Timothy Murphy was adorned by the one that had concealed the pretty neck of his young bride, placed there by her own trembling hands; the head of Bartholomew C. Vrooman with that of Susannah Vrooman, his intended (to whom he was married about two weeks afterwards), and those of others by the shawls of friends or lovers. Maj. Ecker, among whose followers were Lieut. Martinus Zielie, Sergeant Lloyd, Murphy, Elerson, Hoever, Vrooman, Richard Hanson, Peter Van Slyck, Wilbur, Joachim Folluck, Adam Shell, Tufts, and Leek, proceeded from the fort in the direction of the present village of Middleburgh, and fell in with the enemy's advance not far from the site of the Brick church. Murphy was on the extreme right toward the river. Ecker's men now fired upon the enemy from behind a board fence, and some of them several times. From his position, Murphy discovered that the enemy was extending his right to cut off their retreat to the fort, and communicated the fact to Maj. Ecker, who instantly ordered a retreat. Murphy, although he had the greatest distance to run, was the last man who left the ground, and remained at the fence until he obtained a fair extra shot, when he also fled to the fort. Hundreds of balls were fired within gun-shot at the volunteers,

and several boards in the fence, from which Murphy fled, were literally riddled with bullets, and yet not one of the party was wounded. Most of the volunteers were riflemen, and wore short linen frocks, through which several of the enemy's shot passed, as also they did through other parts of their dress, and one struck the powder-horn of Vrooman.

Church, by Whom Burned.—Colonel Johnson had given orders to his troops to spare the churches in Schoharie, but the Dutch church, standing opposite the burying ground, and near the former residence of Dr. James Van Gaasbeck, in Middleburgh, was burned. It is said to have been set on fire by William Cryslar, a tory, owing to a grudge he held against some of its members.—*Andrew Loucks.*

This church, a wooden structure, was built after the model of the ancient Dutch church in Albany, with a steeple rising from the centre. It was well finished within, and painted white outside.—*Mrs. Van Slyck.*

Early on the morning of the 17th, Maj. Joseph Becker, then in command of the Lower fort, knowing the lack of powder at the Middle fort, sent two men, each with a bag containing the necessary article on his back to that garrison. Hearing the alarm guns of the Upper fort, and the response of the other two, they increased their speed, and fortunately arrived at their destination just as the enemy invested the post. Mattice Ball, one of the two, and from whose lips this fact was obtained, said they were detained there during the day.

The enemy, crossing the flats obliquely, passed the fort near the hill east, and halted on a small eminence nearly north of it, in the orchard of Peter Becker, near the residence of the late Peter I. Borst. At this time many of the Indians were scattered over the flats, engaged in the work of destruction. As the enemy were proceeding from the river toward the hill east of the fort; Lansing, a Captain of the Albany militia, followed by a party of volunteers, sallied in that direction and met the advance, with which he exchanged several shots. Elerson, stated that at this time he was behind a board fence near the wood, beyond his comrades, when he observed an officer in a red coat advance from the British ranks, at whom he discharged his rifle. He saw the enemy's guns leveled at him, and instantly fled to the fort. He supposed that 700 fired at him in this flight,

yet he escaped from them untouched. The fence from which he ran, like that which had concealed Murphy just before, was completely peppered with bullets. Capt. Miller, who commanded a company of Claverack militia, then in the fort, called to Elerson's wife, to see her husband run. Col. Vrooman, also, as Elerson was informed, watched his flight with intense anxiety. A shot sent among the British troops from the brass cannon, while they were firing on Elerson, caused some confusion among Johnson's Greens. They were then passing the most exposed part of the fortress. There was a small gate on the east side, through which Capt. Lansing and his men entered.

Col. Johnson had with him a small mortar, and a field-piece—the latter a brass six-pounder. The carriage for the cannon was carried in parts, and screwed together. They were made ready to fire, at the stand he had chosen in Becker's orchard, and a cannonading and bombardment commenced, while a constant firing was kept up with small arms, but at too great a distance to take effect. Three shells were well thrown from this position, by the enemy, at the fort, and many cannon-shot were fired, but with less precision, most of them passing entirely over the destined object. The first shell fired, sung in the air like a pigeon, and exploded directly over the house; and as its fragments fell upon the roof, Mrs. Richtmyer, an old lady, then in an upper room, who had been an invalid, and unable to rise alone from her bed for some time, was so frightened that she sprang from it and went below, surviving the effect but a short time. The second shell fell within the pickets near the well, and while the fuse was burning off and the ball dancing in a mud hole, every person exposed to its explosion had ample time to gain a respectful distance, and it exploded without injuring any one.* The third shell fell through the roof of the main building, and lodging on a pile of feather beds in the chamber, which were deposited on several chests of bedding, it exploded, tearing the beds in pieces, doing little other mischief, except that of frightening Christian Rickard, an old bachelor, who

* It is stated in the *Life of Brant*, that a woman brought several buckets of water from a well without the works exposed to the enemy's fire, for the thirsty soldiers; one of whom, when required, dared not perform the feat. This story has no foundation in truth. The well was within the pickets, and afforded an abundant supply of water, as I have been assured by nearly a dozen credible witnesses, who were in the Middle fort at the time alluded to.

chanced to be in the room, almost to death. The explosion completely filled the room with feathers, and groping his way down stairs, Rickard made his appearance below, where many of the women and children were, covered with feathers, and spitting down from his mouth, which sudden fear had caused him to open too widely for the atmosphere. When asked what had happened, he replied in Low Dutch (as kindly rendered by a Dutch friend, at my elbow), "*Ik donk 'oe duyvel is op de soldier, de veri vliegen so rondt dat ik niet zien con.*"—I think the devil is in the chamber, for the feathers fly around so that I cannot see. The beds were set on fire but were easily extinguished, as water had been provided for such an emergency.

After the firing had been continued for some time by the enemy, and several shells thrown, it suddenly ceased, and a white flag was seen to leave the British ranks and advance toward the fort. The flag-bearer was accompanied on his right by an officer in a green uniform, and on his left by a fifer, playing Yankee-doodle. When the flag was discovered approaching, Maj. Woolsey gave orders to have it admitted, but not another officer in the fort, to their credit be it said, was in favor of its admission; and Murphy and Elerson, who conjectured what their fate might be, should the enemy learn the actual strength of the garrison, and succeed in its capture—determined, so the latter informed the author, that before the flag should enter the fort, one or the other of them should shoot Woolsey. On that day Murphy used his double-barreled rifle,* and as the flag drew near he fired upon it—not with the intention of killing its bearer, or either of his companions, as is generally supposed, but to say, in effect, "approach any nearer and you are a dead man." The trio with the flag halted, faced about and marched back to their former station.

Cowardice of Maj. Woolsey.—When Murphy fired on the flag, Maj. Woolsey was not present, having visited his quarters to prepare himself to enforce submission to his commands; for soon after, he returned pistol in hand, and demanded who had

* Much has been said about Murphy's double-barreled gun, and more than it merited: at least, so a son of Murphy assured the writer he had often heard his father say. He had such a gun, while at Schoharie, but it was so heavy he seldom used it, except on garrison duty. An anecdote told by Campbell, of the use of this gun, I have not been able to authenticate so as to warrant its insertion.

dared to disobey his orders? "I fired on the flag," said Murphy. Maj. W. then threatened the brave soldier with instant death if he repeated the act; and the latter, who believed the willingness of the commandant to admit the flag proceeded from cowardice alone, retorted with warmth: "Sooner than see that flag enter this fort, will I send a bullet through your heart." Seeing an evident disposition in all the officers present to sustain Murphy—for they had rallied round him to a man (not from a desire to see just commands violated, but to defend the fort at all hazards), the Major walked towards the house. In this time, the flag attended as before, had again advanced, and Maj. W. had not proceeded two rods when Murphy again fired, and its bearer faced about and retired.

During this parley the firing on both sides had ceased, with the exception stated, and was not resumed until after Col. Johnson, from his great desire to get a flag into the fort, dispatched it by the same party a third time. It is possible that from his position he had, with a spy-glass, observed the movement of Maj. Woolsey. They had not proceeded as far as at first, however, when a third bullet from Murphy's rifle passed over their heads, saying, in effect, "thus, far but no farther;" and they returned to the ranks. The firing was then renewed.

Maj. Woolsey, after the spar with Murphy, entered the dwelling where the women and children were confined; but their jeers savoring too much of satire, he left their presence and sought safety elsewhere. The cellar under the kitchen part of the dwelling was occupied as a magazine, and Col. Vrooman, to conceal the deficiency of powder, brought it himself when wanted. All the officers in the fort, except Woolsey, divested themselves of their hats early in the siege and substituted cravats; while several of them laid off their coats, and taking guns, all fought manfully.* As powder was needed, Col. Vrooman laid down his gun and sword and went to get it. Near the cellar door he encountered Maj. Woolsey, who had just left the presence of the women, as may be supposed, not in very good humor. "Maj. Woolsey, is this your place?" interrogated the brave Colonel, "who are placed here to defend this

* In the early part of the war the captains all carried guns, but at a later period they were prohibited from bearing them, from a complaint that while loading they neglected duties to their men.

fort?" He replied, half dead through fear: "Col. Vrooman, the men will not obey me, and I give up the command to you." At this moment a cannon shot struck the house and fell harmless at their feet. The Colonel instantly caught it up, and playfully extended it to the Major, with the simple exclamation: "Send that back to them!" With perfect indifference the coward replied: "That I think would be s— work." The fire of the Dutch Colonel was instantly ignited at the indifference and filthy expression of the commandant, and speaking in his usually quick manner, he rejoined: "Maj. Woolsey, had I my sword I would run you through with it." The Major, perhaps ashamed of his conduct, wheeled and walked off, and the Colonel got his powder and returned to his men, exclaiming as he gave them the necessary article, "Fire away my brave lads, we have plenty of ammunition." The troops were gratified to learn that the command of the fort was surrendered to him, and obeyed his orders with alacrity. More than once when he went for powder, as he afterwards confessed, did his hair rise on his head, not from fear of the enemy, but lest the small supply of ammunition should be completely exhausted, and the foe, becoming conscious of it, storm their works.—*Mrs. Angelica Vrooman.*

The firing of shells was not renewed by the enemy, and the discharge of grape and round shot was only continued at intervals from the fort, as the supply of powder would not warrant its constant use. Destructionists were to be seen at this period of the siege, scattered over the flats in almost every direction. The garrison was too weak to make a bold sortie, but many small parties were sent out during the day to harraas the enemy, and save, if possible, a large barn belonging to John Becker, which stood almost in the direction of Col. Johnson's position; around which clustered numerous stacks of hay and grain. As several Indians were seen approaching the barn, a party from the fort went to meet them. Several shots were exchanged, and Sergeant Cooper, of Albany, received a wound in one leg, and was instantly borne off by two of his comrades to the fort; but while proceeding thither, he received a ball through his body, of which his carriers were unconscious. As they entered the fort, Susanna Vrooman enquired where Cooper was wounded? The reply was, "in the leg." She remarked that

he bled from the body, and on laying him down, it was ascertained that he had received a wound there, of which he soon after died.

About this time, several volunteers entered the fort, who had been pursued by the enemy. Miss Vrooman stood near the entrance in an exposed situation, and Samuel Reynolds, as he entered, said to her: "Susanna, get away from here or you will be shot!" The words were scarcely uttered before a ball entered his own head, of which wound he died nine days after. He was from New Jersey; was a likely soldier, and died lamented. Jeremiah Loucks was slightly wounded in the head, while on duty at the palisades; and the Ranger, Tufts, was wounded in the arm while entering the fort. Those with the two mortally wounded, it is believed, were all that were injured belonging to the Middle fort. The wounded were properly attended by Dr. John King, the settled physician at that place, who acted as surgeon during the war.

Nicholas Sloughter, who acquired the reputation of a good soldier, had a very sick child in the fort, and as he was leaving it, with a party of volunteers under Murphy, was told that his child appeared to be dying, and he had better remain. "I can do the child no good," was his reply; "my duty is to protect the *living* as well as the *dying*." Before his return, he and Murphy took a prisoner, dressed in a green uniform; who gave his name as Benjamin Butts. He was a New England man, who had been made prisoner sometime before, and while in Canada, had enlisted into the British service as a Ranger, to embrace an opportunity to desert. He returned home soon after.—*Mrs. Van Slyck*.

During the siege of the Middle fort, a scout under Lieut. Martinus Zielie, captured a Canadian Indian while stealing a horse owned by Harmanus Bouck. Lewis Denny, a French Indian, nearly white (mentioned as having scalped a squaw and afterwards married her), joined the Americans in the Revolution, and remained at Middleburgh. Being in the fort when Lieut. Zielie returned with his prisoner, the latter was so saucy, that Lewis, who could understand his insolent gibberish, instantly knocked him down. This prisoner is said to have been an Indian interpreter.—*George Richtmyer*.

Elerson had command of a few rangers during the day; one

of whom, John Wilbur, fell in with a tory, catching a horse, near the present residence of Peter Swart, and asked him to what party he belonged? He replied, "the Indian party;" and instantly received a bullet from Wilbur's rifle. He took off his scalp, and as he entered the fort with it in his hand, Maj. Woolsey told him he ought to have his own scalp taken off. This man and another, shot during the day, were supposed to be Indians at the time, but proved to be tories from the vicinity of Albany.—*David Elerson, Mrs. Van Slyck and George Richtmyer.*

While Elerson was out with his party, he saw an Indian approaching the stacks at the barn near the fort, at whom he fired. The warrior ran off towards the woods east of the barn. In the following spring, a dead Indian was discovered in that direction, by Bill, a slave owned by John Becker, while getting fire-wood. He was found sitting with his back against a tree, having his gun between his knees and resting in his arms. His eyes had been dug out, as supposed, by birds. This Indian was presumed to have been the one fired on by Elerson.—*Elerson, Mrs. Van Slyck and Judge Hager.*

We have seen that Murphy did not spare his rifle balls when the Middle fort was invested. Needing an additional supply, Angellica Vrooman, as she informed the author, took Murphy's bullet mould, lead, and an iron spoon, went to her father's tent, and there moulded a quantity of bullets for that fearless ranger.

Jacob Winne, of Albany, was commissary at the Schoharie forts; occupying a part of the Becker house, two rooms in which are said to have accommodated five families each. Samuel Van Vechten, of Albany, was press-master, and Douw Fonda, forester, all of whom, it is believed, were in the Middle fort when besieged by the troops under Johnson. The commissary was a little "corned" during the action, and finding Maj. Woolsey stowed away in one of the small family huts, bored him not a little. Not only the commissary, but many others, some of whom were females, made themselves merry at the coward's expense, jeering and teasing him with perfect impunity.—*Mrs. Van Slyck and Andrew Loucks.*

Col. Johnson remained with the regular troops near the Middle fort, until his destructives had effectually demolished every species of property they possibly could in the vicinity, when he

moved down the valley about three o'clock, p. m. After the enemy were out of sight, Maj. Woolsey ordered several apple trees near to be cut down and brought around the fort, fearing the enemy might return and attempt to storm the works. He left Schoharie the next day, and was never seen again leaping fences on horseback in that delightful valley.—*Andrew Loucks and others.*

As may be supposed, the most intense anxiety was felt at the Upper, while the firing continued at the Middle fort; and soon after it began, Capt. Hager gave orders that in case the enemy appeared before that fort, the women and children should go into a long cellar under the Feeck house. While preparations were in progress to resist an attack should it be made, Mary Haggidorn, a buxom lass of goodly proportions, who partook of the spirit which animated her brothers, and who had heard the cellar order with other feelings than those inspired by fear, stepped up to the commandant and thus addressed him: "Captain, I shall not go into that cellar! Should the enemy come I will take a spear, which I can use as well as any *man*, and help defend the fort." Capt. Hager was gratified to find a soldier where he little expected one, and admiring her fearless spirit, he replied, "Then take a spear, Mary, and be ready at the pickets to repel an attack!" She did take a spear, nor was it discarded until the danger was past. As soon as the firing ceased the second time at the fort below, Capt. Hager dispatched Ensign Peter Swart, William Zimmer, and Joseph Evans to learn whether their worst fears were to be realized—whether the British cross had taken the place of Freedom's stars. On their return with the report that all was safe, the welkin rang with "huzzas for the American flag."—*Manuscript of Judge Hager.*

What loss the besiegers sustained in their attack on the Middle fort is uncertain, but it is supposed to have been several times greater than that of the Americans. Where had formerly stood the barn of Judge Borst, charred bones were found, supposed to have been those of several of their number which they had purposely burned. What induced Sir John to abandon further attempts to take the fort is uncertain, but it is conjectured that from the firing on the flag he was led to suppose the troops were conscious of being able to defend it. The enemy succeeded, during the day, in burning part of the grain

which had been stacked near the fort for safety.—*Mrs. Van Slyck.*

Maj. Becker had at his command at the Lower fort, on the arrival of Sir John Johnson in its vicinity, Capt. Stubrach with his company of militia, a part of the associate-exempts under Captain Peter Snyder (who succeeded Capt. Vrooman at his death), and a body of Norman's kill militia; making his effective force, from 150 to 200 men.—*Peter Vrooman.*

Early in the morning, Jacob Van Dyck, Anthony Brontner and Barney Cadugney were dispatched by Maj. Becker to ascertain the cause of the firing at the forts above. Arriving at the house of Jacob J. Lawyer, they found his wife and a wench at home preparing to bake. At the house of Hendrick Shafer, the females were also at home, where they saw food upon the table. The women of those families chose to brave the dangers of the day, to save their dwellings from the general conflagration, while the men were in the fort below. The scout proceeded as far as Bellinger's, and saw the British troops about a mile distant. Near this place, they met the advance of the enemy, and were pursued by seven Indians led by Seth's Henry. They were fired upon, and a ball striking the fence by Cadugney's side, threw a splinter into his arm. He called to his companions that he was wounded; and near the former residence of Peter Richtmyer, Van Dyck drew out the splinter, telling him he was not much hurt; which he would hardly believe. Gaining upon the Indians, who had halted to reload their pieces, Cadugney took occasion, as the latter were out of sight, to conceal himself in a hollow stump—near which they passed without discovering him.—*Jacob Van Dyck.*

A Pie Costs a Life.—When the firing ceased in the Middle fort for the flag to advance, the inmates of the fort below were apprehensive it had been taken, and Maj. Becker despatched another scout, consisting of George Snyder, Jacob Enders, John Van Wart and John Hutt, to ascertain whether the fort had been captured. The second scout met the first near where Storm Becker formerly resided, and joined it in flight. They were hotly pursued, and were obliged to scatter. Enders and

* He was a major of the militia after the war. He married Angelica, daughter of Col. Peter Vrooman.

Snyder were together, and as the enemy were leveling a volley of balls at them, they sprang behind a rock, against which several of the leaden messengers spent their force. Enders, who was as fleet as an antelope, often took trees to favor the flight of his less speedy companions, which always treed the enemy. Van Dyck struck off into the woods east of the residence of Jacob H. Shafer, again struck the flats below, and regained the fort in safety. Enders and Snyder also arrived there before the enemy. Van Wart (who is said to have put on his go-to-meeting hat before he left the fort), had observed on his way up, several apple-pies just taken from the oven at Lawyer's, and not having had any breakfast, declared his intention of having some of the pie on his return. He was warned not to stop; but disregarding the caution of his companions, as the enemy were not then in sight, he halted. While he was eating, Westhoft, a German school teacher, who had been teaching school the preceding summer in Ingold's barn near by, opened the door and exclaimed: "Here they come!" as a party of Indians arrived at the house. In the act of jumping from a back window, he was fired upon in front and rear, the enemy having already surrounded the house. He was instantly dispatched, and his body much mutilated. He was a Low Dutchman, born near Albany; was a cooper by trade, and had resided nine years in the Ingold family, near where he was shot.—*Jacob Van Dyck.*

As the Indians entered Lawyer's dwelling, one of them raised a tomahawk to strike the schoolmaster, but Mrs. Lawyer seized his arm and arrested the fatal blow. She pleaded for his life and it was spared, adding another evidence to the influence of woman. Brett, an old female slave, was considered a lawful prize, and was taken along a little distance, but was finally permitted to return.—*Anna Eve*, widow of Jacob J. Lawyer.*

John Ingold, who dwelt where his son and namesake resided in 1845, was in the fort that day with all his family except Anthony Witner, his stepfather. As a hostile invasion was ex-

* *Mrs. Lawyer* stated to the writer, in 1835, that while her husband and a hired man were harvesting grain during the war, they were fired upon by the enemy, and the laborer killed; the former fled across the river and escaped. Mrs. Lawyer was a daughter of Phillip and Christina Bergh. She had two children, a son and daughter. The latter became the wife of Gov. Bouck.

pected, John Ingold, Jr., then a lad 14 years old, went the evening before with a wagon to take old Mr. Witner to the fort, but he declined going, and said he chose to stay and defend his house. He had given his grandson an old gun which was then at the fort; this he requested to have sent to him. The Ingold dwelling was burned, and as a part of two skeletons were found in its ruins, it was conjectured that a plunderer had been killed by Mr. Witner, before his death. The remains of the latter were identified by his silver knee-buckles. A barrack filled with peas, standing scarcely three yards distant from Ingold's barn, was set on fire and the enemy supposed from its proximity it would burn the latter; but as the former stood west of the building and the wind blew a gale from the northeast, the fire was fortunately not communicated to it. A fence on fire and slowly burning to the windward, which would have carried the flame to the barn, was extinguished after the enemy left. The dwelling of Hendrick Shafer was not burned, that of Tunis Shafer, which stood where David Shafer formerly lived, was burned with its out-buildings; and that of Lawyer, below Ingolds, shared the same fate the night following.—*John Ingold, Mattice Ball* and others.

The firing at Middleburgh was heard in Cobelskill, 10 miles distant, and Lawrence Lawyer and Henry Shafer proceeded towards Schoharie, to learn the cause. Arriving on the hills near, they caught a view of the general conflagration; and they unexpectedly fell in with a party of Indians, but escaped their notice by the timely movement of several cattle in the woods close by, which diverted the enemy from their concealment. The two friends remained secreted until the Indians retired, when they hastened back to Cobelskill, to warn the citizens of danger.—*Lawrence Lawyer.*

Johnson's troops had been so long in the valley, that ample time was gained to get everything in readiness at the Lower fort, for its defense. Several barrels of water were provided to extinguish the church, which contained the women and children, should it be set on fire. The magazine which was thus liberally replenished, was kept beneath the pulpit in the church, and was under the charge of Dr. George Werth, a physician, settled in the vicinity, who acted as surgeon. In the tower of the church were stationed, under Ensign Jacob

Lawyer, Jr., 15 or 20 good marksmen, who could command considerable territory. Quite a number of fearless women at the Lower fort are said to have stood ready at the pickets, when the enemy appeared in sight, armed with spears, pitchforks, poles, etc.,* to repel an attack.—*Maj. Peter Vrooman, Col. Dietz, of beaver Dam; Jacob Becker, Judge Brown and others.*

Scenes at the Lower Fort.—The enemy approached the Lower fort in a body, about four o'clock P. M., and were saluted with a small mounted cannon without the palisades (the one formerly owned by John Lawyer), charged with grape and cannister shot. Col. Johnson raised a spy-glass as the swivel was drawn out, and suddenly lowering it, said to his men, "It is only a grass-hopper, march on!" It was supposed to have done fearful execution, as many of the enemy fell, but to the surprise of the Americans, they arose and advanced; having only fallen to let the shot pass over them. A grape shot entered the knapsack of a soldier, and lodged against a pair of shoes. He was more frightened than hurt, and carried the shot to Canada. The American soldiers were hardly able to obtain shoes, and this Canadian had an extra new pair, which saved his life.—*Becker, Van Dyck, Vrooman and Dietz.*

Jacob Van Dyck, Nicholas Warner, Jacob Becker, Jacob Enders, John Ingold, Sr., and John Kneiskern, were among the men stationed with Lawyer in the church tower. When Capt. Stubrach and others were firing the "grass-hopper," Peter, a brother of Ensign Lawyer, who had command of the men on the church tower, was seen to approach the fort from the direction of the river, in advance of the enemy. He proceeded to the tower, and held a secret conference with his brother, soon after which they both left the fort together, and did not return

* Judge Brown, who was accounted a genuine whig, was suspected, though unjustly, of disaffection on the day Schoharie was burned. He stated to the writer, that he was at the Lower fort on the morning of that day, and aided in the early preparations for its defense; and had intended to volunteer his services in case of a hostile attack. His wife was determined to go to Livingston's manor, where she had relatives; and to set out that day. She went out and seated herself in a wagon, outside the pickets; and declared her intention to remain there and be shot rather than again enter the fort, where she had already been over two years. Brown probably knew, that "If a woman will, she will," and he might "depend on't;" said he felt ashamed to be seen quarrelling with his wife—reluctantly yielded to her wishes—entered the wagon and drove off. The smoke of burning buildings was then visible up the valley. This is another specimen of female influence.

until the invaders were out of sight. The conduct of the Ensign subjected him to some censure at the time—indeed, it needs an explanation at the present day.

Hearing that his Ensign had deserted his station, which was too commanding not to be properly occupied, Capt. Snyder immediately took charge of the men, who rendered good services by their skill as marksmen.—*Becker, Van Dyck and Warner.*

The enemy, when fired upon, filed off, the regulars, under Johnson, to the west, and the Indians, under Brant, to the east. The former crossed the flats, between the fort and the river, and did not halt until after they had passed Foxescreek, below the old saw-mill. They were several times fired upon from a block-house upon that side, which mounted a six-pounder, charged with grape and canister, but with what effect is unknown. Most of the Indians crossed Foxescreek in a body, but a few stragglers lingered to burn buildings. The wood-work of Tunis Swart's tavern, the former residence of Lodowick Fries, was burned. The parsonage was not consumed. A house now standing on a knoll some thirty rods southeast of the church, was occupied, in 1780, by the widow of Domine Schuyler, and one of her sons. It was erected one and a half stories, with gambrel roof, but was altered to its present form after the war. About the time Swart's dwelling was fired, an Indian was seen approaching this house with a fire-brand. Several rifles were instantly discharged at him from the tower, and he sprang behind the trunk of an apple-tree, which was standing until about the year 1860. Five balls struck the tree as he sprang behind it. No more was seen of the Indian, who abandoned the attempt to burn the house.—*Nicholas Warner and Jacob Becker.*

I have said Col. Johnson halted after crossing Foxescreek. Preparations were now made to give the Americans a passing salute—the gun carriage was screwed together, and the gun placed upon it. At this time it was supposed by the men in the tower, from the ease with which the gun was carried and the manner of its transportation, to be a "peeled log," placed with the design of frightening its inmates to surrender the fort. On applying the linstock it twice flashed, and the Americans were the more confirmed in their opinion that the foe was "playing possum"—but the third application of the match was

followed by a peal of war's thunder. Three shots were fired from this position. The first ball struck the wall and was broken in pieces, the second lodged in a rafter, and the third was planted in the purlin-plate, and the hole it made is still visible. Each ball caused the building to tremble like a leaf in the wind.*—*Jacob Enders, Jacob Becker and Josias Clark.*

While the enemy were discharging their cannon, rum, sweetened with gun-powder, was carried round in an pail to the soldiers, by Mrs Snyder, to divest them of fear. This was a common beverage in former times, when hostile armies were about to conflict. The liquor was thought to embolden, while the powder maddened the warrior. As she presented the glass to the soldiers at the pickets, the hands of some trembled so as scarcely to hold it.—*Peter M. Snyder.*

While the enemy were firing on the church, an Indian crept behind an elm tree on the bank of the creek northwest of it, and lodged three rifle balls in the tower. They struck nearly in the same spot over head, but the first two were not buried sufficiently deep to remain, and fell upon the deck, one of which was taken up by John Kneiskern, but found too hot to be retained. By moving part of the paling, a rifle was brought to bear on the presumptuous foe. As he showed part of his face, to try a fourth shot a marksman planted a bullet in the tree near his head, when he decamped in hot haste.—*Jacob Becker and Jacob Van Dyck.*

The enemy made but a short stay near the Lower fort. Brant, after burning the tavern and out-buildings of Jacob Snyder, and those of some other citizens along Foxescreek, came into the river road a few rods northwest of the "Brick House" of Capt. Mann. This house was two stories in the Revolution, but was razed a story some time after. Brant was joined on the rise of ground above Mann's, by the regulars under Johnson, who made a little show of giving another salute; but a shower of rifle balls from the church tower, with several successive and well-directed discharges of grape-shot, from the block-house in,

* About the year 1836, a new covering was put upon the church by Mr. Clark, who stated that the cannon shot lodged in the western plate in 1780, was then taken out and presented to John Gebhard, Esq., of Schoharie; and the one from the rafter to P. M. Snyder, in consequence of the intrepidity of Snyder's mother when the balls were lodged. This relic was presented the writer by Mr. Snyder in 1837. It weighs a little over six pounds. It is now in the State Cabinet.

the northeast corner of the inclosure, caused him to move down the valley. A dwelling and grist-mill standing near the fort were set on fire, but extinguished after the enemy left. The barn and other buildings were consumed.—*P. M. Snyder, Maj. P. Vrooman and Jacob Becker.*

Whether the enemy sustained any loss in their attack on the Lower fort is unknown. If any had been killed, their bodies were no doubt consumed in some of the burning buildings down the valley.

Loss of a Goose.—At an interview with Jacob Enders, previously mentioned, he related the following incident: After the enemy began to move down the valley, he left the fort to hang upon his rear. Discovering an Indian, he followed him along the creek toward the river, until he got a shot at him. He had on a large pack, and over one shoulder hung a goose, he had recently killed. When Enders fired, the Indian fell upon his knees, and dropped his pack and goose; then springing upon his feet, he set off on a moderate trot toward the river. Enders pursued until the Indian turned and raised his rifle on him, when he halted to load, and the Indian, without firing, again ran off. After pursuing until he was exposed to the fire of others of the enemy, Enders gave over the chase. On arriving where he had left the pack and goose, he found that John Rickard, a fellow soldier, who had seen the spoils abandoned from his position in the block-house, had been there and taken them to the fort. Enders claimed them, but Rickard would not give them up, or any part of them. The pack contained eight pairs of new mocasins.

On the day Schoharie was burned, three soldiers, Abraham Bergh, Jacob Kneiskern, and one Grenadier, with several other persons, were returning to the Lower fort with three head of fat cattle for that garrison; and on arriving near the former residence of Daniel Larkin, they discovered the advance of the enemy, and drove the cattle into the adjoining woods. The citizens made good their retreat, and the soldiers secreted themselves to watch the movements of the enemy. They observed a small party of Indians approach Meroley's place, on the Ferry road. The trio succeeded in getting within gun shot of the party, and as the latter were at a pump, fired upon them, killing one of their number with a buck-shot. The Americans

then made good their retreat, and reached the fort in safety.—*David, a son of Abr. Bergh.*

An old gentleman named Houck resided where Geo. Taylor lived in 1846. He tried to save his house by acting the Samaritan. He met the Indians at his door, set food before them and went down cellar to pray, but his devotions were brief, for on hearing the glass and dishes rattle above, he fled from an outside cellar-door and escaped; but his dwelling soon became an ash-heap.—*Peter I. Enders.*

Having executed his mission in the Schoharie so far as he found it practicable, Sir John Johnson encamped for the night near Harman Sidney's, since the residence of John C. Van Vechten, nearly six miles north of the Lower fort. A noble deer confined in a pen at Sidney's, which he was fattening, with no little care, for his own use, was killed and feasted on by the enemy. Some soldiers at work for its owner a few days before, wanted to kill the animal then, but he chose to reserve it for another occasion. In the morning, Col. Johnson sank his mortar and shells in a morass, in a little *vlaie* in Charleston, three or four miles from Sloansville, and directed his course to Fort Hunter. One of the shells was recovered some weeks after in mud knee deep; and on being broken open it was found to contain dry powder, which was divided among the victors.—*Col. Deitz, William Becker and Jacob Enders.*

About the year 1857, Wm. C. Brown plowed up some half a dozen of those shells, three of which were in the writer's cabinet when sold to the State.

After Sir John Johnson passed the Lower fort, George Meriness was despatched to Albany by Maj. Becker, with intelligence of his invasion, and success in Schoharie.—*William Snyder.*

A Scene of Desolation.—That beautiful valley, on the evening after the invasion, presented a most gloomy picture. Ruin and desolation followed in the train of the foe, and many a man who had risen in the morning in *comfortable*, if not in *affluent* circumstances, found himself in the evening *houseless*, and almost ruined in property. His barns and barracks which the morning light had disclosed well filled with the rich reward of his season's labors, where so many heaps of smouldering ruins. His cattle, horses and swine, which had grazed "upon

a thousand hills," either lay dead in the adjoining fields, or had been taken by the ravagers; while some of his fences had been burned and others demolished. Thus was revenged the destruction of the Indian possessions in the Chemung and Genesee valleys the year before by Gen. Sullivan, which, had they a historian, would be found a no less gloomy picture. Scarcely a log house at that early day was to be seen in the Schoharie valley; the dwellings were mostly good framed buildings, well finished and painted. But here and there a building, from some cause, escaped the devouring element, to render the general ruin the more obvious. The dwelling of Peter Rickard was set on fire, and after the enemy had left it, an old negro, owned by John Lawyer, went to it from his concealment in the woods near, found a quantity of milk on the premises, and with that extinguished the flames. The house of one of his neighbors was also set on fire and put out.—*Andrew Loucks*. It is possible one or two other houses may have escaped the general conflagration under somewhat similar circumstances. Several families residing on the uplands, east of the Court House, remained at home undisturbed by the enemy.—*Eleanor*, widow of Nicholas Feeck.

Henry Haines, Jr., of New Dorlach, who was with the enemy in the Schoharie valley, on the evening after its conflagration, arrived at the Lower fort, and enquired for John Rickard, his half brother, who was a whig. Haines had burned his feet so badly in plundering a building on fire, that he could not travel; and claimed the sympathy of his kinsman. Rickard pitied the wretch and concealed him in his hut for several days under lock and key, to keep him from the revenge of his injured fellow countrymen; allowing him, possibly, to pick the bones of Ender's goose.—*Peggy Ingold*, corroborated.

The Trail of the Enemy.—On the morning of October 18th, Col. Vrooman, collecting what troops could be spared from the three forts, pursued the retreating foe. He hung upon his rear all the way to the Mohawk valley, and by a timely movement circumscribed his burning footsteps.—*John Becker*, *Nicholas Warner*, and *David Zeh*.

The fire and smoke of the burnings in the lower part of Schoharie, 15 or 20 miles distant, were distinctly seen at the residence of Cornelius Putman, on the Schoharie, about a mile

from its junction with the Mohawk.—*Peter*, a son of Cornelius Putman, who lived on the paternal farm in 1845.

On the following morning, Victor, a son of Cornelius Putman, and William, a son of Cornelius Newkirk, proceeded on horseback from the vicinity of Fort Hunter in the direction of Schoharie, to discover the cause of the light seen the previous afternoon, and learn if a foe was approaching the Mohawk. They fell in with the enemy's advance on the Oak Ridge, a few miles from their last encampment, retreated, were hotly pursued, and Newkirk made captive. The timely return of his companion, however, who borrowed a horse of William Hall, a pioneer settler (having been obliged to abandon his own), enabled several families in the neighborhood to make good their escape, or guard against surprise and capture.

A scout of three soldiers sent from Fort Hunter on foot with the same object, met the enemy on the Indian road from that place to Schoharie, when Kezault, one of the three under the covert of a tree fired on his foes, but was instantly pursued, overtaken and killed. His comrades fleeing in an opposite direction far out of their way, finally escaped.—*Mrs. Magdalena Martin Becker.*

Capture of William Newkirk.—On the second night of his captivity, while marching between two of the enemy in the woods north of Herkimer, he stepped one side in the darkness and remained standing until his foes had all passed on; when he took the back track and supposed by day-light, he was 15 miles from where he left the enemy. He crossed the river at Fort Plain, and in due time reached his home in safety, to the surprise and joy of his friends.—*Rynier Gardinier.*

Scenes Enacted Near Fort Hunter.—Cornelius Putman removed his family into the woods, and secreted a part of his most valuable effects before the enemy appeared in sight. His neighbors, Cornelius and John Newkirk, brothers, who lived on the east side of the creek, also secreted a part of their property, and their families escaped, except three or four slaves, who had lingered too long at the house, and were captured. The enemy did not fire any buildings in the valley, until they had been there sometime. Putman, after securing his effects, secreted himself, with a loaded gun, near his house, and saw the first Indian enter upon his premises. He went into the

barn and brought out his arms full of tobacco (most of the farmers then raised a patch of the plant), which he laid down and began twisting into suitable hanks ; and as often as made, thrust into his blanket above the belt which encircled his waist. Putman several times drew up his gun to fire on the Indian, but when he reflected that he would doubtless be pursued, and his flight might lead not only to his own, but to the death of his family, and the destruction of plunder of his concealed property, he desisted from firing. From his retreat, however, he watched the motions of the enemy for hours. A party entered his house, and among the spoils brought from the cellar a keeler full of eggs, which they took to the kitchen, a little building detached from the dwelling, where they made a fire, boiled and divided them. He saw them rob his beehives, and feast upon the dainty product. Soon after this a signal was given for applying the incendiary torch, and one of the party, in Putman's presence, after swinging a fire-brand over his head until it blazed, applied it to the well-filled barns which were soon in flames. The house was set on fire, and several of the party fired their guns into a number of stacks and barracks of grain near, and all were soon reduced to a heap of ruins. The dwellings and out-buildings of the Newkirk's were also fired at the given signal, and soon shared the same fate.—*Peter Putman, Abram V., son of Victor Putman, and John, son of Marcus Hand.*

Brant's Humanity.—The following incident was mentioned by Stone in his *Life of Brant*, on the authority of Gen. Morgan Lewis, as having taken place in his presence at Fort Hunter, on the arrival there of Gen. Van Rensselaer, on the morning after the enemy had passed that post and were ascending the valley. A young Indian bearing a small child entered the fort, with a letter from Brant, addressed "To the commander of the rebel army," reading in substance, as follows:

"SIR—I send you by one of my warriors a child captured yesterday, that you may know that whatever others may do, I do not war against women and children. I am sorry to say that some engaged with me in the service, are more savage than the Indians are." A woman present just bemoaning her sad condition, not knowing the fate of her husband and other members of the family, who had fortunately gained the fort

herself, soon clasped to her bosom the child the Indian had brought, with the gratitude of a mother's warm heart.

The family of Putnam had crossed the river, and with the Newkirk families was on its way to Fort Hunter, when the enemy in a body appeared in sight, several hundred of the Indians and tories riding Schoharie horses. The fugitives then concealed themselves in the woods, at which place the ashes blown from John Newkirk's barn and barracks, completely covered them. Putman, very fortunately, had a large stack of peas out of sight from his house, which escaped the conflagration, and enabled him, by an exchange of peas for rye, which he made at Claverack, to provide his family with bread the next season. On the west side of the river, a little distance above Putman, dwelt Harmanus and Peter H. Mabee, brothers. A short time previous to this invasion they had removed to Rotterdam. Many of their effects were left in their dwellings, which, with their well-filled barns and barracks, shared the same fate as those of their neighbors. One of the Mabees had seven large fat hogs, in a pen near the house, which were all killed by the enemy, and left in the pen. They were killed with a pitchfork taken from Putman's barn, being all stabbed with it between the eyes. Putman had several large hogs in a pen, which he let out before the enemy arrived. They were yet round the pen when the first Indian appeared, but had fortunately found a place of concealment afterward.—*Peter Putman.*

The citizens of Cadaughrita built temporary huts next day, and erected log dwellings soon after, in which they passed the winter. Leaving the Schoharie valley, the enemy entered that of the Mohawk. They avoided Fort Hunter, from which they were fired upon, approaching no nearer to it in a body, than the present residence of Boyd Hudson, distant half a mile or more. At the latter place there resided a German named Schremling, who, although a tory, chanced to be outside his house, and, being unknown, was killed and scalped. The women and children of the families of Schremling, Andrew Young, and Peter Martin (then a merchant at Quebec) were captured by the enemy, who proceeded directly up the Mohawk, except a body of them which crossed the Mohawk to plunder and ravage the district destroyed at Johnson's spring invasion, the citizens having again erected temporary dwellings. Soon after this invasion a small

block-house was erected on the premises of Cornelius Putman which was under the management of Capt. Tremper of Fort Hunter.—*Peter Putman, and Mrs. Becker*, a daughter of Peter Martin.

At Martin's, the Indians obtained a two-horse iron-shod wagon, a vehicle rarely seen in those days, and a horse which, with a pack-horse, was harnessed before it. Mrs. Martin and her seven children, five sons and two daughters, after seeing their house burnt and all their property destroyed, were put into the wagon with some of their neighbors, several scullions and a quantity of baggage ; among which were a few pans of honey from Putman's. Three of the Martin children were in the wagon : sons Barney and Jeremiah, and daughter Magdalena. The party proceeded up the valley as far as the Lasher place (below the Nose and known on the Erie canal as the Willow Basin), where they encamped for the night ; plundering and burning all the whig dwellings which had escaped former similar visitations. The road was so bad at that time, that the enemy found it very difficult to get along with the wagon, and finally abandoned it half a mile east of Fultonville. It was unloaded, filled with rails from an adjoining fence, and set on fire ; the iron-work was afterwards recovered. Jeremiah Martin, then only a few years old, was eating honey in the wagon unconscious of danger, and on leaving it, was literally covered with the nectar from head to foot. The prisoners, around whom was placed a guard of British soldiers to prevent the Canadian Indians from murdering them, suffered from the cold that night, and the following morning Johnson, learning that troops were on their way from Albany and Schenectada to attack him, gave Mrs. Martin and her children (except Barney, then 14, who was taken to Canada and kept to the end of the war) permission to return. They were, however, plundered of some of their clothing. After abandoning the wagon, little Magdalena Martin was permitted to ride on the horse before Walter Butler, who allowed her to put her cold hands into his fur-lined pockets, for which her little heart was very grateful. She was a bright and interesting child of ten summers, and seeing her thus cared for, one of his fellow officers asked Maj. Butler what he was going to do with that pretty girl. "Make a wife of her," was his ready reply. He was killed at West Canada creek next

season. The little girl, in time, became the wife of Matthias Becker, and raised 10 children. She died at the house of her son-in-law, Wm. A. Haslet, of Fort Plain, March 17, 1882, in her 93d year.—*Jeremiah Martin and sister, Mrs. Magdalena Becker.*

Where the Enemy Encamp.—On the evening of the 18th, Gen. Robert Van Rensselaer of Claverack, with a body of the Claverack, Albany and Schenectada militia, and about 200 Oneida Indians under Col. John Harper, in pursuit of the enemy, encamped on a hill near the Stanton place, in the present town of Florida, perhaps 15 miles east of Johnson's encampment.—*John Ostrom*, who was a soldier present.* Learning at this place that Fort Paris, in Stone Arabia, about 20 miles northwest from the American camp, was to be attacked the following morning, Gen. Van Rensselaer sent a note to Col. John Brown, its gallant commander, to turn out and head the enemy at nine o'clock, and he would fall upon his rear. Sir John passed along the foot of the mountain and crossed the river on the morning of the 19th, at Keator's rift, near Spraker's Basin, and leaving the river above the Nose, a large part of his forces marched towards Stone Arabia. Col. Brown, a very brave man, left his little fortress and led his men to attack the foe. Said *George Bauder*, who died at Palatine Bridge about 1857, who was a boy present and saw him start, Col. Brown paraded his men, mounted upon a small black horse, and thus led them from Fort Paris, and tradition says he was on horse-back when he fell. After marching some distance from the fort, lest the letter of Gen. Van Rensselaer should fall into the hands of the enemy, he dispatched a messenger with it to the fort. As this letter could not afterwards be found at the fort, it was conjectured that possibly the bearer had acted the traitor, and borne it directly to the enemy, as the greater part of his forces united soon after the firing began between Brown and the advance.—*Jacob Becker.*

Battle of Stone Arabia.—Gen. Van Rensselaer, who had an effective force, nearly double that of the enemy, put his army in motion at the moon's rising. Near Fort Hunter, where he

* Col. Stone erroneously states the place of Van Rensselaer's encampment, on the night in question, to have been at Van Eppe's, now Fultonville.

arrived before day-light, he was joined by the Schoharie militia. The American commander arrived at Keator's rift soon after the enemy had passed it, but instead of crossing the river and seconding the movement of Col. Brown as he had agreed, he remained upon the south side, where news was brought him by a fugitive from Brown's command, that the latter officer, with many of his men, was slain. Fort Paris was three miles north of the Mohawk, and yet Brown met the enemy nearly two-thirds of the way to the river, where the contest began. Overpowered by numbers, he at length fell, and his blood, with that of more than 30 of his brave followers, dyed the fertile fields of Stone Arabia. What loss the enemy sustained in this engagement is unknown, but as they were better sheltered than were the Americans, and enabled to outflank, and had nearly surrounded them when Brown fell, it is supposed their loss was not as great. *John Ostrom and Jacob Becker.*

Further Progress of the Enemy in Palatine.—The following particulars, in addition to those above, were obtained in November, 1843, from Maj. *Joseph Spraker*, of Palatine. Col. Brown left Fort Paris, on the morning of his death, with a body of levies and militia; and as he passed Fort Keyser, a little stockade, at which a small stone dwelling was inclosed—perhaps a mile south of Fort Paris, and about two miles distant from the river—he was joined by a few militiamen there assembled, making his effective force from 150 to 200 men. He met the enemy nearly half way from Fort Keyser to the river. They were discovered on the opposite side of a field which contained some under-brush, and which was partly skirted by a forest. As the Indians were observed behind a fence on the opposite side of the field, Capt. Casselman remonstrated with Brown against his leaving the covert of the fence; but the hero, less prudent on this occasion than usual, ordered his men into the field, and they had hardly begun to cross it, before a deadly fire was opened upon them; which was returned with spirit but far less effect, owing to the more exposed condition of the Americans. Brown maintained his position for a time, but seeing the Indians gaining his flank, he ordered a retreat; about which time (nearly 10 o'clock, A. M.), he received a musket ball through the heart, as I learned from *Jacob I. Ecker*. The enemy pressed on so as to render it impossible for his men

to bear off his body, and the brave Colonel was left to his fate.

At the fall of their commander, some of the Americans fled toward the Mohawk, and others north into the forest. Two of them took refuge in the dwelling of the late Judge Jacob Ecker, in the hope of defending themselves, but the house was surrounded by a party of Indians, who set it on fire, and laughed at the shrieks of its inmates who perished in the flames.

None of the citizens who were not in the battle, it is believed, were either killed or captured, they having gained one of the two forts, or sought safety in the woods.

Here is an incident of the conflict: After Col. Brown fell, the Americans retreated. While the armies were engaged, Samuel Woolworth—one of Brown's men—unconsciously got several charges in his gun, not heeding the increasing length of the ramrod—supposing his gun discharged, as the priming burned. Retreating, he was pursued by three Indians, on whom he fired, when he became aware of the nature of the charge, as he was sprawling on the ground, his gun lying several feet from him. As he regained his piece, he saw one of the enemy supported by his fellows, evidently in a dying condition. He was again pursued by other foes who fired on him, whose fire he returned, having reloaded without halting. After hard running he eluded his foe and reached Fort Paris. After the enemy had left, a visit to the field of carnage disclosed to Woolworth a dead Indian across a log, near where he fired on his first pursuers; one of whom had no doubt received the contents of his over-loaded gun. Woolworth died at Fort Ann, N. Y., in 1811.—*David Woolworth*, of Hamilton county, a son of Samuel I. Woolworth.

John Zielie, a captain of militia, had charge of Fort Keyser on that day. George Spraker, father of informant, and John Waffle, elderly men; Joseph and Conrad Spraker, brothers; William Waffle, Warner Dygert, and possibly one or two other young men, were all who were ready to aid Capt. Z. in the defense of his little fortress, when the British regulars passed near it in column, soon after Brown's engagement. It might easily have fallen into their hands, had they known the number of its defenders. The few men in it were at the port holes,

each with his gun and a hat full of cartridges by his side, but restrained their firing from motives of policy. Within hearing of this stockade, the enemy sounded a bugle to collect his forces, while several tin horns were also heard blown with the same intent. Informant had two older brothers under Col. Brown, who effected their escape after he fell.

The Body of Col. Brown, How Cared For.—Soon after the enemy were out of sight, the four young men named, proceeded in the direction the firing had been heard, and leaping a fence into the fatal field, Joseph Spraker stood beside the remains of the ill-fated Brown. His scalp had been taken off so as completely to remove all the hair on his head ; this was unusual, as only the crown scalp was commonly taken, but knowing his distinction and prowess, we may justly infer the red man's motive. He was stripped of every article of his clothing, except a ruffled shirt. The four young militiamen—the Spraker brothers, Waffle and Dygert—took the body of their fallen chief, and bore it in their arms to Fort Keyser. The remains of most of the soldiers who fell in this battle were buried in one pit, and Col. Brown with them ; but a day or two after, it was opened and his remains removed to a place of interment near the churches. Col. Brown was of middling stature, with dark eyes and a fine military countenance ; he usually wore glasses. He was agreeable and urbane in his manners, but possessed a spirit when in danger, fearless as the dashing cataract. He fell deeply lamented by his numerous friends, and the few silver-haired heroes of his acquaintance who survived for me to converse with, were enthusiastic in his praise.

Just Tribute to a Brave Man.—Col. Brown was a native of Massachusetts, and was born October 19th, 1744. On the 19th day of October, 1836, 56 years after his death, arrangements having been made for the occasion, a monument was erected over his remains in the presence of a large assemblage of respectable citizens of the county, convened to honor the ashes of a hero. The monument was reared at the expense of Henry Brown, Esq., of Berkshire, Massachusetts, a son of the warrior, who died not very long after that event. The following is the monumental inscription :

"In memory of Col. John Brown,
who was killed in battle on the 19th day of October, 1780,
at Palatine, in the county of Montgomery,
Æ. 36."

After the ceremony of raising the monument, a sermon was preached by the Rev. Abraham Van Horne, of Caughnawaga, and a very patriotic address was delivered by Gerret L. Roof,* Esq., of Canajoharie. The following are extracts from that address, and remarks made by him at the grave.

"I now see before me a little remnant of those intrepid spirits who fought in the memorable engagement of Oct. 19, 1780. Fifty-six years ago this day, led on by your gallant commander, you battled with greatly superior numbers, consisting of British regulars, loyalists, and savages. Venerable Patriots! we bid you welcome here this day. In the name of our country we thank you for the important services you rendered her in the dark hours of her tribulation. Be assured they will be held in grateful remembrance, while the Mohawk shall continue to wind its course through yonder rich and fertile valley. They will be the theme of praise long after the marble erected this day, to the memory of your brave commander, shall have crumbled to dust. Fifty-six years ago this day these hills resounded with the din of arms and the roar of musketry. Look yonder! The field! The field is before us—the field on which the heroic Brown poured out his life-blood in the defense of his country. You fought by his side. You saw him as he fell, covered with wounds, and with his face to the foe. You bore his bleeding and lifeless body from the battlefield. With gentle hands and sorrowing hearts you committed his remains to the earth and

'Carved not a line and raised not a stone,
But left him alone in his glory.'

"Col. Brown fell in battle on the 19th day of October, 1780; the very day he reached the age of 36, so that the anniversary of his birth was also the day of his death. But though he fell

* Mr. Roof, who was a son of Martin Roof, of Canajoharie, and grandson of Johannes Roof, a pioneer settler of Fort Stanwix, now Rome; chose on settling out in life, the legal profession in which he made his mark; being at about the period of his introduction here, district attorney of Montgomery county; but under the impulse of doing a better service for humanity, he left his law office and entered the ministry; rendering in that the labor of a useful life. The degree of D. D. has been conferred upon Mr. Roof by Union College, and he is now a resident of Troy, N. Y.

thus early in life, and before he had attained the measure of his fame, yet his deeds of bravery and patriotism will not be forgotten by posterity ; and the name of BROWN will, for ages to come, be held in grateful remembrance. His was that bravery that quailed not before tyranny, and that feared not death. His was that patriotism that nerves the arm of the warrior battling for the liberties of his country, and leads him on to the performance of deeds of glory."

Here is also a patriotic poem written by Mr. Roof about the time Brown's monument was erected, which was intended further to commemorate the merits of that illustrious hero, and well deserves a place in this connection. It has, too, been set to music.

"HE SLEEPS, THE ICY SEAL OF DEATH."

(AIR.—"O bid me not that strain to sing".)

1. " He sleeps ! The icy seal of death
Is set upon his brow ;
The cannon's roar he heeds no more—
He rests in silence now.
The trumpet's clangor's heard afar,
And standards proudly wave,
But he who brav'd the battle's shock
Now slumbers in the grave,
Now slumbers in the grave.
2. " He sleeps ! The noble warrior sleeps,
Upon the battle plain ;
Nor e'er will he, to victory,
His comrades lead again.
His country called him to command,—
He spurned the tyrant's away :
The God of *Battles* nerved his arm,
And glory led the way,
And glory led the way.
3. " With patriot band he left his home,
To strike for *Liberty* :
And marched to brave the battle's wave,
Determined to be *free* !
His country now his fate deplores,
His gallant comrades weep :

He cannot bear their loud laments—
He sleeps a dreamless sleep,
He sleeps a dreamless sleep.

4. "Rest warrior! Thou hast gained a wreath
Of never-dying fame :
And hallow'd be thy memory,
And honored be thy name.
Thy spirit, *Warrior*, is with God
In mansions of the blest!
The clash of arms and war's alarms
No more disturb thy rest,
No more diturb thy rest."

From this Digression let us follow the Enemy's War-path.—
The forces of Col. Johnson, a part of which had crossed the river near Caughnawaga, destroyed all the whig property, not only on the south but on the north side, from Fort Hunter to the Nose : and in several instances where dwellings had been burned by the Indians under his command in May, and temporary ones rebuilt, they were also consumed. Of the latter number was that of Barney Wemple. After his dwelling was burnt in May, he went to Tribe's Hill, tore down a tory dwelling, and erected it upon the ruins of his former one.—*Rynier Gardinier.*

On the morning of the day on which the Stone Arabia battle was fought, Fred. H. Dockstader, who lived on the "Sand Flats," in the present town of Mohawk, having seen the fires along the river, concealed his family and personal effects in the woods, and then approached the Mohawk valley to get a view of passing events ; thinking the enemy would confine their movements to the river settlements. As he was about to gain the desired position, he was surprised to see a party of Indians approaching him. He walked boldly up, and addressing them with confidence assured them he was their friend, and on his way to meet them. They proceeded with him to his house, and after laying him under contribution in the way of plunder, left him and his buildings unharmed. Before leaving, they took several of his horses, one of which was a favorite, although he dared not protest against their taking it. This party of the enemy burned the house of F. H. Dockstader's brother, within sight of his own, and left a war club in a conspicuous place ; as

much as to say, "we will kill the proprietor if we can catch him.

A pleasing incident occurred at Dockstader's, illustrative of the red man's character. One of the Indians caught a colt that had never been rode, and with his belt and some cords made a kind of bridle which he put upon its head. The colt stood still until the Indian had mounted with a bundle of plunder in one hand and his rifle in the other, seemingly delighted with his new master; but as soon as he had made ready to set forward, and struck his heels against the animal, it dashed onward and reared several times, sending the Indian heels over head upon the ground in one direction, and his rifle and duds in another. Thus rid of his load, the colt stopped and looked back to witness the plight of the rider. The rest of the Indians laughed as though their sides would split, and Dockstader, who dared not laugh, expected to see the Indian rise and shoot the animal; but instead of doing so, he sullenly gained his feet—picked up his portable wealth, and moved off amid the merry jeers of his companions.—*Henry F., son of Fred. H. Dockstader.*

Johnson's Pursuers make no Haste.—After Col. Brown fell, the enemy, scattered in small bodies, were to be seen in every direction, plundering and burning the settlements in Stone Arabia, from which agreeable pastime, for them, they were finally called to join the forces of Sir John Johnson to the westward, by the blowing of several tin horns. Gen. Van Rensselaer kept upon the south side of the river, making no efforts to cross it at Keator's rift; at Spraker's, where the enemy had forded; or at Brandywine rift, near Canajoharie, but finally brought up at Fort Plain, where he became the guest of Col. Willet at his dinner table. Several fugitives from Brown's command had conveyed intelligence of his fate to Gen. V. R., but without causing any movement toward crossing the river, until Col. Harper and other officers began severely to censure him for his neglect of duty. Orders were finally given to cross the river, which was accomplished, in the afternoon, at Ehle's rift, half a mile below Fort Plain bridge, where several wagons were used in the deepest water. Much delay attended the crossing, and the march was resumed late in the day.

The centenarian, *Henry Smith*, assured the writer that at the time of Johnson's invasion, his father and Klock's, with those of

several other families, on the signal of alarm, took refuge at Fort Nellis, below St. Johnsville. Informant was sent back to his father's place, across the river (the present residence of Joseph Smith), to let their horses into the woods ; which duty he accomplished and got back to the stockade before the enemy arrived. They passed several fortified dwellings without demonstration, and were allowed to pass this rather than provoke an assault.

During some previous invasion, informant's father was going to drive away his cows early in the morning, when he saw an Indian, on his knees, trying to get a shot at him. He shot the Indian, ran up and dispatched him with a hatchet—cutting through a nice beaver hat, of which the rascal had become possessed. He gave the Indian's gun to his son. Nellis had a Guinea negro, a stout fellow, who made a small hickory cannon that was sometimes allowed to be fired, but his master would not allow it to be fired at this time, from motives of policy. Armed with his gun, the lad, then 13 years old, wanted to fire on the passing foe, but was restrained from so doing. It is not known that any of the foemen remained on the south side of the river when Johnson's army crossed at Spraker's and the firing of signal guns gave the settlers a chance to gain a safe retreat : the Vandals plundering and burning their abandoned homes, through Palatine, without opposition.

A Battle at St. Johnsville.—Finding himself pursued, Col. Johnson halted his men a little below St. Johnsville and prepared to give his pursuers battle. "And," said Henry Smith, "on the lands of John Richard Failing, and near the former Edwin Snell place, a battle occurred. It could hardly be called a battle, for scarcely had it begun ere the end came." But with the few shots exchanged, several were killed and wounded on both sides. It grew dark so fast after the armies were in array, that both parties, from fear of shooting their own men, were willing to adjourn for more light—at least such was a subsequent statement at Van Rensselaer's court martial. Sir John was compelled to retreat to a peninsula in the river, where he encamped, with his men much wearied. His situation was such that he could have been taken with ease. Col. Duboise, with a body of levies, took a position above him to prevent his proceeding up the river ; Gen. Van Rensselaer, with the main army,

below ; while Col. Harper, with the Oneida Indians, gained a position on the south side of the river, nearly opposite. The General gave express orders that the attack should be renewed by the troops under his own immediate command, at the rising of the moon, some hour in the night. Instead, however, of encamping on the ground from which the enemy had been driven, as a brave officer would have done, he fell back down the river and encamped three miles distant. The troops under Duboise and Harper could hardly be restrained from commencing the attack long before the moon arose ; but when it did, they waited with anxiety to hear the rattle of Van Rensselaer's musketry.

The enemy, who encamped on lands owned by the late Judge Jacob G. Klock, spiked their cannon, which was there abandoned ; and soon after the moon appeared, began to move forward to a fording place just above the residence of Nathan Christie, and not far from their encampment. Many were the denunciations made by the men under Duboise and Harper against Van Rensselaer, when they found he did not begin the attack, and had given strict orders that their commanders should not. They openly stigmatised the General as a "coward" and "traitor ;" but when several hours had elapsed, and he had not yet made his appearance, a murmur of discontent pervaded all. Harper and Duboise were compelled to see the troops under Johnson and Brant ford the river and pass off *unmolested*, or disobey the orders of their commander, when they could, *unaided*, have given them most advantageous battle. Had those brave Colonels, at the moment the enemy were in the river, taken the responsibility of disobeying their commander as Murphy had done at Schoharie three days before, and commenced the attack in front and rear, the consequences must have been very fatal to the retreating army, and the death of Col. Brown and his men promptly avenged.—*Jacob Becker*, a Schoharie militiaman.

As if to cap the climax of Gen. Van Rensselaer's management, he had sent an express to Fort Schuyler ; from whence, Capt. Walter Vrooman * (the same mentioned as being at the

* Soon after Capt. Vrooman, who was a large muscular man (as brave as strong), was taken, an Indian, claiming him as his prisoner, fastened to his shoulders a heavy pack, which he compelled him to carry. Those Indian packs were usually made of striped linsey petticoats, stolen from frontier settlers : such was the one, filled with plunder made in Stone Arabia, imposed on Capt. Vrooman. He had not borne it far,

Johnstown fort in May preceding), was dispatched with a company of fifty men to Oneida lake, to destroy the enemy's concealed boats. Col. Johnson, informed of the movement, as believed, through the treachery of one of Vrooman's men, surprised and captured the entire command.

A Reason Why.—It was confidently asserted in the American army, that some relationship by marriage existed between Gen. Van Rensselaer and Sir John Johnson, which induced the former to favor the escape of the latter.—*Becker and John Ostrom.*

The Americans took two 9-pounders from Schenectada, which were left at Fort Plain. So much dallying took place on the part of the commanding officer, that the enemy, although pursued some distance on the south side of the river, were not prevented from making their escape. At a block-house and stockade, called Fort Windecker, after a German, whose house was inclosed at Mindenville, seven men and a boy killed an Indian and took nine prisoners, several of whom, worn out with constant exertions, purposely surrendered. They stated that if the Americans had followed up their advantages, Johnson and most of his men must have been captured. Forty or fifty horses belonging to citizens of Schoharie were recovered, and either taken back by the soldiers at this time, or reclaimed in the Mohawk valley the following winter, by some half a dozen men who went from Schoharie on purpose.—*Jacob Becker and David Zeh.*

In the pursuit of Johnson from Schoharie, the militia being deficient in knapsacks, carried bread on poles. Holes being

before he was observed by Col. Johnson, who enquired why he carried it? He replied that an Indian had placed it upon him. The Colonel then drew his sword and severed its fastenings. In a short time, the owner of the pack, who was in the rear at the time it fell, came up, and in anger replaced it, with a threat of death if he did not continue to carry it. It had been restored but a little while, when Sir John again observed the American Captain (who was a fine specimen of the early Dutch) under the ungainly load, and once more cut its bands; placing a guard around him to prevent his receiving any injury or insult from the red warrior. In a few minutes, the latter reappeared with uplifted tomahawk, threatening vengeance; but finding his approach to the prisoner prevented by bristling bayonets, he sullenly fell back: he, however, continued to watch for a favorable opportunity all the way to Canada, to execute his threat. While crossing a rapid stream on a log shortly after, this Indian fell off with his pack on, and would have been drowned, but for the timely aid of his comrades. On arriving at Montreal, Capt Vrooman was incarcerated in prison and did not see the sun again for two long years.—*Volkert Voorhees.*

made in the loaves, a pole was passed through several, and borne between two soldiers, who also added a loaf at each end.—*Mattice Bull.*

In the summer of 1843, I obtained from John Ostrom, a worthy citizen of Glen, some additional particulars relating to this invasion. Mr. Ostrom was a militiaman under Gen. Van Rensselaer, in the pursuit of Sir John Johnson. When the Americans arrived at the Nose, on the enemy's trail in the morning, Col. Brown was then engaged with the latter not three miles distant, and they heard the firing, but made no attempt to cross the river where the enemy had crossed. When the skirmish took place between Col. Duboise and Col. Johnson, the reason assigned by Gen. Van Rensselaer, for not following up the success gained was, its being so near night. Henry Ostrom, a Captain of militia, from the vicinity of Albany, and father of informant, to whose company the latter was attached; surprised at the indifference of the General, asked him if he did not intend to prosecute the attack. He replied that it was so near night his men would not march. Capt. Ostrom, still remonstrating with him, for what he considered a neglect of duty, finally received orders to lead his own men forward; which he did with promptness, to the surprise of the General, who, having mistaken his mettle, countermanded the order after the company had proceeded several rods. Why Van Rensselaer chose to fall back down the river three miles to encamp, remains a mystery still. This incident goes to prove that it was not very dark when Gen. Van Rensselaer began his retrograde movement.

Capt. Duncan, an officer under Sir John Johnson, in this invasion, returned after the war closed to the residence of his father, situated a few miles from Schenectada. His return having been kept private for a little time, he invited in several of his former acquaintances, some of whom he had opposed in arms, of which number was Capt. Ostrom. On this occasion he informed his guests, while speaking of Johnson's invasion now under consideration, that after the skirmish with Col. Duboise, the British officers held a consultation, at which it was agreed to surrender the whole army, worn out with fatigue as it was, *prisoners of war*; but that Gen. Van Rensselaer did not give

them a chance. Capt. Duncan finding himself kindly treated by his old neighbors, remained in the State.

How Fort Plain Took on a New Name.—I am aware that Gen. Van Rensselaer was court martialed for his apathy in this affair, and I suppose was honorably acquitted; but it would be evident to anyone who talked with members of the pursuing army, that Colonels Harper and Duboise, as also other officers who denounced his action at the time in the valley, and were called as witnesses at his trial at Albany, were afraid to testify against a man of his wealth and influence; hence a verdict of acquital. They seemed to forget all they had said when in Tryon county. Dr. Hough published several years since, an account of this invasion of Sir John Johnson, and the court martial of Gen. Van Rensselaer, and therein disclosed the fact that the latter officer writing from Fort Plain—a name which had been established four years—dated his papers at Fort Rensselaer; anxious, as it would seem, to have this principal fort among its half a dozen fellows, take on his own name. It is believed that never before that time it had ever been called by any other name than Fort Plain. Nearly two years later, Gen Washington was there, and dated his correspondence from "Fort Rensselaer," and others probably did so, unaware that the name of the fort had been changed.

There was a palisaded house at Canajoharie, the old Van-Alstine dwelling which is still standing, that was called Fort Rensselaer, as I was assured by Col. John Roof, Gen. Peter C. Fox and others, but it is not believed that Gen. Van Rensselaer made any halt there. In a late correspondence I asked Judge Campbell, author of the *Annals of Tryon County*, if he was aware that Fort Plain was ever called Fort Rensselaer, and he replied in the negative. The village of Fort Plain took on its war name, and the citizens will continue so to call it, without regard to the personal ambition of anyone.

An Interesting Paper Disclosing a Secret.—Since the above was written, the following document preserved among the papers of the late William H. Seeber, has come to my observation:

"By virtue of the appointment of his Excellency, George Clinton, Esq., Governor of the State of New York, etc., etc.

"We do hereby in pursuance of an act entitled an act to

amend an act, entitled an act to accommodate the inhabitants of the frontiers with habitations and other purposes therein mentioned, passed the 22d day of March, 1781—Grant unto William Seeber, Peter Adame, George Garlock and Henry Smith, license and liberty to cut and remove wood or timber from the lands of John Laib (or Lail), George Kraus, John Fatterle, John Plaikert, Wellem (William) Fenck, George Ekar, John Walrath and Henry Walrath, lying contiguous to Fort Plain, being a place of defense, for fuel, fencing and timber for the use of the first above mentioned persons.

Given under our hands at Canajoharie this 8 th day of November, 1782.

CHRISTIAN NELLIS, }
M. WILLETT, } *Commissioners.*

This instrument was drawn up in the hand-writing of Esq. Nellis, and taken to Col. Willett to sign. In the hand-writing of the latter and with the ink of his signature, he crossed off the word Plain and interlined the name Rensselaer. It seems surprising that Col. Willett, who so disapproved of changing the name of Fort Stanwix, should have connived at changing the name of Fort Plain; and it can only be accounted for by presuming that he was thereby courting the influence of wealth and position.

The Burial of Col. Brown's Men.—I learned from *George M. Bauder, Esq.,**—a son of Michael Bauder who was a Ranger in the Revolution—where this burial took place. His mother was Lana, a daughter of John Klock—the Bauders and Klocks were among the earliest German families in Palatine, where informant was born August 28, 1768, and where he has always resided, honored for his integrity. And I may add, he still holds a military 160 acre land warrant, for his own services at Sackett's Harbor in 1814. After the Stone Arabia battle, John Klock drew the bodies of Brown's men together on a sled, but there was no snow on the ground. They were brought near Fort Paris which stood between "The Corners," and interred, as now believed, a few rods southeast of the present school-

* He assured the writer that he attended the funeral services observed at the death of Washington, in the church at Johnstown, late in December, 1799; he being then 15-years old. There was no snow, as he said, on the ground at that time. He died in November, 1881, in his 97th year.

house. The pit dug was a trench some 12 by 15 feet, sufficiently wide to take in two lengths of bodies; and upon its brink stood Miss Lana Klock and saw the remains deposited. They were laid in side by side in the clothes in which they fell, without coffins; but their number is unknown. It was probably 20 or 30. Some who fell in their flight from the battle-field were elsewhere interred. The general interment near the fort has been corroborated by *Benj. Getman, Michael Wick and Henry Lasher*, all three being octogenarians.

Just how many fell in the Stone Arabia battle is unknown. Col. Stone gave the number as from 40 to 45, which I think closely aggregates the number. The loss of the enemy that day was unknown, but having so greatly the advantage in numerical force, it probably did not exceed one-half the American loss. Most of the Americans slain were New England men.

Incidents Growing out of the Battle.—After Col. Brown fell, many of his men borne down by numbers fled westward, and quite a number were overtaken and slain on the Judge Jacob Eacker* farm, a mile northerly from Palatine Bridge. It has been stated that six men took shelter behind a large rock, from which they made several shots, but the enemy getting in their rear, they were all cut off. After hours of concealment with his family and the enemy had been called westward by tin-horns, Judge Eacker sallied out to survey the burned district on which his own buildings had stood in the morning. A little back of the mansion which he erected in 1803, he found an American drummer-boy still alive, who had been scalped by the Indians. He was conveyed to Fort Paris, properly cared for, and while convalescing he was sent to his Connecticut home, and was not again heard from.

Jack, a valuable slave owned by Judge Eacker, was coaxed to go along with the slaves of Bernard Frey, in his early flight to Canada. In Sullivan's expedition this slave was captured and

* This man was out of a good German family, was a prominent citizen of this day, and well known as Judge Eacker of the county courts. He died in 1833, at the age of 74. He was the father of Capt. George I. Eacker, a distinguished young lawyer of New York city, who was insulted by, challenged by, and fought a duel with Philip, a son of Alexander Hamilton; whom he killed at Hoboken in 1801, as was shown in the first volume. So said *Jacob I. Eacker*, a younger brother of George, who married a daughter of George Herkimer, and resided on the paternal homestead. He died March 8, 1873, aged 87.

returned to his former master—a circumstance not mated in my investigations. Judge E. gave Jack 25 cents each, to bring together and bury all the dead soldiers he could find scattered upon his farm—and thus was he supplied with pocket money for sometime. Eacker had a stack of wheat in William Ehle's woods adjoining his own which escaped the torch, and this still supplied his family with food ; but the rest of his property shared the general fate of his patriotic neighbors.—*Jacob I. Eacker.*

Two Dwellings Escape the Torch.—Nearly two miles westward of the Eacker place, on the northerly part of the Domine Ehle lands, resided at this period William Ehle. Seeing the Oswegatchie fires in the morning and hearing the alarm guns, Ehle harnessed a team to a sled, took his family into it and drove to a secreted place in the woods, where he had concealed a barrack of wheat. With his gun he took a position to shoot a foeman, should an attempt be made to burn the wheat ; but it remained standing, as also did his dwelling.

The house of Jacob Walrath, not far from Ehle's, was plundered and set on fire, and a hole burned through the floor ; but as chance would have it, a bag containing flax seed was ignited and running freely into the hole smothered the fire.—From *Harman Ehle*, a son of William Ehle, and in his 81st year at our interview in 1862. He was a soldier in the war of 1812. He married Lana, a daughter of Nicholas Weiser, whose wife was a daughter of Jacob Walrath above named.

Abner Pier, a soldier in this battle, was knocked down and scalped by an Indian, and as the enemy moved on one of them looked back, and, seeing him move, drew up and fired at him, inflicting a severe flesh wound. Without going back to his victim he proceeded forward. When the Americans returned to the field of carnage, Pier was found alive, taken to the fort and recovered. After the war, this Pier settled on the west side of Otsego lake nearly four miles from Cooperstown—the locality came to be called Pier's town. Some 60 years ago there were dwelling at this place the families of Philip Van Horne, Isaac and John Williams, brothers, and also a family of Watermans. This Pier family became celebrated in Otsego county for its musical talent, especially in playing the fife and key-bugle at military parades.—*Hiram Pier*, corroborated.

I have said that most of the men slain with Col. Brown were New England troops ; there were, however, a number of local militiamen killed, and remembered among them were Peter House and John Cook—the latter being a son of Casper Cook—the Cook family having been numbered among the earliest and best families of Stone Arabia.—*Benjamin Getman*, and *Mrs. Andrew Nellis*, a descendent of the Cook family.

After the battle, one Louks, a militiaman, was found dead near the John Eacker place, who, as he had no wounds, was supposed to have run himself to death. The John Eacker house, a stone edifice, was not disturbed ; the enemy probably thinking it fortified—hence dare not approach it. Col. Andrew Gray's house was the only one in its neighborhood that escaped burning. It was set on fire and extinguished by his brother with milk from the cellar. An Indian was running with a fire-brand toward the barn, when Gray raised a window to fire upon him and he scampered off. This family saved several stacks of hay by a timely sally of Americans from the fort, who fired on the *barn-burners* and they decamped.—*Jacob I. Eacker*.

The First Shot fired by Brown's men after leaving the fort, was by George Getman, who saw an Indian pursuing two women who were fleeing with bundles, supposed of clothing, from their own home. The Indian fired—one of them fell, and as he was running up to scalp her, Getman's rifle brought him down. The other woman escaped.—*George Bauder*, then a boy at Fort Paris.

Escape of Snell and Getman.—Fleeing from the battleground, George Getman, a militia man, overtook a Young Yankee soldier, who seized hold of his bayonet belt, much assisting him but retarding the flight of the former. After proceeding in this manner awhile, the belt broke and the lad fell behind, soon to be tomahawked and scalped. Getman was running east and came to a bar-way in a fence, the middle bar was down, and as he stooped to pass through he heard a bullet strike the board over his head. His gun was loaded, but unluckily the flint had fallen from the lock. He was not pursued any farther, and in passing a fallen tree in a little copse he heard a voice saying, "Come here, brother!" Concealed under this tree he found Jacob Snell (afterwards a county judge), a brother militiaman, with a wounded shoulder. They both adjusted their gun-locks,

soon after which a single Indian came within gun-shot and stepped upon a stump for observation. The fugitives had a deadly aim upon him but, not knowing how near other savages might be, they did not fire; but had he discovered them he would no doubt have fallen. Giving a few whoops, he disappeared.

Getman, with his hat off, was in the act of examining Snell's wound, when a hawk flew down and struck its talons into his bald scalp, lacerating it and causing the blood to flow freely. Not seeing the bird, he thought an Indian had struck him, but, turning round and seeing no third person, he knew not what hurt him, until Snell informed him. His wound bled more freely than did his companion's. On hearing his cause of alarm, Getman exclaimed—"Blitz, that's a warning." After hearing the signals to call the Indians westward, they passed up a ravine and reached Fort Paris in safety.—*Casper Getman, Jacob I. Eacker and others.*

Let us Return to the Schoharie Valley, Which we Left in Ruins.—Fearing an invasion, considerable grain had been stacked in the woods and by-places remote from dwellings the preceding harvest, in the hope that if the enemy did appear, possibly those stacks might escape the fire-brand. Andrew Loucks had two stacks thus concealed, as had also Chairman Ball, which were not burnt. Loucks had very fortunately let out his hogs to live on acorns, and they, too, were spared. Some individuals lost at this time from eight to 10 horses, comparatively few of which were recovered. Mr. Ball lost nine.—*Andrew Loucks and Peter Ball.*

On his return to the Middle fort, Col. Vrooman found himself once more its lawful commander, Maj. Woolsey having taken French leave during his absence. Col. Vrooman was often from home on public business during the winter months of the war; and sometime after the destruction of Schoharie—being a member of the State Legislature, he went to Poughkeepsie, where it was about to convene. Among other members, Col. Vrooman was an invited guest at an evening party. On his arrival at the place of mirth, almost the first person who caught his eye was Maj. Woolsey. He laid off his loose clothing, and very soon after sought an interview with his "military friend," but to his surprise, he found the latter had suddenly left the house; nor did he reappear that night. Recollecting their last interview

near the magazine, he possibly did not care about meeting the Dutch Colonel.—*Angelica Vrooman.*

Concealed Tories.—Where now stands the dwelling, so long known as "Spraker's Tavern" on the Mohawk turnpike, stood a small house in the Revolution owned by one of the Tribes' Hill Bowens, and occupied by John Van Loan—whose politics were of a suspicious character. On a certain occasion, two tories, Albert Van De Warken, and a man named Frazee entered the settlement in the character of spies, and were traced to the dwelling of Van Loan; where they were concealed in the daytime. A small party of patriots having assembled under Capt. John Zielley, approached the house one evening to kill or capture these emissaries; and discovered them through a window at supper. Becoming apprised of the proximity of armed men, the spies left the house and fled to a barrack of hay, between that and the hill. Around the barrack Capt. Zielley stationed his men to prevent the escape of the fugitives, and await the return of day. As light began to dawn, the rascals sprang from their concealment and ran. Frazee, in attempting to pass Adam Empie, a soldier present, was thrust through with a bayonet and killed; while his comrade, more fortunate, although a volley of bullets whistled around him, fled up the mountain and escaped.

The tory dwelling above mentioned, was burnt by the enemy under Sir John Johnson, who crossed the river a few rods below it, on the morning Col. Brown fell; from what motive is unknown.—*Joseph Spraker.*

Invasion of Durlach.—When the Revolution commenced, three brothers, William, John and Philip Crysler, who lived in New Durlach; with their brother Adam, who lived in Schoharie, took up arms with the foes of their country, and went to Canada in 1777. As it began to be doubted by the tories in 1780, whether Britain could subdue the States, Philip, whose family still lived in New Durlach, and who desired to move it to Canada, had a party assigned him near Harpersfield to aid in its removal. It is supposed they arrived near the settlement a day before the army reached Schoharie; and were concealed until Seth's Henry met them in an appointed place, and communicated intelligence of the proceedings in Schoharie, that the movement of Crysler's destructives should not precede the

general irruption. However that may be, it is certain Seth's Henry, who was at the burning of Schoharie, was on the following day also of the hostile party in New Dorlach.

The Merckley Family.—The enemy, consisting of eighteen Indians and three Tories, made their appearance just after noon at the dwelling of Michael Merckley,* where Hiram Sexton resided in 1845. Merckley was at this time a widower. His family consisted of three daughters, three sons, and a lad named Fox. The daughters were all young women; one was married to Christopher Merckley, and lived in Rhinebeck, a small settlement a few miles from New Dorlach—the other two were at home. The oldest son had gone to Canada three years before, the second was then at Schoharie, and the youngest, a lad about 13 years old, and Fox, a boy near his age, were also at home. Frederick, a brother of Michael Merckley, then resided less than a mile east of the latter. He had an only daughter named Catharine, who, by repute, was the *fairest* young lady in the Schoharie settlements. He also had several sons. Christian (from whom some of these particulars were obtained), about 17 years old, who was then at home; Martin, a young brother, who had been sent to his uncle Martin's about noon of that day to borrow a currier's knife, and possibly one or two others. On arriving at Merckley's, the enemy captured his two daughters, the two boys, and their cousin Martin who chanced still to be there.

The France Family.—About three-fourths of a mile west of Michael Merckley, then resided Bastian France, where his son Henry resided in 1845, a little distance from the road, which ran much as it does at the present day. As the country was new, however, it was shaded more by trees, and not bounded by fences as at present. Mr. France had eight children. His two oldest sons, young men, had gone to Schoharie on the 17th, to learn how matters stood in that valley, and were in the Lower fort when the enemy passed it. Christopher, the oldest of those (the first white child born in the town of Seward), and Miss Catharine Merckley, had plighted hymenial vows, and were to have been married two weeks from the day of her death. Four other sons were at home—John, 14 years old; Henry, 13,

* This name was formerly written Mercle, and pronounced Mericle.

and two younger ; and two daughters—Betsey, a young lady of 17, and a little girl perhaps 10 years of age. At the road, near the residence of France, resided Henry Haines, a tory. West creek, a tributary of Cobelskill, passed near his house, and on this he had erected a small grist-mill—the first erected in the town of Seward. Philip Hoffman, an old gentleman, lived not far from Haines.

Death of Catharine Merckley.—Mr. Merckley, at whose house the Indians first appeared, had been to visit his married daughter at Rhinebeck settlement, as had also Catharine Merckley and Betsey France, all on horseback. Mr. Merckley returned home but a little in advance of the girls, and approaching his house he discovered the Indians about the door, but conscious of his kind feelings towards them, and zeal in the royal cause, while in the act of dismounting from his horse with perfect unconcern, he was shot down, killed, and scalped. It was at his house, it will be remembered, the party were harbored who captured his neighbor, William Hynds, and family, the preceding July. When the girls approached his mill, Haines came out, and addressing Catharine, enquired, "What is the news?" The reply was, "Betsey will tell you ; I am in a great hurry to get home." Miss France had reined up just above the mill, to cross the creek, between the road and her father's dwelling, as her beautiful companion rode forward, evidently excited from some cause, to meet her impending fate. Possibly she heard the gun fired at her uncle, and anticipated danger. She had but little more than a mile to go after parting with her young friend. The road, by a bend from Haines' mill, swept along the verge of a rise of ground on the north side of West creek, leaving the flats southwest of the road. The ground is elevated in front of the Merckley place, and just beyond it the road turns off, nearly east, towards Hynds ville.

Miss Merckley, riding a noble gray horse, as she drew near her uncle's dwelling, saw the Indians and tories about the door, several of whom called on her to stop ; but her eye, no doubt, caught a view of the mangled remains of her uncle, and instead of reining, she urged her horse up the acclivity at a gallop. At the instant she was opposite to him, Seth's Henry leveled his rifle and fired at her, and as she did not immediately fall, he snatched a rifle from the hand of another Indian and fired again.

The horse, as though conscious of danger, and the value of his burden, increased his speed, but the fatal messenger had done its errand—the lovely victim pitched forward and fell to the earth, writhing in the agonies of death.

She was shot through the body evidently by the first bullet, as it had passed in at the right side. She survived but a few



Murder of Catharine Merckley.

minutes, and expired clasping her hands firmly upon the wound. The tragic death of this young lady, so justly celebrated for her personal charms, was witnessed from the house by her brother and cousins. Her murderer, as he tore off her bleeding scalp, struck with the beauty and regularity of her features, remarked: "She was too handsome a pale face to kill, and had I known the squaw had such long black hair, I would not have shot her." The horse ran home, after losing his rider, and the bloody saddle shadowed the tidings her friends might expect to hear. The family instantly fled, and secreted themselves in the woods, where they remained until the following day.

Seeking Assistance.—Bastian France, who was then advanced

in life, and quite infirm, was in his chamber making shoes. Hearing the firing at Merckley's, he came down and told his family (his wife was then visiting at the house of Haines near by) he felt alarmed and taking his gun, said he would go through the woods south of his house and learn the cause of disturbance. He had not gone half way to Merckley's, when he discovered several Indians proceeding directly to his own dwelling. Knowing he could not reach it before they did, he resolved to proceed on foot, to the Lower Schoharie fort for assistance, distant 18 or 20 miles, and return as soon as possible. He arrived there late in the evening, greatly fatigued, and found that all the troops which could be spared were preparing to follow the enemy to the Mohawk. It was late the following day when he again arrived at his own dwelling.

Two Indians reached the residence of France in advance of their fellows, at which time the children were standing on the stoop looking for the cause of alarm. As they approached the house, a large watch-dog ran out and attacked them, which one halted to shoot. The other approached the children and led out John and Henry, the two oldest boys at home, towards a pile of wood to be killed. As the Indian who had shot the dog came up, John was handed over to him by his captor to be murdered for the British value of his scalp. The Indian aimed a blow with his tomahawk at his head, which the latter warded off with his arm. As the second blow which brought him to the ground was raised, Henry saw the other children running off, and followed them. Seeing his captor start in pursuit, lest he should be shot down, he sprang around a corner of the house and stood still. The Indian turned the corner and took him, with the other children, back to the stoop.

Without waiting to scalp the victim, the Indian who had felled John, left him and ran across the creek to the house of Hoffman, but the latter with his wife, having heard the gun which was fired at France's dog, took seasonable alarm, fled into the woods and escaped. As the children returned to the door with their captor, some half a dozen more of the enemy arrived; and proceeding to the cellar, helped themselves to several pies, and such other food as it contained, which they placed on a table in the centre of a room and greedily devoured. Mrs. France hearing the noise, hastened home to protect her chil-

dren or share their fate, just as the Indians were surrounding the table. When Henry was taken back, he went to his wounded brother, who could still sit up, and attempted to raise him on his feet ; but he was unable to stand. Henry then told him to crawl under the oven where the dog slept, but the hatchet had done its bidding, and he was too weak. When his mother arrived at the house and beheld the situation of her dying son, who was then past speech, her maternal sympathy was aroused. Her little daughter, crying, hung to her knees and besought her to save John from the cruel Indians ; and she in tears entreated them to carry him into the house, or spare him from further injury. This they refused to do, but promised not to harm her other children.

A Captive Escapes.—While his captor was eating, Henry was compelled to stand near him, by whom he was closely eyed. Twice he walked to the door, and on turning around, observed the stealthy eye of the red man fixed upon him and he walked back ; he thus lulled the suspicion of his keeper, and the third time he reached the door, perceiving he was not watched, he sprang out of the house, ran round it and fled towards the woods. When about 20 rods distant, he looked back and saw several Indians turn a corner of the house, and instantly falling to the ground he was gratified to observe, that as they scattered in pursuit, none started in the direction he had taken. From behind some logs he watched their motions, and as soon as they had returned to the dwelling, he gained the adjoining woods in safety.

Killed for his Scalp.—A few minutes after Henry had eluded the vigilance of his new master, the Indian who had gone to Hoffman's returned, was angry because the former had escaped, and instantly dispatched and scalped John. Philip Cryslar lived in the direction of Hoffman, and when the murderer returned, the former, disguised as an Indian, came with him. He was not known to the family at the time, although they observed he had blue eyes (the eyes and hair of the blooded Indian are almost invariably black), but they afterwards learned from a sister of Cryslar, that his wife, hearing the gun fired at the dog of France, told her husband to put on his Indian dress, run over and save the France family by all means, as she was under such great obligations to them. They had almost wholly sup-

ported herself and family for three years. To the counsels of the blue-eyed Indian, as Crysler was called, the party reluctantly yielded; and leaving the rest of the family and most of their effects undisturbed, soon after withdrew. The Indian who had been foiled by Henry, seemed most dissatisfied; and snatching a brand of fire he ran to the barn and thrust it into the hay. Another Indian drew it out and threw it away, but some coals must have remained, as the barn and its contents were soon in flames. Two large barracks, each an hundred feet in circumference, standing near the barn, were also consumed. Two of the Indians at the house of France could speak Low Dutch; Mrs. France begged of them to intercede for the lives of her offspring.

The invaders went as far west as the dwelling of Haines, capturing several of his slaves. Haines went to Canada himself at a subsequent period. As soon as the Indians were out of sight, Mrs. France carried the body of her murdered son into the house, and then, with Betsey and three younger children, concealed himself in the woods.

Henry France, after gaining the forest back of his father's house, ran, by a circuitous route, towards the dwelling of William Spurnhuyer, who resided not far from Christian Merckley. In the meantime, the enemy, with their plunder, accompanied by the family of Crysler, after burning the dwelling and barn of Michael Merckley, set forward on their journey. On arriving at the house of Spurnhuyer, who had gone with his family to a place of greater security but a day or two before, they made a halt. Spurnhuyer had left a young heifer near the dwelling, which was shot to serve the party for food. When the gun was fired at the animal, young France was not in sight, though near, but was running directly toward that place, and supposed it fired at himself, changing his course, nor did he know at what the gun was discharged, until the return of Martin Merckley, sometime after. Thus had this lad a third time escaped the tomahawk. He then went back and secreted himself, about sun-down, near the creek, a few rods from his father's dwelling. He had been but a short time in this place when Mrs. Haines, who was going past with a milk pail, discovered him in the bushes, and told him where he could find his mother. Procuring blankets at the house the weeping group

returned to sleep in the woods, fearing a visit from the bears and wolves less than they did that of the armed savage. The family lived in the woods until the third day following their disaster, when they went to Schoharie.

Two Prisoners Killed.—Spurnhuyer's house, after being plundered, was set on fire, and, with his barn consumed. The invaders had proceeded only a mile or two from the settlement, when the two boys cried to return. The executioner of the party halted with them, and soon after overtook his comrades with their bloody scalps. Berkley, a tory present, from the vicinity of Albany, told the Misses Merckley that their brother and young Fox would not have been killed had they not cried. It was not known in New Dorlach that those boys were killed, until a year or two afterwards, when the fact was communicated by a letter from the Merckley girls to their friends. Persons who visited the spot near the mountain south of their father's, designated as the place where the boys were murdered, found bones scattered over the ground, wild beasts having no doubt eaten the flesh that covered them. The party journeyed directly to Canada by the usual southwestern route, and as the weather was then cold, the suffering of the prisoners was very severe. They were greatly straightened for food on the way, and putrid horse flesh, fortunately found in the path, was considered a luxury, and doubtless saved some of them from starving. Martin Merckley was compelled to run the gantlet, and was beaten and buffeted a great distance. Prisoners captured in the spring or fall, when the Indians were congregated in villages, usually suffered more than those taken in midsummer. As the Merckley girls were then orphans, and their father's personal property all destroyed, they accepted offers of marriage, and both remained in Canada.

A Solemn Burial.—On the day following their massacre, the remains of John France were buried by Henry Haines, Sr., and those of Mr. Merckley and his charming niece, by Mr. Haines, Michael Fremire, and Christopher France, Miss M.'s intended husband. No long procession followed those mangled corpses yet one there was present whose sorrowing came from the heart. A few rough boards were laid in the "narrow house" which had been hastily dug a little distance east of where they had fallen, and blooming youth and parental age were placed side

by side and buried. About 1840 their remains were taken up, placed in a coffin, and funeral services performed over them ; after which they were deposited in the family burying ground, on the Frederick Merckley place, where a marble slab may now be seen with the following inscription :

"In Memory of Catharine Marcley and Michael Marcley,
who was [were] killed by the Indians, Oct. 18, 1780."

Nothing on the stone indicates their ages or consanguinity : she was about 18, and her uncle, probably, 45 or 50 years old. After young France was engaged to Miss Merckley, he gave her, agreeable to custom, a pair of silver shoe-buckles. These Seth's Henry left upon her feet, and they were returned to the lover.

A Mystery Solved.—It has been a mystery to many that Michael Merckley, an avowed friend of royalty, should thus have been killed, his property destroyed and his family broken up. The following circumstance reveals the secret. A short time previous to the Revolution, a daughter of Philip Cryslar (then in her teens) was living in the family of one Barnhard, in the capacity of a hired girl. While there, a son of Michael Merckley several times visited her, about which time it became necessary to fix the paternity of an unborn infant. Her parents desired her to fix it on young Merckley and compel a marriage. She was taken before Judge Brown, a justice of the peace, who, appraised of all the circumstances in the case, told the girl the nature of an oath, the criminality of its being falsely rendered, and what the future consequences might be. He then administered the oath, and paternity was awarded Barnhard. This affair caused a lasting hatred between the two families ; and when Cryslar obtained the direction of a party of Indians, some of them were found willing, in anticipation of plunder, to share his prejudices and gratify his savage propensities.*

* Not a few instances occurred in the Revolution. in which persons, not only of diverse politics, but of those acting in concert politically, seized on the opportunity afforded by a civil war to revenge serious difficulties, of a patriotic character, in the most summary manner. Indeed, such is, to a greater or less extent, ever the case in commotions which upset the established order of governments and render wholesome laws nugatory. Such was fearfully the case when Charles IX, of France, in 1573, caused the assassination of the Huguenots of his kingdom. Among the fifty thousand victims to the bigotry of Queen Catharine, the mother of Charles, who connived at and impelled the treacherous act, not a few fell upon the shrine of boarded hatred, to satiate personal enmity amid the bloody tempest.

Many of the settlers, tories as well as whigs, concealed their effects in the war ; and it is said that Philip Crysler had concealed part of his. As old Mr. Hoffman and his wife were inoffensive people, and did not meddle with politics, it was supposed from the attempt to kill them at the time of his removal, and of their massacre the next season, that it was in consequence of the fact, that a girl, who had once lived with Hoffman, had discovered and appropriated to her own use, some of the hidden property of Crysler. Trifling circumstances were construed into plausible pretexts too often in the Revolution—as, in fact, they will be, from the nature of things, in all civil wars—for the perpetration of the most heinous and revolting cruelties. The reason is obvious : when all laws are disregarded and set at defiance, the baser passions of the human breast triumph over virtue and social order ; and crime—

“ Stalks abroad at noonday,
Nor does she cease at midnight to destroy,* ”

Number of Buildings Burned in Schoharie.—Nothing of importance transpired in the Schoharie valley that year, after the invasion of Sir John Johnson. The loss at that time to the citizens seems almost incalculable. Of the 134 buildings, said by Judge Brown to have been burned in Schoharie county during the war, the greater part were consumed at this time. Among all the houses burnt in the county, I do not remember to have heard of a single log tenement : the citizens were comfortably situated in good framed dwellings, with large barns (which the Dutch are celebrated for erecting) abundantly filled. Schoharie had constantly supplied not only her own citizens and soldiers with wheat, but had furnished large quantities for the support of American troops at other stations : but now, by the most rigid economy, the remaining supply could hardly have been expected to subsist the citizens until new crops returned. Some families were compelled to take up temporary residences abroad, while others set about erecting such dwellings as their crippled means would allow. That the destruction of the Schoharie settlements that season was properly considered in other

* The occurrences which took place in New Dorlach were told the author in 1837, by Henry, son of Bastian France; the wife of Tunis Vrooman, and daughter of Ernest Fretz; Henry a son of Wm. Hynda, and Christian, a son of Fred. Merckley, corroborated by others

colonies at the time, the following extract of a letter from President Madison, dated at Philadelphia, Nov. 16, 1780 (which I find in the *Albany Evening Journal* of Nov. 30, 1841), will clearly show. After alluding to the difficulty of procuring supplies of wheat and flour for the Army, he adds :

“The inroads of the enemy on the frontiers of New York have been most fatal to us in this respect. They have almost totally ruined that fine wheat country, which was able, and from the energy of their government, was likely to supply magazines of flour, both to the main army and the northwestern posts. The settlement of Schoharie, which alone was able to furnish, according to a letter from Gen. Washington, *eighty thousand bushels of grain for public use*, has been totally laid in ashes.”

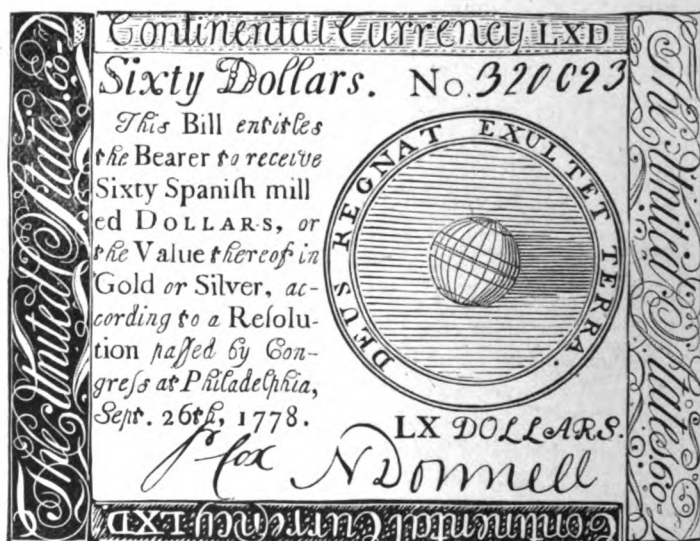
A Paper Currency of Little Value.—Nor was the great loss of grain, dwellings, stock, etc., the only one to be deplored in Schoharie. The paper currency of the country, which had increased by the year 1780 to the enormous sum of 200,000,000 dollars, had become nearly worthless. Of this trash, some of the Schoharie farmers had large amounts ; mostly taken in payment for the products of the soil, for nearly its pretended value.

In an invoice of the effects of Jacob Fr. Lawyer, made June 1, 1798, by Peter Swart, John Ingold, Jr., and John Knauff, is the following item : “306 Continental dollars, and one New York bill of five dollars.” Some families had larger amounts.

Many who had been holding on to it in the hope that it would become more valuable, or because they found it difficult as a leech to shake off, had the mortification to learn, that from 50 to 60 dollars continental money would command in 1780 but one single dollar in specie. An old soldier informed the author, that he once sent an eight dollar continental bill to buy a quart of cider, and received a two dollar bill, Rhode Island currency, in change. At a later period an officer of his acquaintance once paid seventy dollars of continental money for a single mug of flip. At the close of the war, it could hardly have been considered of any value, except for cigar or lamp-lighters. It was counterfeited to some extent (see *Jour. of Prov. Congress*, p. 891). The British printed and scattered it in counterfeit form broadcast, to aid in rendering it valueless.

Counterfeit Money and Ominous Signs.—To give the reader an idea of the currency of which I have so often spoken, I give

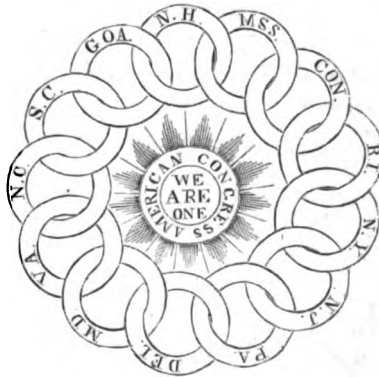
the facsimile of a continental note, and the vignettes of others. In selecting mottos for vignettes, care was taken to get brief Latin sentences, which should be characteristic of the position of this country with England; and would be most likely to stimulate patriotic sentiments and enlist the feelings of Americans in the popular cause. Indeed, numerous historical incidents tended in no stinted measure to inspire the struggling patriots with alternate hopes and fears. Among those of the former kind often mooted, were two facts in the annals of royalty. First, that the golden head of the walking cane of Charles I, loosened and fell off upon the ground; which seemed ominous of the subsequent fact that he was beheaded. Second, that when George III, the then reigning English monarch was crowned, during the ceremony the richest jewell in the crown fell out upon the floor, from which circumstance the analogy was deduced that, as her American colonies were the richest jewel in the landed possession of the British government; they must with the strife fall from her grasp.—*Capt. Eben Williams.*



The vignette of this bill is the emblem of a globe surrounded by the motto: "The Lord reigns, let the earth rejoice." A quotation from the Psalms of David, showing the confidence of the states in the God of battles.

The significant devices on the bills generally proved an index to the settlements prevailing at that date. The back of the notes contained the amount of the same, with the name and residence of the printers, and some simple device, as that of a leaf, a vine, or an Indian bow. The latter appears on the back of the note, from which the above cut was engraved. Some of the continental notes contained watermarks, only to be seen by holding them up to the light. Many of the vignettes also contained a colored mark of some kind.

This device, a circular chain, bearing on each link the name of a state, is an admirable emblem of their *union*, and implies that while it remains unbroken, no foreign power can destroy its central government. This note, two-thirds of a dollar, is dated February 17, 1776, and in a device upon the back is the commendable caution, "mind your business."



This is the vignette of a six dollar note, dated February 17, 1776. It represents a beaver gnawing a tree. This sagacious animal constructs its dams and dwellings, by cutting down trees with its teeth; a slow but sure process. The motto over it is: "By persevering." Saying in effect to the colonists: persist and your labors shall be crowned with success.

This is the vignette of a five dollar note, of New York currency, dated March 5, 1776. It represents a candlestick with 13 burners, to denote the number of States. The motto signifies, "one fire and to the same purpose." Implying that the States were all alive to a sense of their just rights.





Here is the vignette of a five dollar note, dated May 9, 1776. It shows a thorn tree, with a hand grasping it. The motto says: "Sustain or abstain." This device, at that period, represents the colonies as saying in effect to Great Britain, pass laws to protect, or none to affect us.

This device, a contest between an eagle and a stork, is from a three dollar note, dated July 22, 1776. The stork represents the colonies struggling against the superior force of the mother country. The motto encourages by saying: "The result is uncertain."



Here is the vignette of an eight dollar note, also dated July 22, 1776. It contains a harp of 13 strings, surrounded by the motto: "Large things are consonant with small ones." As the strings of a harp must all be in tune to give music; so the States, with diversified interests and opinions, must be guided by wisdom to unite and harmonize them for the general good.



This device, on a half dollar note, dated August 13, 1776, is a most interesting and significant one. It is that of a hand planting a young tree. Its motto: "For posterity," shows the duty of practicing *disinterested benevolence*; in struggling to establish a government which will extend its greatest benefit to future generations. So appropriate was this device, that I used it on the cover of the book.





The vignette of this note for four dollars, dated January 14, 1779, represents a swine encountering a spear; and demanding, as he received it, "death, or life with decency."

This note for eighty dollars is also dated January 14, 1779, and bears the device of a majestic oak tree. Around it are the words: "It shall flourish through ages of ages." Prophetic allusion is here made to the establishment and perpetuity of a republican government. Heaven grant the prediction may be fully verified.



This little device, which appears on a note for one shilling, New York currency, dated August 13, 1776 (on which are the words: "'Tis death to counterfeit"), is truly expressive. It represents incense rising from an altar, and over it the motto: "Not without God."

Many important events transpired in the United States, in 1780, to hearten or dispirit the American patriot. On the 13th day of May, Charleston, S. C., then in the command of Gen. Lincoln, fell into the hands of the British with nearly 5,000 men, and 400 cannon. In June 5,000 men, under Gen. Kuiphausen, entered New Jersey and committed many acts of violence. On the 10th day of July, Admiral M. de Ternay sent by the French government, with 17 armed vessels and several transports, arrived at Newport, R. I., bringing 6,000 French troops, under the Count de Rochambeau, to aid us in our struggle for freedom. The arrival of these allies was greeted by the citizens with every demonstration of joy. On the 16th of August the American army, under the command of Gen. Gates, met the British at Camden, 120 miles northwest of Charleston, S. C., under Lord Cornwallis; at which meeting the laurels of Saratoga were transformed for the American commander, to willows. Gates, with his militia, retreated before the successful

British troops, while the brave Gen. De Kalb, second in command, with a body of continental troops who shared his spirit, withstood the repeated assaults of the whole British army until he fell covered with wounds and glory. Congress resolved at the time to erect a monument to the memory of this noble German at Annapolis. It never has been done. It should be.

In September, an attempt was made by Gen. Benedict Arnold * to surrender the fortress of West Point by treachery, to Sir Henry Clinton, which transaction with its interesting details, will be found in another part of this work, under a sketch of the life of David Williams, one of the captors of Maj. Andre.

An Event which Happened in New Jersey.—In the autumn of 1858, I met John Stuyvesant, then of 684 Water St., New York, who would be 86 years old Oct. 19th of that year; an intelligent old gentleman, who said he witnessed the following circumstance when seven or eight years of age, which would place its time in 1780 or '81. At this period there dwelt at New Bridge, four or five miles from Hackensack, N. J., a Demorest family upon whom a marauding party of refugees levied a severe tax, driving away most of their cattle. A small party of armed whigs rallied and pursued the "cow-boys," as that class of thieves were called, toward New York, overtaking the rascals in Bergen, 16 miles from the starting point. They were four in number, and thinking, no doubt, that they had eluded pursuit, they there lingered awhile in an apple orchard. The whigs, unperceived by their foes, gained an out-kitchen of one Towers, from which, selecting their victims, they fired upon and killed all four; which number, it was believed, constituted the whole of this thieving gang. My informant, seeing one of them yet alive, went to him, but he died soon after. His father, Peter Stuyvesant, owned the land across the road from the orchard, where a hole was dug and in it the bodies of these misguided men were buried just as they fell. Thus was summary justice meted to these rascals for engaging in an infamous business, in which not a few, on both sides of the Hudson, got safely away with their booty.

Fate of a Horse-thief.—New Jersey was a favorable place for

* He fled from West Point Sept. 24, 1781, and on the 4th of October following, Congress erased his name from the Register of the names of the officers of the American army.

the operations of the class denominated "cow-boys." Engaged in this nefarious calling, was a fellow named William Clark, who turned his attention mainly to stealing horses, from Monmouth and adjoining counties. He had been successful for five years, and was supposed to have stolen and sold 100 good horses in New York, eluding every effort to capture him. But in 1782, in the vicinity of Woodbridge, a letter having been conveyed to him, as he supposed, by an accomplice, telling him to be at a certain place, where he would find two good horses tied. He went there, and instead of horses he received several bullets from patriots awaiting his arrival. Thus was the district ridded of a great pest.—*Barber & Howe's Historical Collections of New Jersey.*

Tragic Death of John Shew.—In the spring of 1780, John Shew, one of the Fish House family of Shews, went upon the farm of Capt. Peter Service, to work it, situated a few miles southwest of Johnstown and adjoining the Cayadutta; as agricultural pursuits, owing to the constant calls for provisions to supply the army, paid better than military service. Capt. Service had two sons, Peter and Philip, who both went to Canada early in the war and remained in the British service to its close. He also had a pretty daughter, named Maria, which communicated to the homestead a peculiar attraction for young Shew; and on that fact is suspended a tale. Maria Service was of midling statue, with a very fair skin, brown hair, and soft blue eyes. She was charmingly formed and unusually good looking. At the period under consideration she was about 22 years old and blest with blooming health.

The reader will not wonder that the young soldier desired to transfer his labors from the battlefield to the cornfield without the influence of preaching, when informed that he had met, within less than pistol-shot distance, Maria's blue eyes— orbs that would have burned their way into a breast wearing a harder heart than did our hero. Resolution is the main-spring to almost every successful undertaking, and John resolved to win the girl who had, possibly without suspicion of it, won him. For this ostensible purpose, although other and more sordid motives may have floated upon the surface of the business portion of the transaction; he took her father's farm to work upon shares; an arrangement

for which was easily made with the father, abandoned as he had been by his sons, who preferred the camp of the enemy to the domestic circle.

Ere the harvests of autumn were gathered, young Shew, to whom nature had given a manly figure and prepossessing features, had gained the affections of the best incumbrance upon her father's farm ; and looked forward to no very distant day for the consumation of his earthly happiness. That matters were thus progressing between the young couple seemed very gratifying to Mr. Service ; who, as any good parent would, desired to see his amiable daughter the wife of a man worthy of her. But the horrors of a civil war, alas ! how many sunny prospects are blighted by its iron mouthed mandate. I have elsewhere hinted that John Shew was a celebrated hunter. When the season of fall hunting returned he could not resist the temptation to indulge in his favorite sport, although peril might beset every footstep. Accordingly, some time in October, 1780—having said good-bye to her parents and embraced for the last parting kiss, his betrothed—his retiring form was followed from the house by the tearful eye of the blushing Maria, who, as her lover threw his rifle carelessly upon his shoulder and gained the public road to Johnstown, through which place he intended to journey, waved him an adieu with her hand—every saddened feature of her lovely face proving the tell tale thought—"O John ! with what foreboding of future evil do I see you depart."

The Surprise.—He proceeded to the Ballston settlements some 25 miles from home, and put up at the house of Isaac Palmatier, another hunter of repute and an acquaintance of our hero. Not far from his residence, chesnuts were abundant, and as deer are fond of them, a visit at that early day to a chesnut grove was sure to reward the hunter for his journey. The two friends took an early start in the morning to a favorite deer's haunt, where they were surprised by a party of seven Indians in ambush for them ; who had been apprised of their intended visit by a tory named John Parker, the latter having entered the settlement with the enemy, and been informed by a tory settler named Tuttle, of the intended movement of the hunters.

The late *William A. Smith*, of Glen, assured the writer, that

Mina Vrooman, a tory who returned to the town of Mohawk after the war, informed him that he was present when Shew was captured, and also at his death. He agreed to be disarmed only on condition that they (the captors) constituted the whole party of invaders; but he was soon taken to the encampment of the enemy in large numbers. He was led aside from the camp, when an Indian insultingly slapped him in the face: to be reproved by another Indian for thus treating a prisoner doomed to die. When killed, Vrooman said he was picking wintergreen berries, and turned his head so as not to see the fatal hatchet, which he heard crash through the skull. At the time of his death he had on a clean hunting frock, which was soon crimsoned with his own blood. His face looked fresh and life like after death. Vrooman said also that a Scotch boy was the first one to tell the foe of Shew's exposure.

Invasion of Ballston.—The enemy at this time had entered the Ballston settlements under Monroe.* John Parker had resided before the war in Philadelphia Bush, and was well acquainted with Shew. Palmatier was carried to Canada with Col. Gordon, and other prisoners made in that vicinity at the time; but the fate of his companion was a melancholy one. He was murdered by his captors near the spot where he was surprised, some eight or nine miles distant from Ballston Spa. The place where he fell is in the northwest part of the present town of Milton, near the Galway line. The manner in which he was captured, said the venerable *James Scott*, of Ballston, was as follows: He discovered his approaching foes just in time to regain his trusty rifle; seeing which, and knowing his skill as a marksman, they called to him to lay down his gun and surrender himself their prisoner, promising if he complied—to treat him as a prisoner of war. As they stood but two to seven, Shew was induced by their fair promises to be disarmed; but in the next moment regardless of their solemn assurance of safety he was, as Palmatier afterwards informed Sherman Batchellor, bound to a tree and slain by tomahawks hurled at his head.

Such was the untimely fate of this brave and patriotic young man, who had but just arrived at his majority in years, and

* At page 315 of my *Border Wars*, etc., published in 1845, Monroe's invasion is erroneously placed in 1779 instead of 1780.

was on the eve of marrying the beautiful Maria Service. Her father was heard to say after the death of John, that, "If he had lived he had intended to give him his farm." Reader, imagine if you can what were the feelings of his affianced, when the gloomy tidings reached her—

That throbless "was that constant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her."

It was understood subsequent to the war that Parker had informed the enemy that Shew was one of the number which pursued and killed the Indians who attempted to burn the Sacandaga block-house. Such was not the fact, and Parker, no doubt, knew it, but the lie subserved his purpose.* *Palmatier's* dwelling was not burnt at this time, and soon after his family removed near to Schenectada, whence it returned at the close of the war.

A few days after Shew's death, intelligence of it reached Fort Plain, where his brothers, Henry and Jacob, were on duty; and, obtaining leave of absence from Capt. Putman, who furnished them provisions for the journey, accompanied by John Eikler, a fellow soldier furloughed for the purpose, they went to the place of massacre, intending to bear the remains of their friend to Johnstown; but being unable to obtain boards to make a coffin, they had to leave his body where some unknown hands had buried it. There were two dwellings on the Service farm, one of which was occupied for some years by Jacob Keats, who married an older sister of Maria Service. Maria, in 1784, married Henry Fizbeck, who occupied the other dwelling a few years; but his wife's brother, Peter, returning from Canada, Fizbeck had to vacate the premises. After this, Service and Keats occupied the farm together.—Facts from *Jacob Shew*, corroborated by *Nicholas Stoner* and others.

Schell's Defense of his Castle.—Schellsbush, so called after Christian Schell, its principal settler, was in the town of Herkimer, at that period three or four miles from Fort Dayton. Schell had erected a block-house on his farm early in the war,

* The subsequent arrest and execution of Parker are given elsewhere.

in which he continued to reside, with his family, undisturbed, until the afternoon of Aug. 6, 1780, when the enemy, 66 strong, under Lieut. McDonald, attempted to storm the little fort. Campbell first mentioned this invasion in note "J" of his *Annals*, but the note seems to have no text elsewhere. The note shows, in doggerel verse, that this invasion occurred Aug. 6, but does not state the year. The verse says of the invaders—"The Indians were 48, and Tories full 16." Col. Stone places the transaction in 1781, and Benton copies the date from Stone. As stated by Campbell, the Indians stole the march on Schell the *next year* and compassed his death; which I am satisfied occurred in 1781. Hence, I place the attack on the block-house in 1780; at the same time in which Brant struck the Canajoharie settlements.

Schell was fortunately in his house with his wife and three grown up sons. His two youngest boys, eight or ten years of age, had been sent to a neighbor's to borrow a fan with which to clean grain, and were taken by the enemy while returning. McDonald's party surrounded the house and made great efforts to force an entrance, two of them getting a rail, with which they attempted to open the door. Schell and his sons from loop holes kept firing upon the invaders with telling effect, while Mrs. Schell, with an axed good execution by striking down the guns thrust through the crannies to fire on the inmates; thus bending the barrels and rendering them useless. One of Schell's sons making an opening in the roof, drew a bead upon the feathered head of an Indian and shouted: "Take care of your eyes!" The Indian looked up as a bullet crashed through his brain. After the battle had lasted some time, McDonald came to the door and demanded a surrender, promising good usage, etc.; but exposing himself to the fire of an inmate, a ball shattered his leg. Quickly Schell unbarred the door, and, seizing the leader, drew him in and secured the door before the astonished crew could prevent it. With McDonald a prisoner, the inmates no longer feared the burning of the fort, which had been threatened.

A Successful Ruse.—Twilight was gathering when Schell, apprehending some desperate effort of his foes, adopted a successful ruse. An outside cellar door had an underground entrance toward Fort Dayton; and from this, Schell, unob-

served, gained a little distance from the fort, when, at the top of his voice, and the great dismay of his foes, he shouted—"Capt. Small, advance upon the right; and you, Capt. Harter, take the left, and surround the enemy." In the next moment the latter fled precipitately, not doubting but two companies of rangers were surely approaching. The Schell family, leaving their prisoner well cared for, lost no time in making their flight to Fort Dayton.

The next morning a strong party from that fort visited Fort Schell, and learned from McDonald that his followers returned, surprised to find him alone, and still more, perhaps, to learn that the two companies of rangers had not wheeled into line. They found he could not be removed with safety, and left him, with a promise of kind treatment to the Schell boys, if their commander was properly cared for. The loss of the enemy was severe. Col. Stone says they had 11 killed and six wounded. Benton copies this and adds that, "nine out of 12 wounded, which the enemy started with, died before they reached Canada." It is believed that their loss, in killed and wounded, was at least 20—a pretty dear attempt to capture or destroy one family. Lieut. McDonald was borne to Fort Dayton on a litter, made of two poles and a blanket; and on the way, Adam Hartman, fixing his bayonet, with a feint movement said he would help carry him. He would, no doubt, have killed him had he not been a prisoner. Dr. William Petrie amputated McDonald's leg, but could not staunch the wound, and he bled to death. A rumor was current that the old doctor had purposely let him bleed. This was not generally believed. The captive Schell boys came back at the end of the war. They were treated kindly on their way to Canada. The enemy were pursued by troops from Fort Dayton to their camp fires, but they succeeded in making their escape to Canada. *John Dockstader* and Adam Hartman were of the pursuing party, as the former assured the writer in September, 1849, at which time he was 93 years old, with a clear, intellect, and very retentive memory.

Schell Removes to Fort Dayton.—He at once abandoned his back-woods farm and occupied a hut in the Fort Dayton inclosure. The following summer (1781) he, with Adam Hartman, of whom I have elsewhere to speak, cultivated land

together. Hartman lived just outside the pickets. They were hoeing corn on the flats near where the bridge now crosses the river, between the villages of Herkimer and Mohawk, June 24 ; and when Schell and his four sons, Christian, Demas, Frederick and Marks, were ready, after dinner, to go to work, Hartman said, "You go on, I will soon come along." On their arrival at the field the father started to go round it to see if everything was right. Oats were growing upon one side of the corn, and in the oats Indians were concealed, with wild lilies over their heads. As Schell came near to the oats he was fired upon and fell, with a bullet through his stomach. Seeing his sons about to flee, he called to them not to let his scalp go to Canada ; when they halted, and one of them shot down his father's murderer. Two Indians sprang to catch their falling comrade, when Demas, with his gun loaded with buck-shot, drew up to fire, as a bullet passed through his own breast. His blood wet the priming of his gun, which prevented its discharge. His son Frederick also received a bullet through his thigh which laid him up for months. The firing hastened Hartman and others on the way, who were soon on the ground. The firing also drew troops from the fort, and the Indians abandoned further attempts to procure scalps and fled across the river.

Schell and his wounded sons were taken to the fort and properly cared for, but he and Demas both died on the following day, greatly lamented. Mr. Schell was an ardent Christian, honoring his profession. A short time before his death his neighbor, Hartman, left him praying fervently for his enemies. Some one met him soon after and inquired the condition of the sufferer. In no very good humor he replied much as follows : "There's Schell in there ; he's going to die, and he's praying for the 'poor Indians !' It's well worth while for him to pray for them d——d Indians, as came here to kill him."

The account of the Schell family was obtained at interviews with *Lodowick Moyer* and *John Dockstader*, corroborated by other old people of Herkimer county: they were mainly from Dockstader. He was a son of George Dockstader, and at our interview was living a mile above Herkimer village. He was in the Oriskany battle under Capt. Henry Harter, and was near Gen. Herkimer when he fell. He said that at New Ger-

mantown, opposite Frankfort, Herkimer proposed to wait for tidings from Fort Sanwix; when some of his officers told him that his family was nearly all in Canada, and taunted him beyond endurance. This staunch old patriot died within two years of our interview. I was surprised to learn that Gen. Herkimer's wife, at the beginning of difficulties, went to Canada and remained there. This fact should increase our veneration for the old hero's memory.

Anecdotes of Zachariah Keyes.—Here are several incidents that should have gone in the first volume, in connection with the large wagon transport, that were accidentally omitted there, which I think the reader will be pleased to find here. The most eccentric inn-keeper on the Western Turnpike, was "Zach" Keyes, as familiarly called, in the time of large covered wagons of whom several pleasing anecdotes are told. About the year 1817, a Cayuga county merchant went to Albany on horseback, and from thence to New York on a sloop to purchase goods. Steamboats were then running, but as the fare was from five to seven dollars on them, and only two dollars on sloops, the latter were still much patronized. Returning to Albany he there expected to meet teams after his goods; and with finances low he left the city, hoping to meet his expected teams or some acquaintance to put him in funds. Toward night he called at several taverns and made known his condition, but found no one who cared to entertain a stranger unable to cancel his bill in the morning. He resolved to change his tactics, and much fatigued he halted at the house of Keyes, about 40 miles from Albany, making no allusion to his assets. Mine host with the suavity and politeness of a Frenchman catered to his liberal calls for the best the house afforded.

In the morning the stranger mounted his horse to resume his journey, and as he drew up the reins, Zach, in his most affable manner, said to him: "Sir, I think you have forgotten something?" "No, nothing at all!" replied the stranger, clapping his hand upon a portmanteau, "Sir," continued the host, "I think you must have forgotten to pay your bill!" "No," said the traveler emphatically, "I have not forgotten to pay it, but sir, the honest truth is, there is every farthing I have in my pocket!" saying which, he exhibited four solitary coppers. "What may I call your name sir?" demanded Zach with an

excited bow. "My name is ——, I am a merchant, reside at ——, Cayuga county, have been to New York to buy goods, my expenses thus far have exceeded my expectation; I left Albany supposing I should meet teams going after my goods, and from the drivers obtain some money."

Keyes then asked the stranger to dismount and enter the house. Once more in the bar-office, Zach enquired how much money his guest would need to take him home. "Five dollars," was the reply, "less the amount of your own bill." As he received the needful from the confiding landlord, he said: "Such a day you may expect the money by mail." He once more vaulted into the saddle, was bowed from the door, and was soon out of sight. In due time a letter arrived for the Sharon landlord from his western customer, containing a *ten dollar bank note*, from which he was directed to cancel his own claim, and retain the balance as a fund for travelers circumstanced as he had been when last at his house. Zach Keyes liked a good practical joke, and as this incident was highly relished, it afforded him an additional yarn to spin on proper occasions.—From *Judge Tiffany*, *Henry Butler*, and others.

A Peep at the Goat.—While Zach Keyes was keeping tavern in Sharon, a Masonic Lodge held its meetings in a ball-room on the second floor of his house; of which lodge he was a prominent member. Over the ball-room was an opening for ventilation, and when the lodge was in session, Stephen, a son of the landlord, of 16 summers, essayed to get over the unfloored timbers of the garret, to see from this hole the proverbial goat; when a misstep let him through the plastering into the lodge room, landing him near his mortified father. Without any ceremony or delay the parent seized his inquisitive boy and cast him neck and heels out of an open window upon the ground; certainly a wiser young man if he had not seen just what he expected to see—for he had learned better how to estimate the strength of lathing, and gained a surer knowledge of his own specific gravity.—*John Crownse*, a former neighbor of Keyes.

Novel Courtship and Marriage of the In-keeper Keyes.—About the year 1825, the eccentric Zach Keyes being a widower went to Cherry Valley on horseback; and riding up to the public house then kept by the widow of Thomas Whitaker—a

plump and rosy widow—he requested her called to the door. As she appeared with a smile and invited him in-doors, he said nay, “I have some business with Esq. Hudson, which will detain me two hours. I have concluded to marry again, and have thought of you for a wife, and”—

“Pray dismount and come in, Mr. Keyes!” said the charming widow. “No,” said the horseman, “I cannot go in, but if you think favorably of marrying me, you can let me know it on my return.” Her sweetest smile could not win him from the horse, and he rode away.

Returning at the specified time, cupid’s candidate again halted at the widow’s door, who reappeared with bewitching allurements; but the suitor executed himself handsomely from her pressing invitations to enter the dwelling, as he desired to know her determination. She was much excited, but at once concluding the event was registered *above*, and it was folly to war with fate, she blushed and whispered through her smiling tears—“I have concluded to marry you!” He then told her that on a certain day she should, with her friends, come to his house, where he would have all things ready for their nuptials, and thus contravene village gossip.

In the absence of a desired clergyman, Keyes secured the services of a Baptist minister residing on the hill above him, and at the appointed time the guests were assembled. The Elder on foot put in his appearance, wearing a Scotch plaid mantle and a straw hat. As he entered the room the eccentric groom thus addressed him: “Now Domine, if you have any praying to do, please defer it for rainy days and Sundays, but proceed and marry me to Mrs. Whitaker, as soon as the Lord will let you.” As may be supposed, there was no delay in tying the knot after such an episode; and when done, a friend placed in the palm of the Elder, a fee of *five silver dollars*—casting rather a carnal look upon which, the good man slipped them into his vest pocket. He was tendered a glass of wine which he refused, and after wishing the married couple much happiness, he proceeded directly home. Hawk-eyed people are not uncommon guests at weddings, and one of this kind from a window saw the Domine take from his pocket, look at and replace the filthy lucre so easily obtained, half a dozen times in going to the old Myndert place, distant from the inn about

20 rods. Some Coelebs still in search of a wife may inquire if this couple lived happily? Of course they did, for when was a match ever recorded in Heaven, that did not prove a happy one.—*Thomas Machin and John Crownse.*

PRINCIPAL EVENTS OF 1781.

A Mutiny at Morristown.—The year 1781, opened with an unpleasant occurrence. The sufferings of the soldiers had been very severe, added to which some had been detained in service beyond the term of their enlistment, while all were in arrears of pay for their services. In the evening of the first day of January, the troops of the Pennsylvania line stationed at Morristown, New Jersey, numbering 1,800, paraded under arms—determined to march to Philadelphia and demand from Congress immediate redress. Their officers endeavored, by persuasion, to lull their murmurs and disperse them to their quarters, but to no purpose—although one was killed and several wounded. Gen. Wayne, in front of these men, cocked his pistols to compel obedience to his commands, but in an instant an hundred guns were leveled at his breast. “We love and respect you,” said the malcontents, “but fire and you are a dead man.” Declaring their intention of not going over to the enemy, they elected temporary officers, and marched off in a body for Princeton. Several agents sent by Sir Henry Clinton to win them to the British interest, were handed over by the revolvers to the Americans, who executed them as spies. Committees from Congress and the Legislature of Pennsylvania, met them at Princeton, paid part of their arrears in specie, and they returned to their duty. This mutiny was followed by one of less consequence in the troops of New Jersey, which was quelled and the ring-leaders instantly executed.

Early in the year 1781, a block-house was erected on Mr. Houck’s land in Kneiskern’s dorf, Schoharie valley, and picketed in. A similar one was constructed about the same time in Hartman’s dorf. A block-house, similar in form to the one called Fort Plain, was erected that spring near the dwelling of Jacob Shafer in Cobelskill, about half a mile east of Cobelskill village. This block-house was erected by Capt. Duboise of Catskill, and was called Fort Duboise. It was surrounded by a deep moat, which was partially filled with water from a brook

running near. About half an acre of ground, on which stood the dwelling of Shafer, was embraced in the inclosure, which was also surrounded by pickets. The gate or principal entrance was on the eastern side. This fort, with a small garrison, was for some time under the command of Capt. Duboise.

Major Davis and his Fate.—In the spring of 1781, Col. Livingston, with his regiment of New York troops, marched up the Mohawk valley to Fort Plain. On arriving at the house of George Adam Dockstader, situated four miles west of the present village of Fonda, the regiment halted.* This old house, a one story building, was standing until about 1850). This was the only house except the parsonage, left standing in the valley the year before, from Tribe's Hill to the Nose, a distance of nine or 10 miles. An upper room of Dockstader's house was found to be locked, and Maj. John Davis, a spirited officer of the regiment, demanded the key : but the magic iron had disappeared and could not possibly be found. "Well, then," said the intrepid Major, "bring me an axe ; I can open it." Rather than have the door mutilated, the family produced the key, when lo ! the room was found to be literally filled with hams and other smoked meat. The major concluded, and no doubt correctly, that from the different colors the meat presented, it had been smoked in many places ; and that most of it must have been gathered by Indians and Tories, and there deposited to be used as occasion might require. He therefore thought it advisable to victual his own men from it, and leaving a year's supply for the family the rest was "pressed into the service," to the gratification of the troops.—*James Williamson*, a soldier present.

Capture of Wood-Choppers.—On the second day of March of this year, James Williamson, a sergeant, was sent (as he informed the writer), with Corporal Samuel Betts and half a

* Maj. Davis was a native of East Hampton, L. I. He became a prisoner to the enemy in the latter part of the war, was confined in one of the charnel houses in New York, and there died, as was believed, by having poison administered to him in chocolate. An American captain, who was a fellow-prisoner, tasted the beverage, but suspecting its ingredients, would not drink it, and advised Maj. D. not to—but the latter had already swallowed a portion of it. He was immediately taken ill, and died soon after. Several other prisoners died at the same time, from the same cause. Such was the fate of many—yes, very many brave American officers and soldiers. They were either poisoned outright, or subjected to such privations for want of wholesome food, clothing, medical attendance, fuel, and ventilated rooms, as hurried them off by hundreds to eternity.—*Williamson*.

dozen soldiers, from Fort Stanwix to guard about the same number of wood-choppers, and attend to measuring a quantity of wood already chopped, distant about half a mile from that post. While thus engaged, Brant came suddenly upon the Americans, with a large body of Indians and Tories, and discharging a volley of balls to intimidate them, rushed up and captured the whole party, except Williamson, who fled, amidst a shower of bullets, in safety to the fort. Only two of the Americans were wounded, William Moffatt and Timothy Reynolds—the former with a broken thigh, and the latter a bullet-hole in his cheek, the ball having entered at the mouth. Moffatt fired on the Indians, on which account he was tomahawked, scalped, stripped of his clothing, and left for dead. The enemy immediately set forward, and forded the Mohawk some distance below.

On the arrival of Williamson at the fort, an alarm gun was fired, by which the captors knew their sergeant had escaped. A strong force immediately turned out, and were piloted by him in pursuit of the foe. At the place where the Americans had been surprised, Moffatt was found alive, but died soon after. On reaching the path near the river, which led from Fort Stanwix to Fort Dayton, Brant halted his men, and out the straps which contained the buckles, from his prisoners' shoes, which he carefully disposed along the path on the crusted snow, that his enemies might know what he had done, giving the captives deer-skin straps with which to tie their shoes. The pursuing party found the buckles, but as it was near night the chase was given over, from fear, probably, of an ambushade, as the numbers of the presumptuous foe were unknown. Brant first conducted his prisoners to the Oneida castle, some 16 miles southwest of Utica, and after procuring a supply of corn directed his course to Fort Niagara by the great southwestern route.*

* An incident mentioned by *Josiah Priest*, in the memoirs of David Ogden (a captive at the time), as having taken place before their arrival at Niagara, deserves a note. Having halted at noon to rest, "Brant took a notion that Corporal Betts should exercise his men and fellow prisoners, to see, as he said, whether the Yankees could go through the tactics of *Baron Steuben*. The corporal was very loth to do this—through diffidence or a broken spirit, hanging back considerably; but Brant insisted upon it, when Betts drew out his men in due order, 15 in number, quite a company, dressed them in a straight line, and then went through the manual exercise according to Steuben, to the full approbation of Brant. But as they did this, the Tories essayed to make sport of them, which Brant forbid with a terrible frown, saying that the Yankees went through with it a d—d sight better than they could, and that he liked to see the thing done well, although it were done by the enemy."

Early in the same spring, two boys, who had gone back of an orchard, only a few hundred rods from Fort Herkimer, to drive home cows, were surprised and captured by seven Indians and two Tories, and hurried off to Canada.—*Williamson.*

The Burning of Fort Stanwix.—Early in May, 1781, high water from the Mohawk destroyed a quantity of provisions, etc., at this fort, and May 12th it was destroyed by fire. One of the earliest to mention its destruction was *Col. Stone*, and his account came from an intercepted letter going from a spy in Albany, to Gov. Haldimand, of Canada. This account from the enemy suggested that it was purposely set on fire; and our later writers have copied that opinion. On this subject, May 27, 1781, Gen. Washington wrote to the President of Congress as follows:

“There has been a necessity of abandoning the post of Fort Schuyler (Stanwix), and removing the garrison and stores to the German Flats (Fort Dayton). The barracks had been, at the beginning of this month consumed by fire, and the works so exceedingly damaged by a heavy storm of rain, that they were rendered indefensible; nor could they be repaired in any reasonable time by the number of men, who could be spared as a garrison. Brig.-Gen. Clinton recommended the evacuation of the post, as the only alternative, to which I the more readily consented, as it had been sometime past the opinion of the officers best acquainted with that part of the country, that a post at the German Flats (Fort Dayton) would be more easily supported, and equally advantageous to the security of the frontier.”* In a letter from Gen. Washington to Brig.-Gen. James Clinton, dated June 5, he says: “It is clearly my opinion that the reinforcements lately ordered northward, should be kept together as much as circumstances will admit, etc.,” and he adds: “It also appears to me, that the force on the Hudson and Mohawk rivers ought not to be so widely scattered as formerly, but stationed in as compact a manner as may be, except such light parties as occasion may require to be kept out, etc.” By trying to protect every inch of ground, he added, the force was dissipated, and the posts so weakened as to invite the enemy to enterprise.

* Sparks' *Washington*, vol. 8, p. 56; *Ibid*, p. 316.

In 1847, I met Samuel Pettit, of Mayfield, then 85½ years old. He was born in Derby, Connecticut, but was living at Spencertown, N. Y., at the beginning of the war. He was a soldier under Capt. Sacket at Fort Stanwix when it was burned. He said the pickets enclosing the fort were not burned, but the fort was except the bomb proof, which was saved by throwing dirt upon it. He, with other soldiers, were playing ball a little distance away, when the fire-alarm was given. One of the barracks occupied by Lieut. Daniel Dennison was on fire, when he offered a guinea to anyone who would get his sword, which hung near a window from which the flame was just bursting out. At the peril of life and somewhat scorched Pettit reached the trusty blade, and placing it in the hand of its delighted owner, he received his well earned guinea. Dennison was an Albanian.

As regarded the origin of the fire, Mr. Pettit believed it was accidental. Some charcoal from a pit recently burned, had been procured for the repair of arms in the armory, and it was thought by many that some brands were still on fire and brought in the coals had ignited them; and as the fire broke out in this locality, he believed the fire thus originated. The fire breaking out so irrepressibly in the day-time, seems to favor its origin.

A Liaison of Col. Marinus Willett at Fort Plain.—Henry Seeber, a son of the pioneer tradesman, William Seeber, by his second marriage, is believed to have married Elizabeth, a daughter of John Lough, by whom he had two children, Jacob and Polly, who both grew up to be respected citizens; the latter, a fine looking girl, becoming the wife of Abram Lipe. Henry Seeber, who seems to have been an exception to the name of Seeber in this respect, became dissipated early in life, and like most of that class of men forfeited the respect of all good citizens; and although he had an education fitting him for a school teacher, he was troubled with a fever sore, was dissolute and improvident in his habits, all which united led to an estrangement of the respect and affection of his wife, who was a proud and handsome woman. At this stage in the affairs of this family, Col. Willett took command of Fort Plain, with an oversight of its adjacent military posts.

The hero of Fort Stanwix was not long in discovering the

charms of this woman of widowed affection—whose children were then small—and he not only made her acquaintance, but ere long was on most intimate terms with her, ~~despite the busy~~ tongue of scandal; and, in process of time, she presented her admiring hero with a young son, ~~who took on the name of~~ Marinus Willett Seeber. Whether or not this Henry Seeber house was “divided against itself” before the coming of the commandant of this frontier post I cannot say, but they were estranged ever after this event; and her son Jacob was taken by his uncle Conrad, and reared to an honorable manhood. He also cared tenderly for Henry, an only son of his brother Audolph, who—then a widower—was slain in the Oriskany battle.

This military waif was tenderly looked after by Col. Willett, who showed his manhood by placing him at school and defraying the expenses, somewhere, of his care and education until he arrived at manhood. When grown to man's estate he returned to Minden, and is remembered by my informant, then a boy, as a remarkably fine looking young man, and possessed of more than an ordinary intelligence. After his return to the Mohawk valley, he for a time taught a dancing school in Freysbush, and was known as Willett Seeber; but as his half brother and sister and other relatives did not recognize his kinship as he thought they should, he left the neighborhood and was ever after unknown to my informant.* This story was corroborated by others.

A Visit to Miss Anne Lee.—Anne Lee, the mother of the religious sect known as Shaking Quakers, and familiarly called, in her lifetime, “Mother Anne,” or “The Elect Lady,” arrived

* The venerable *William H. Seeber*, of Fort Plain, who was born in the present town of Minden, May 29, 1791. Mr. Seeber is a very intelligent gentleman and possessed of a remarkably good memory of the passing events of his early life. He is a great-grandson of William Seeber, sen., elsewhere mentioned as the pioneer of that name, who came hither from Germany prior to the French war. His grandfather, William Seeber, third son of William Seeber, sen., by his first wife, married Elizabeth Soaroon. Henry Seeber, his father, married Eve, a daughter of Thomas Casler. Informant has had two wives, Elizabeth and Nancy, daughters of Catharine Dygert (daughter of Warner Dygert, who was killed by the Indians at Fall Hill) and Henry Felling; both of whom he has outlived. Having been possessed of an inquisitive mind, he is not only a very companionable man, but looking back upon life, he is a good logical reasoner. He has ever been an exemplary man of remarkably good habits—ever honest and upright in his dealing—which accounts for his ripe old age. He is also a pensioner for services rendered his country in the war of 1812. NOTE—Mr. Seeber died in the spring of 1887, in the 96th year of his age.

in New York from Liverpool, with a few proselytes, in 1774 ; and six years after her advent the sect did not number over a dozen members in the United States. They were of English birth, and located at New Lebanon. One of her leading practical tenets was the perfect separation of the sexes. Her doctrine, like all others, only needed pressing to find converts, and at the end of 50 years had established a seemingly permanent footing, with a phalanx of 4,000 or 5,000 members.

In the winter of 1780 and '81, Capt. Eben Williams had occasion to go on a military errand from West Point to Poughkeepsie with a flag. Gov. Clinton, for whom he had an express, was absent on his arrival, and in consequence he was detained several days. The Elect Lady was then at the house of one Boyd, about a mile from the village ; and having made the acquaintance of Capt. Thomas Machin of the artillery, and Col. Marinus Willett, Capt. Williams went, one evening, with his new friends to visit her ladyship. They found her cheerful, sociable, and a very agreeable companion for the hour. Capt. Machin, who was a brother countryman of hers, and apt at quoting scripture ; after inflicting several good humored jokes, which she took kindly ; asked her in a playful manner what she would do, since she professed to measure her conduct and faith by the Bible, with the 28th verse of the first chapter of Genesis, wherein we are commanded, through our first parents, "to be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth," etc. "How," he continued, "is that injunction to be fulfilled if your doctrine be the true one ?" The tidy Quakeress held down her head a moment, apparently in a brown study, and then starting up, as though some new revelation had been received, she quickly replied, "There will always be enough of your belief for that."

While awaiting Gov. Clinton's return, which was on the day after the interview described, Capt. Williams was very hospitably entertained by Capt. Machin, who had taxed, without stint, a cask of good wine which had become a prize from the enemy just before. The two officers were guests at the dinner table of the Governor, when they took occasion to mention their interview with The Elect Lady. "Ha," said his Excellency, with a smile, "when she first arrived in this country she was imprisoned : however, she was soon liberated. But when I

came to know her real principles, I was fearful of no evil result from her preaching ;" he added, with emphasis, looking archly at the female members of his family at the table, and inspiring unbidden roses, "*as I knew our countrywomen would never let so preposterous a doctrine us that get to any height.*"—*Captain Eben Williams.*

Invasion of Corry Town, and Sharon Battle.—On the 9th day of July, 1781, a part of the enemy, numbering about 500, Indians and tories, under the command of Captain John Dockstader, a tory, who had gone to Canada from the vicinity of the Mohawk, entered a small settlement called Corry Town,* in the present town of Root, three miles southeast from Spraker's Basin. A small block-house had been erected near the dwelling of Henry Lewis and picketed in, previous to this invasion, which took place about 10 o'clock, A. M.; and so unexpected was it, that most of the settlers were at their occupations at home when the first alarm was sounded. The Henry Lewis house was still standing in 1850. Jacob Dievendorf, a pioneer settler at that place, was at work in a fallow, with his two sons, Frederick and Jacob, and a negro boy named Jacobus Blood. The last two were captured ; and Frederick, a lad 12 or 14 years old, in attempting to escape to the fort, was overtaken, tomahawked and scalped. Mrs. Dievendorf, with several female children and five or six slaves, fled from her dwelling and reached the fort in safety. Mrs. D. was a large, fleshy woman, and in hastily climbing a fence, it fell with her. Peter Bellinger, a brother of Mrs. Dievendorf, who was plowing in the settlement, hearing the alarm, unharnessed a horse, mounted it, and rode toward the Mohawk, pursued by several Indians, who arrived in sight of the river almost as soon as he did ; he, however, escaped. Rudolf Keller and his wife happened to be at the fort when the invaders appeared ; Keller, Henry Lewis, and Conrad Enders being the only men in the fort at the time. Keller's oldest son, discovering the enemy, ran home : and as they lived too far north of the fort to think of gaining it, he hurried the rest of the family into the woods northwest of the house, where they gained a place of temporary safety. As they entered the woods they looked back and saw the Indians at their dwelling.

* So called after William Corry, the patentee of the lands in that settlement.

Frederick Lewis and Henry Lewis, Jr., were among the first to gain the fort. The former fired three successive guns to warn the settlers of danger, and several, thus seasonably warned, found a safe retreat in the forest. Philip Bellinger was pursued by the enemy but made his escape, severely wounded. He died with his friends a day or two after, on the long known Lewis Bauder farm, said *John Keller*.

Jacob Tanner, with his family, were among the last to gain the picketed inclosure. The escape of this family would afford the artist a fair subject for his pencil. As the Indians were approaching his dwelling, he fled from it with a small child in one hand and a gun in the other, followed by his wife with an infant in her arms, and several children, on foot, hold of her clothes. The family were pursued toward the fort by tawny savages, with uplifted tomahawks, thirsting for their blood. Finding he could not cut off their retreat, the Indian in advance drew up his rifle and fired at Tanner. The ball passed just over the head of the child he carried, and entered a picket beside him. Several guns, fired from the fort, caused the enemy to gain a more respectful distance.

The Indians plundered and burnt all the buildings in the settlement, a dozen or more in number, except the house of David Lewis, who resided where Henry Voorhees formerly did. Lewis was a tory, and although his house was set on fire, an Indian chief with whom he was acquainted, gave him permission to put it out when they were gone. He did so, and part of the the building remained standing. Jacob Moyer and his father, who were cutting timber in the woods not far from Yates's, were found dead and scalped, one at each end of a log. They were killed by the party who pursued Peter Bellinger. The Indians were visible about the settlement until after four o'clock, P. M., when they moved off with their booty. They either killed or drove away most of the cattle and horses in the neighborhood. Several of the latter which were let loose by the Dievendorfs on the approach of the enemy, fled from their pursuit, and leaping a fence the sagacious animals gained a place of safety in the forest.

The lad Frederick Diefendorf, after lying insensible for several hours, recovered and crawled toward the fort. He was seen by his uncle, Mr. Keller, who went out to meet him. As

he approached the lad, whose clothes were dyed in his own blood ; the latter still bewildered, raised his hands imploringly and besought his uncle not to kill him. Mr. Keller assured him of his intended kindness, took him up in his arms and carried him to the fort. His wounds were properly dressed and he recovered; but was killed several years after by a falling tree. Jacob Diefendorf, Sen., fled before the Indians on their approach, and in his flight ran past a prisoner named James Butterfield, at a little distance from where he threw himself under a fallen tree. His pursuers enquired of Butterfield what direction he had taken. "That way," said the prisoner, pointing in a different direction from the one taken. The party were thus put upon a course which carried them past Diefendorf, and left him his own master. Some of the pursuing Indians passed over the log under which the object of search was concealed, and had they looked back, must have discovered him. The captives taken along by the enemy, were Jacob Diefendorf, Jr., the negro Jacob, Christian and Andrew, sons of Frederick Bellinger, and a girl named Miller, 10 or 12 years old. Christian Bellinger had been in the nine month service. His brother was taken so young and kept so long—to the end of the war—and was so pleased with the Indian life, that Christian had to go a third time to get him to return home with him. When he left, Capt. Gilbert Tice, who had gone from Johnstown, made him a present of a gun—sending some jewelery by him to his own wife still at Johnstown. Christian was ransomed by Capt. Tice, and became his waiter until exchanged at the close of the war. He married Barbara, a daughter of Jacob Diefendorf after his return. An old man named Putman captured at this time, too infirm to keep up with the enemy, was killed and scalped not far from his home.* The prisoner, Christian Bellinger (said John Lipe in 1846, whose father and namesake, settled on Nose Hill before the war), was captured on going to get a span of horses ; at which time he heard an alarm gun fired at Fort Plain. The horses were hopped together, and

* The facts respecting the invasion of Corry Town were obtained by the writer at repeated interviews with John, a son of Rudolf Keller; Jacob Diefendorf, the young captive named; *Toby Blood*, at that time a young slave in the Diefendorf family, and *Christian Bellinger*. Butterfield, although a stranger to Diefendorf at the time of saving his life, came to Corry Town after the war, and was hospitably entertained by him. John Keller died June 3, 1861, in his 90th year.

the Indians, with a bark rope, had tied the hopple to a tree in a favorable place to capture the one who came for them ; who chanced to be young Bellinger. Among the early settlers at this place, as I learn from *Jacob M. Stowits*, was Philip G. P. Stowits, who was killed in the Oriskany battle. His son, Michael, was made a prisoner on informant's farm, and is credited with giving the enemy an exaggerated account of the strength defending the fort, which possibly prevented its capture ; but it is well known that even small defenses were avoided by the enemy, who did not like an exposure to certain death. There was also a Mowers family in this early settlement.

On the morning of the same day on which Corry Town was burned, Col. Willett dispatched Capt. Lawrence Gros from Fort Plain, with 40 men, with the two-fold object of looking for provisions, and for American foes. As it was known that the settlements of New Dorlach and New Rhinebeck, were mostly inhabited by tories ; thither Capt. Gros directed his steps, in the hope of getting a few beeves for the garrison. Near the former residence of one Baxter, he struck the trail of the enemy ; drew up his men beside it, and marched them three times over the ground ; when he found that 120 men would hardly begin to beat a corresponding track. By this test the number of the enemy was estimated to be, at least 500, the number it was afterwards ascertained fully to equal.

Selecting two of his best men to follow the trail, Capt. Gros marched his company to Bowman's creek, to await the report of the scout. The latter proceeded about a mile and came upon the ground where the enemy had encamped the previous night. They approached sufficiently near to observe a large number of packs, and saw a few Indians cooking food—making preparations, as they supposed, for the return of their comrades, who, as it proved, had then gone to destroy Corry Town. They proceeded hastily to the creek and reported to Capt. Gros what they had discovered, who dispatched John Young and one other man on horseback to Fort Plain, to inform Col. Willett of the espionage, proposing to await his further orders at Bowman's creek.

The Sharon Battle.—Willett sent a message to Lieut.-Col. Veeder to march as speedily as possible with what troops he could collect at Fort Paris and elsewhere, to the theatre of

action. Collecting all the men that could, with safety, be spared from Fort Plain, with the militia he could in the meantime assemble in the vicinity. Col. Willett set out for Bowman's creek. Passing Fort Clyde, in Frey's Bush, a draft was made upon that for additional troops, and about midnight he united his forces with those of Capt. Gros; the aggregate number of which was 260, many of whom were militia. Willett set out for the camp of the enemy, and arrived in its vicinity about day-light. They were encamped in a cedar swamp on the north side of the Western turnpike, near the centre of the present town of Sharon, about two miles east of the Sharon Springs. The encampment was on the highest ground in the swamp, only a few rods distant from the turnpike, as now laid. On the south side of the road, a ridge of land may be seen, and still south of that a small valley. By a circuitous route Col. Willett gained this little dale, and there drew up his men with care in a crescent.

Thus prepared to receive the enemy, who were nearly double his own forces, he sent several men over the ridge to show themselves, fire on the foe, flee, and thus elicit pursuit within the American defiles. The decoy succeeded admirably, the whole party snatching up their weapons joined in the pursuit of the fugitives; and Willett's victory must have been signally complete, had he stationed his men nearer the enemy's camp, as he might have done without observation; but having nearly half a mile to run, the stool-pigeons were so hotly pursued that the lines were broken to rescue them, which prevented the surprise from being entirely successful. So closely were the camp spies pursued, that Frederick Bellinger, one of the number, was overtaken and slain. Willett's men had been previously instructed to take trees or fallen logs and not leave them, and they were in all cases to reserve their fire until they had a fair shot. The battle lasted about two hours, when, to use the words of an American soldier who was in it, "the Indians got tired of them, and made off."—*John Adam Strobeck*. He was a private under Capt. Gros, was in the hottest part of the engagement, and was wounded in one hip.

The enemy, in their retreat, were hotly pursued by the Americans, led on by Col. Willett in person, and so completely were they routed, that most of their camp equipage, and plunder ob-

tained the day before, fell into the hands of their victorious pursuers. Willett continued the chase but a short distance, fearing he might in turn fall into a snare, and the tables be turned upon him.—*Strobeck*.

When the enemy returned in the evening to their encampment—distant from Corry Town 12 or 14 miles—they captured a German living near the former place, named Carl Herwagen. Finding it necessary to retreat, the Indians chose to kill their prisoners, lest they should lose the value of their scalps. Herwagen, who had been tied to a tree during the engagement, was loosened by his captor, who told him to run with the retreating Indians, instead of doing which, he turned and fled the other way—was shot down, tomahawked and scalped. The prisoners were all scalped except Butterfield and one of the Bellingier boys, who were taken to Canada.—*Jacob Diefendorf*,* *Mrs. Tunis Vrooman* and *Frederick Hiller*. The latter settled in the vicinity of the Indian camp soon after the war.

Col. Willett had five men killed in this battle, two of whom were Bellingier before mentioned, and a soldier named Kittle; and eight wounded, two mortally; Capt. McKean, a brave and meritorious officer who died the next day at Fort Rensselaer† and a private who died at Fort Plain. Among the wounded was a son of Capt McKean, who received a bullet in his mouth. The loss of the enemy was very severe, although never satisfactorily known; it was supposed in killed and mortally wounded, to be about 50. Capt. Dockstader undertook the principal direction of that body of destructives, as was afterwards ascertained, to show himself worthy of a major's commission. He is said to have had one other engagement, and returned to Canada with his forces greatly reduced, glad to retain a Captain's commission.—*Strobeck*.

Two of the enemy carried a wounded comrade from the bat-

* The *Life of Brant* erroneously states that he (Diefendorf), was buried by Willett's men. He said he partially buried himself in leaves, to keep off the punkies and mosquitoes which annoyed him.

† This fort was established in 1777, at Canajoharie, where a stone house owned by Philip Van Alstine, was palisaded. This ancient dwelling long owned by Jacob H. Moyer is still standing. As it was on the then route from New Dorlach to Fort Plain, Capt. McKean was left there, but dying next day, he was taken for burial to the "soldier's ground" at Fort Plain. On its completion some months after, his remains were reburied with military honors on the brink of the hill in front of the block house.—*Lawrence Gros* and *John C. Lips*.

the field, on a blanket between two poles, all the way to the Genesee valley, where he died. Col. Willett returned to Fort Plain without burying any of the dead. After the battle was over and the conquerors had left the field, Lieut.-Col. Veeder* arrived there with 100 men from the north side of the river, mostly from Stone Arabia. He buried the Americans killed in battle, and fortunately found and buried those murdered near the camp. Young Dievendorf, who had been scalped, was discovered alive, rustling among the leaves, and his bloody face was mistaken for that of an Indian by one of Veeder's men who leveled a gun to fire upon him; but a fellow soldier seasonably knocked up the weapon. Miss Miller, also scalped, was found alive, and was, with the lad Dievendorf, taken along to Fort Plain. The little girl was very weak when found, and on drinking a draught of cold water she instantly expired before reaching that fort. Jacob Dievendorf and his brother Frederick, under the care of Doctor Faught, a German physician of Stone Arabia, recovered from their wounds.—*Strobeck, Dievendorf and Hiller.*

Jacob Dievendorf's head was *five years* in healing. He lived to become one of the wealthiest farmers in Montgomery county; and was, in truth, long a living monument of that unholy policy which armed the Indian, taught from his infancy to practice cruelty on an enemy instead of mercy, with a tomahawk and scalping knife, to slay the helpless women and unoffending offspring of the rebel sons of Briton, who dared demand as their right, the privileges of British subjects. He died Oct. 8, 1859.

Most of the cattle driven away from Corry Town, being abandoned in the retreat of the enemy, found their way back alone to their former pastures: one of twelve horses taken by the enemy was recovered near the Indian camp, and three more broke loose from their new masters and returned to the settlement.—*John Keller.*

More of the Sharon Battle.—Among the wounded, was Jacob Radnour, who received a bullet in his right thigh, which he carried to his grave. Like that worn by Sir Wm. Johnson, it gradually settled several inches and made him very lame. Hon Garret Dunkel was wounded in the head, a ball passing in at the right eye and coming out back of the ear. Nicholas Yerdon

* Lieut.-Col. Veeder, of Col. Vlascher's regiment, resided in the Mohawk valley, two miles west of the village of Fonda, on the farm now owned by Barney Martin.

was wounded in the right wrist, which caused the hand to shrivel and become useless. They were all three from Freysbush, and with Adam Strobeck, were under Capt. Lawrence Gros. They were borne, on litters, to Fort Plain, and all recovered. Here is an incident of the battle: The enemy were evidently recovering from their first panic in knowing that they so greatly outnumbered the Americans. From a bass-wood stump, several shots had been made with telling effect, when William Seeber, grandfather of informant, *Wm. H. Seeber*, rested his rifle on the shoulder of Henry Failing and gave the stump—a shell, as it proved—a centre shot. The firing from the stump ceased. Seeing the enemy gaining confidence, Col. Willett shouted in a loud voice, “My men, stand your ground, and I’ll bring up the levies and we’ll surround the d—d rascals!” The enemy heard his voice, as he intended they should, and anticipating the arrival of fresh troops, instantly broke and fled. As, in their pursuit, the Americans reached the stump, it was found to be hollow and a couple of Indians had been sheltered by it. Seeing a pool of blood on the ground, Col. Willett observed—“One that stood behind that stump will never get back to Canada.”

On the morning of the same day on which Col. Willett engaged the enemy, the Rev. P. N. Sommer, the Lutheran minister of Schoharie, then blind, was to have preached in New Rhinebeck, in which settlement he had several sons with whom he dwelt. His hearers, some from a distance of five or six miles, were assembled at the *barn* of Conrad Brown, and he had taken his text, as a messenger, named Ottman, arrived and reported that he had heard several hundred guns fired in rapid succession a few miles distant. The minister, it is said, turned deadly pale on hearing the report, and the meeting was instantly broken up. Philip Hoffman, the old gentleman living near the France family, who had escaped from the tomahawk of Crysler and his mercenaries the preceding fall, hastened home from the meeting to secrete his wife once more; and just as he arrived at his house, some half a dozen Indians came up and killed and scalped them both. No other injury was done in the settlement at that time.*

* *Henry France, Marcus Brown*, and the record of the Lutheran Church, which records the murder of Hoffman and wife, and Herwagen, as having transpired on the

The Indians, in their retreat from Sharon, crossed the west creek in New Dorlach, near the former residence of Col. Rice, on their way to the Susquehanna.—*Brown.*

The centennial anniversary of the Sharon battle was celebrated on the battle ground, on Saturday, July 9, 1881 ; on which occasion addresses were delivered by Messrs. Roscoe, Van Schaick and Lamont, and a poem was read by Hon. John Bowditch. The exercises were appreciated by an assemblage of several thousand people.

A Spook Story of this Neighborhood.—Many years ago it was rumored that a man named Strobeck had been murdered in a small cedar swamp, near to which the Sharon battle had been fought, after which a tin horn was often heard—sometimes in the night and at others in the day-time. Timid minds were sadly frightened by it. It must have been about 1825 when my informant, *Dr. John Loucks*, who then resided in that neighborhood, and another young man went into the swamp one Sunday when the unearthly sound was heard, to learn the cause. In a secluded spot the object was found and the mystery solved. Two cedar trees had become wedded, one having fallen into a crotch of the other, and when the wind blew, so as to move their trunks, a creaking sound was heard, somewhat resembling the noise of a tin horn. The mystery solved, the community breathed more freely, as is ever the case when the cause of imaginary alarm is exploded.

A War Party in the Schoharie Valley.—I conjecture that some small parties of the Indians who accompanied Capt. Dockstader, lingered about the Susquehanna and returned to the frontier settlements. In the latter part of July, a party of the enemy, consisting of Capt. David, a Mohawk sachem, Seth's Joseph, a Schoharie Indian, and brother of Henry, and seven others—one of whom was suspected by the prisoners to have been a painted tory—surprised William Bouck (a relative of his namesake, previously captured), and his son Lawrence, then 18 years old, Frederick Mattice and his son Frederick, a lad 10 years old, and four girls ; two were sisters of young Mattice, a third was the daughter of William Bouck, and the fourth was Rosana, a daughter of John Vrooman. The captives were en-

10th day of July, the date given by several living witnesses. Col. Stone erroneously dates the occurrence on the 1st of July.

gaged in harvesting wheat, in the afternoon, near a large oak tree, which was yet standing in 1845, on the lands of John Henry in the town of Middleburgh. Two other lads—George, a son of Frederick Mattice, and Nicholas, a son of William Bouck, who were in the field when the enemy appeared, escaped by flight.

The party moved directly up the Schoharie valley, and after proceeding a mile, the girls, all in their teens (Miss Vrooman being a young lady), after having been entirely denuded, were liberated and returned home. The enemy encamped the first night 12 or 15 miles from the wheat field.*

When the journey commenced, the Indians had but little to eat: near the Gen. Patchin place they shot a hedgehog, which, when they encamped at night, after burning off the quills instead of skinning, they roasted for their supper. Tomahawks were used instead of carving knives to distribute it, but the prisoners declined eating.

At night, the captives were stripped of part of their clothing and tightly bound. In the evening a thunder shower came up, and all the party took shelter under a large tree. As they laid down to rest, Lawrence Bouck was so closely pinioned, he told Capt. David he could not sleep, and the rope was loosened. He then laid down between two Indians, while a third one located himself so as to substitute his body for a pillow. While the Indians were eating supper, Lawrence told the elder Mattice, who was his uncle, that he intended to escape. Some time that night, he worked himself out from under the precious head and sat up. Perceiving the party all asleep, he loosened the cord which bound his arms. A tump line adorned his neck; which, in his first efforts to loosen, he shirred tightly around his throat; but this, too, he removed; and at a single bound, without touching his hands, he sprang upon his feet: a feat which he declared himself unable ever afterwards to perform. Casting his eye over the group around him, he saw no movement, and taking French leave, he directed his steps toward the Upper Schoharie fort, only a mile or two from which he had been captured. Bouck afterwards learned from his father, that his running awoke the

* The particulars relating to the captivity of these persons were derived at personal interviews, from *Lawrence Bouck* and the younger *Mattice*: two of the captives, and other relations.

Indians, several of whom pursued him 100 yards or more; but it being too dark to discover the course he had taken, they returned. The two Mattices were led out in the morning and tied to a tree to be killed, the Indians suspecting them of having loosened the cords which bound their fellow prisoner. Mr. Bouck told them that his son would not have made his escape, had he not feared they would bind him so tight as to cause his death. He was treated with far less severity on the way to Canada, than was either Mattice or his son.

Lawrence Bouck arrived near the Patchin place just at daylight, where he saw numerous tracks, and was at first alarmed, as the captors had asserted the day previous, that a large body of Indians were to attack the Schoharie settlements that day; but on examining the tracks, his fears were dispelled, when he observed they were not mocasined, as those of Indians would have been.

When it was known at the forts that the Boucks and Mattices were taken prisoners, Col. Vrooman dispatched Capt. Gray, with a small company of troops, in pursuit. He followed until evening, and not overtaking the enemy, returned to Schoharie. Had he prosecuted the pursuit next day, it was believed he would have come up with them. It was the tracks of those soldiers that Lawrence Bouck discovered while returning.—*George Richtmyer.*

The captives were 20 days journeying to Niagara, and several times were greatly straitened for food. Once on the way, probably on the Susquehanna, they lived a day or two on green apples; and for four days they had nothing to eat. At Oquago they fortunately found a colt which had been lost by Capt. Dockstader's party. This was killed, divided and feasted upon. Part of the animal was dried by the fire and taken along. One wild duck was also shot on the way. They went down the Susquehanna river to Chenango Point (now Binghamton)—on foot and from thence to the Genesee valley, where the prisoners were compelled to run the gantlet. Young Mattice had been previously divested of all his clothing, except his shirt, which rendered him peculiarly vulnerable to the gads and corn-stalks used by the young Indians. In the Genesee valley they obtained green corn and pumpkins. On arriving at the Tonawanda creek, the *punkies* tormented young Mattice nights, and

he adopted the expedient of the lad Diefendorf—that of burying his person in the forest leaves—to keep them off. They all laid down to rest nights, *like so many dogs in a kennel*.

On arriving at Niagara the prisoners were confined in the guard house. They were soon after separated, Bouck being taken first to Montreal and then to Quebec—from whence, being exchanged for an American prisoner, he was removed to Halifax, and soon after sailed for Boston. From the latter place he traveled to Schoharie, where he arrived between Christmas and New Year's day, the year succeeding his capture.* The Mattices did not return home until after the conclusion of peace. A tory brother of the elder Mattice, who had left Schoharie in 1777, then residing in Canada, on learning that Frederick was a prisoner, tried to persuade an Indian to kill him. Such was the fraternal affection too often manifested in the Revolution by those who espoused the royal cause. Mr. Mattice was retained by an Indian five weeks to construct a log house. During this time, the latter, on one occasion, returned from Niagara drunk, and got his prisoner up in the night to murder him. He struck a blow at his head with some missile, which the latter parried, and the Indian's squaw caught hold of her liege lord and held him, sending Mattice out of the hut, where he remained until the demonizing effect of the alcohol passed from the warrior's brain.

On the ratification of peace in the summer of 183, the British and American prisoners were all liberated, at which time the Mattices were put on board of a sloop, with about 600 others, and taken to Bucks Island, near the outlet of Lake Ontario, from whence they were sent to Montreal in bateaus. After a delay of two weeks, the Mattices, with a great number of other persons, proceeded by water up the River Sorel, and landed at Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain, and were set free about the 16th day of December. The snow was then some six

* Peter Zimmer, of Schoharie, taken the July following Bouck's capture, and Adam Garlock, of Sharon, fellow prisoners, accompanied him home from Boston. On their way they had to beg provisions, and the cupboards of the patriotic Yankees were willingly opened to them. Garlock evinced some delicacy lest they might tax too heavily the hospitality of strangers, and when the enquiry whether they would not have more bread, was made, he replied no, they had a great plenty. His ready answers cost his companions several stinted meals, until they threatened to flog him if he again prevented their satisfying their hunger. They afterwards fared better, and reached home in safety.

inches deep, through which they had to foot it home. The prisoners were tolerably well protected against the weather by old clothes given them at different places. Three brothers, named Van Alstyne, who had been captured in the Mohawk valley, returned home with the Schoharie prisoners.

A Canadian Spy, how Concealed in Johnstown, with some Notice of Johnstown Men and Events.—Conspicuous among the zealous and efficient patriots at Johnstown in the Revolution, were Captain, afterwards Maj. John Littel* and Zephaniah Batcheller, the latter an acting justice of the peace. When Sir William Johnson was about to erect Johnson Hall, he sent to England and procured an architect named Bennett, who was afterwards employed on the public buildings at Johnstown, and on Guy Park now in Amsterdam. Soon after the Johnstown settlement began, Zephaniah Batcheller removed there from Boston. He was a house carpenter and an architect of no mean order, and was employed by the Baronet, who even thought him more skillful than his English artizan. At Sir William's death he made the coffin to receive his remains.

In the employ of Batcheller, was an apprentice named Amos Ansley, who worked with him on Guy Park. With Sir John Johnson, when his parole would no longer hold him, Ansley was among the royalists who followed his fortunes to Canada. Some time in February or March, as believed, of 1781, Mr. Batcheller went with a sled to get a load of hay of Daniel McGregor, who was then living on the farm known subsequently as the Dr. Quilhot place—on which Henry Stoner was killed in 1782. Previous to Batcheller's visit to McGregor's—how long is unknown—Ansley had arrived in the vicinity of Johnstown in the character of a spy, and was then at McGregor's. As the former approached the dwelling, he was seen and recognized by his former apprentice, who, without rightly divining his errand,

* It was thus he wrote his name. He was an active partisan officer during the whole of the war, and was sheriff of the county after its close. William Wallace, a Lieutenant under Capt. Littel, proved himself a brave and active defender of republican principles; and deserves to be named with his Captain, whose plans to thwart the designs of the enemy he was ever ready to carry out. The following inscriptions are copied from the grave yard in Johnstown with their orthography:

"Maj. John Little, died Sept. 29, 1822, aged 77 years. He commanded the Johnstown fort during the Revolutionary war, and took a conspicuous part in the battle of Johnstown, Oct. 1781."

"Catharine, wife of Maj. John Little, died June 15, 1821, aged 64 yrs., 1 mo and 8 ds "

fled and concealed himself in the very hay his old boss was after. It is presumed McGregor detained his visitor long enough to have his guest make a safe retreat, if inclemency of weather did not compell him to go in and warm ; but he could hardly have imagined what place he had chosen for his concealment. Scarcely had the spy gained security, when Esq. Batcheller arrived there, pitched on his load and returned to Johnstown, unsuspecting that an enemy to his country—one sent to spy out its vulnerable points, was in the hay within a few feet of him, every moment in danger of being thrust through by the fork.

Mr. Batcheller had a cabinet shop in Johnstown at the close of the war. Ansley visited Johnstown, called to see his old employer, and asked him if he remembered going to McGregor's for hay at a certain time ; and when assured that he did—" Well," said Ansley, " when you was pitching that hay, I was concealed in that same mow with important papers for the foes of liberty on my person ; and kept crawling farther into the hay, as I felt your fork repeatedly brush my person, expecting every moment the next thrust would send the fork times through my body. What would you have done if you had discovered me ?"

" I do not know," replied the justice, I should certainly have felt it my duty to have given you up to the hangman, however painful the task ; but I am really glad, my son, I did not find you engaged in such nefarious business."—From *William Johnson Van Voast*, who was present and heard this conversation. This old gentleman, whom I met in Johnstown about the year 1850, was named after Sir William Johnson. He died July 2, 1861, in his 86th year.

A Frontiersman's Escape.—The following anecdote was related by Dr. G. A. Lintner in a historical address delivered at Fort Plain. Just where the incident happened we don't know, but think it was in the Canajoharie district. The story is too good to be lost. Many were the hair-breadth escapes from death in the Revolution, along the borders of civilization. A man named Deck was out on horseback, possibly bearing an express message to some military post. He was discovered by a party of Indians, who thinking easily to capture him, way-laid him at a place in the woods where he would have to pass

through a thick growth of underbrush that darkened and almost obstructed the road. In the midst of this entangled and lonely spot, an Indian suddenly sprang from each side of the road and seized his bridle reins and ordered him to dismount. Deck, quick as thought, with a leaden handled riding whip, dealt a heavy blow upon the head of one of his adversaries, and as he fell he kicked the other one out of his way, and applying the whip to his steed, he dashed onward and escaped amidst a shower of bullets. When he safely reached a fort and told his story, no one would believe he had made so remarkable an escape; but it was afterwards confirmed by returning prisoners, who had heard the Indians in Canada relating the occurrence, saying that they had, at such a place as described, come across a tough old rebel, who fought like a tiger and kicked like a horse. Said they, he laid one Indian flat and knocked the life out of another. We thought we had got the old fellow, but he slipped out of our hands and ran away on a little pony like a streak of lightning. We sent 20 bullets after him, but couldn't catch him.

Fate of Captain Woodworth and his Command.—Solomon Woodworth, mentioned elsewhere as a pioneer settler of Mayfield, and as having made a brave defense of the Sacondaga block-house, and the pursuit and destruction of its assailants, in the spring of 1780, was promised the captaincy of a company of rangers for the frontier service of New York, if he could enlist the men; and early in 1781 he received such a commission. To make up his complement for active service, he had permission to draw from the other companies in the nine months service. Jacob Shew was thus drafted from Capt. Putman's company. From that company also were added to Woodworth's, by draft or enlistment, Jacob Dunham, Jacob Burke, Rynier Van Sickler, David Putman, Daniel Dodge, and Ananias Archy. About the 1st of July, Capt. Woodworth assembled his men at Fort Plain, moved up to Fort Dayton and there halted for the night. Leaving the latter just before day-light, with his company, consisting of 49 white men, besides himself, and six Oneida Indians, he proceeded on a secret expedition—his first, in fact,—up the West Canada creek. The company, from its having been so recently organized, was without a full complement of officers, and the most of the men had previously

been strangers to each other. It had, besides the Captain, only a Lieutenant and Orderly Sergeant. The subaltern, whose name was Wilson, had been a British deserter. The Orderly, John Dunham, was a very promising young man of the Mayfield settlement, whose father and brother were killed there, by the Indians, early in 1779, as shown elsewhere.

About 10 o'clock in the morning, when several miles distant from the fort, Woodworth struck an Indian trail, evidently but just made, in the dewy grass, and halted his men. The Oneidas, who were accustomed to judge of numbers by the trail they left, told the Captain the number of the enemy was much greater than that of his own men, and advised him to march his troops beside it. He did so, and a path was left about half as large as the first one made in the grass. The Indians proposed to return to the fort for more men, but to this the Captain would not consent. Shew, who was a former neighbor and intimately acquainted with Captain Woodworth, advised a halt until Capt. Putman's company of new levies, then at the fort, could be sent for to strengthen the force; but to this wise counsel the impetuous commander would not listen. He said that such a delay would only give the enemy a chance to escape, and that beyond a doubt they would be able to cope with them if so fortunate as to overtake them. He suggested that if any of his men were *afraid*, they were at liberty to return; but as there were no chicken-hearted warriors in the corps, he determined to proceed, agreeing to use more caution in his march; and accordingly an advance-guard was kept out.

The Americans did not wait for breakfast at the fort, but took a lunch in their knapsacks, which, in their excitement, they had not halted to eat after striking the trail; and when they had pursued it some three miles, as the Oneidas had anticipated, they were surprised and fired upon by a large body of the enemy in concealment. At this time the men were advancing in three columns: the left one headed by Lieut. Wilson; the right by Orderly Dunham; the centre by Capt. Woodworth. The six Indians were formed in rear of the centre column. Owing to obstructions in their path, the pioneers were nearer the columns than usual at the time. The enemy, which proved in the sequel to be 81 strong, mostly Indians, and commanded by Lieut. Clement, a tory from the vicinity of Schenectady, were chiefly

concealed behind fallen trees at the time of their fire ; which was almost a simultaneous one from, at least, 40 or 50 guns. More than half of Woodworth's command fell at the first fire, though only one of the Oneidas was wounded : his name was Moses Yookum. He fell with a severe wound in the hip ; was caught up by his red brethren, who instantly fled in a direction opposite the attacking party, and all reached the fort in safety.

The Americans standing after the first fire of the enemy, except their red allies, instantly took trees. Capt. Woodworth and Shew, who was marching directly behind him, were unscathed, and sprang under cover of the same tree : a large sugar maple. For their number, comparatively few guns were discharged by the enemy after the first fire, as they were desirous of making the remainder of the party prisoners. From their covert, Shew and his Captain made two shots apiece, and a few more were made by the Americans, but with what effect is unknown. Capt. Woodworth was a fine marksman, and Shew was not a bad one. At this period, it is believed that all the Captains in the ranger service carried guns. Shew made one of his shots at the back of an Indian crawling behind a log, and the other at a dusky warrior running from one tree to another. The fearless Captain stood next to the tree and Shew on the outside of him : but having reloaded his piece, finding himself too much exposed in his present position, the tree not covering him sufficiently, he sprang off to another large maple about a rod distant ; going to which, three balls from the enemy touched him. One passed through his cue, cutting much of it off near his head ; the second, passing through his clothes, cut the skin on his belly, and the third grazed his ankle. Hardly had he got behind the tree when his commander came to it, and as he had first chosen this position, the Captain took the outside. Just as he sprang behind Shew, he received a bullet through his breast ; his trusty rifle dropped from his hand and he fell forward upon his breast, exclaiming as he did so, "O Lord ! I'm a dead man !" Those were his dying words. The blood from his wound literally covered his companion. He was evidently shot through the heart, and never spoke after he fell. Such was the fate of an intrepid and patriotic officer in the border service—a service full of hardships and environed with constant perils.

Soon after the fall of their chief, David Putman, a fellow soldier and relative, came to the tree which still sheltered Shew, to enquire what it was best to do. The advice of the latter was, to attempt their escape, as they must soon fall or be captured in that position ; and Putman agreed to follow Shew in flight. The latter sprang off like a deer fleeing for life, on one side of the back track followed by his comrade ; who was less fleet on foot and could not keep up. After running some distance, Shew caught his foot under a saddle and fell to the ground, his knapsack which contained food for a day or two, and a small brass camp kettle, a most servicable article at that period, went over his head and was lost. As he regained his feet, he heard a whoop directly ahead, such as the Indian Peter Sword gave to indicate a prisoner, when he was a captive several years before ; and seeing a good place for concealment in bushes and fallen timber, he crawled into it—at which moment Putman came bounding along and passed near his hiding place. From his retreat he called to Putman to share it with him, but fortunately for himself was unheard, and soon after a whoop satisfied him that the fugitive was a prisoner. Three Indians in pursuit of Putman ran so near to Shew, that he could have tripped them with his gun-barrel ; several others passed soon after equally near, but did not discover him. When the enemy assembled to move off, they went back a few rods distant from him on the opposite side of the trail. The party which took Putman also captured Joseph Myers, a fellow soldier. Lieut. Wilson and several who started to run with him on the back track just before Shew did, were all captured. The fate of the subaltern we may imagine, if he was recognized on reaching Canada as a British deserter. Putman lived to get back, and possibly a few others.

David Myers and Rynier Van Sickler succeeded in eluding the enemy and reached the fort in safety ; although the latter lost his gun, a shot from the foe forcing it from his hands with a broken lock. One of the soldier's named must have seen Shew fall, for he was reported at the fort as being among those known to have been slain. He remained in his concealment for several hours, until the Indians who stripped and scalped all the dead, withdrew with the guns and other plunder, among which was the well filled knapsacks of the victims ; and then

by a circuitous route striking the valley two miles below it, he regained Fort Dayton ; just at nightfall nearly exhausted from the fatigue, hunger and intense excitement of the day, and was welcomed as one almost risen from the dead.

The day after the massacre of Capt. Woodworth and his command, Capt. Putman, was conducted by Moyer, Van Sickler and the five Indians who were uninjured, to the field of blood. Shew was so unwell that Capt. Putman, whose company he again joined, would not allow him to be of the party. A large pit was dug and 25 bodies were collected near together and buried in it. How many more were killed in attempting to escape and remained unburied is unknown. Capt. Woodworth, whose body was somewhat disfigured, Sergeant Dunham, Annanias Archey and Daniel Dodge, are remembered as being buried by the men under Capt. Putman. Having been together but a short time, many of the company were yet almost strangers to each other. It was supposed that not over six or eight of Woodworth's men were made captive, leaving scarcely a dozen survivors at night out of 50 strong men who left Fort Dayton in the morning, to mete to others such a fate as was measured to them. Capt. Woodworth's command was surprised perhaps two miles to the eastward of the West Canada creek, in the present town of Fairfield ; and it was said 30 years ago, that the site of their grave was indicated by a beech tree near it. *Lodowick Moyer* told me that this burial was not far from Eaton's Bush. In 1851, *Erastus Hall*, of Eaton's Bush, assured the writer that Capt. Woodworth fell about a mile from West Canada creek, and two miles west in a direct line from Eaton's Bush. He thought it was on the land of either Adam Smith or Peter Helmer, a mile from Cross' Bridge. He said bones had been found in that vicinity. Also in 1851, *G. I. Shew*, of Le Roy, N. Y., informed me by letter, that Adam Helmer assured him that the place was marked by a beech tree, on the farm then owned by Mr. Folts, about three and one-half miles northerly from Herkimer village.

If the hallowed spot which contains the bodies of this band of martyrs is not near a public highway, they should be removed to the county seat, deposited near the site of Fort Dayton, and a suitable monument erected to their memory ; or place a monument on the nearest thoroughfare to the place of

massacre. Let us take measures, when practicable, to mark the places where lie buried the Americans who battled not only for their own but for a *WORLD'S FREEDOM*.

At the time of Capt. Woodworth's death, his wife was at Johnstown with two small children, a son and a daughter. After the war she again married and removed westward. Capt. Woodworth's brother, Seely Woodworth, who settled near him in Mayfield, was several times engaged in the militia service during the war. When the exposed Johnstown settlements were broken up, he moved his family back to Connecticut, but on the return of peace, he renewed his residence in Mayfield, where he lived and died.

Some 20 years after the war, Moses Yockum, the Indian named as having been wounded under Capt. Woodworth, called on Jacob Shew and obtained from him a written certificate, naming the place where, and time when he was wounded. With this evidence of his service and suffering he went to Col. Willett; who interested himself in getting the warrior placed on the pension list. This *Fairfield Battle*, if I may thus name it, was, no doubt, the *bloodiest* transaction for the numbers engaged, that took place in Tryon county during the Revolution. Capt. Woodworth, like some of the officers under Herkimer at Oriskany, became the victim of his own indiscretion. Between the years 1845 and 1850, I had repeated interviews with *Jacob Shew*, from whom the circumstances of this interesting event were obtained. He was, no doubt, its only survivor at that time, having a vivid recollection of its diabolical yells and horrors.

Loss of a Sloop on the Hudson, and Death of Capt. Hurlbut.
—Under date of July 15, 1781, Dr. Thacher made the following entry in his *Military Journal*. "Two of the British frigates and several smaller vessels, passed up the North river as far as Tarrytown, in defiance of our cannon, which were continually playing on them. Their object appears to be, to seize some of our small vessels which are passing down the river with supplies for our army. One small sloop, loaded with bread for the French army, has fallen into their hands."

The facts attending the capture of this sloop, which were noted before the above was seen, were as follows: In the summer of 1781, Col. Sheldon's regiment of dragoons was stationed

near White Plains. A sloop laden with bread at Albany and destined to serve the French troops in the vicinity of Tarrytown, dropped down the river and anchored near that place. Capt. Hurlbut, with a sergeant of his company named Litchfield, and some half a dozen privates, went on board the sloop just before night, to take charge of and guard her until morning. Two of the enemy's armed ships lying in Haverstraw bay, informed by some means of the position of the sloop, sent several boats' crews at nightfall to cut her out. The marines were discovered approaching, and the gallant Captain drew up his men, armed only with cutlasses, to defend his charge. Several of the enemy who first attempted to gain the sloop's deck, fell back with shattered heads or drooping hands; but his sergeant having been killed by a bullet through the head, finding himself overpowered by numbers who were gaining the deck opposite, the Captain abandoned his trust and told his men to take care of themselves. They plunged into the water, and, amid a shower of bullets, swam to the shore, on gaining which, the Captain halted to bandy harsh epithets with his foes, and received for his temerity a dangerous bullet wound in the groin. He was, however, borne off by his men to the camp.

The night Capt. Hurlbut was wounded, my informant, then a private soldier in his company sat up with him, his vigil lasting until day-light; and as the weather was warm, he had to fan his patient constantly. The next day Capt. H. was removed to the West Point hospital, where, under skillful hands, he was nearly cured; when he became intimate with the bane of a Military camp—a profligate woman—who poisoned him with disease and he died soon after much regretted; as he was an active and daring officer just past his majority in years. He was a native of New London, Connecticut.—*Daniel Spencer*, of Canajoharie, N. Y.

Capture of the Shults Brothers in Palatine—In July, 1781, three brothers, Henry, William and John Shults, sons—says *Benjamin Getman*—of John Shults, with a lad named Felder Wolfe, and Joseph, a slave in the family, were at work on the farm long owned by Stephen Shults—now the Sidney Gray place, and situated two miles north of the Stone Arabia churches. John was then married, and his brothers well in their teens—all being older than young Wolfe. The party

were mowing in a field skirted on one side by woods, and had taken their guns along and stacked them at the edge of the field. A watch-dog growled as they neared the woods, but not discovering cause for alarm, they commenced mowing from the woods. They had not proceeded far, when a party of 12 Indians sprang from their rustic concealment upon them, and unable to regain their fire-arms, they were easily captured and hurried into the dark forest. The guns of the mowers were very desirable plunder for the enemy. As the laborers did not return home, their fate was readily apprehended by the decimated family, and confirmed by finding their scythes in the field. They were all retained as prisoners to the end of the war.

Joseph, a younger brother and two sisters were yet at home to comfort their parents. One of those sisters afterwards married Peter Cook, and the other Henry Keyser. I have no assurance that this war party made any other prisoners, scalps or plunder in that neighborhood, yet it is not improbable that they did. They pursued the northern or Sacondaga route to Canada, on which account I suppose the invaders were a band of Mohawks. They were pursued by the Americans, but with the start of one day they escaped. They were greatly straitened for food on the way, eating what frogs they could catch, one rattlesnake and part of a dead horse left by a preceding party. And withal they had one grand feast, for they killed, roasted whole and ate the Shults dog—and a dog was ever one of their greatest luxuries. On the march the boys were tied two and two, and at the end of their journey they were surrendered upon Buck's Island, where their captors were rewarded. When an exchange of prisoners took place, these captives except the colored man came home together—begging their way among the patriotic families of New England, as scores of others had done; but William Shults was homesick from the time he was captured; started to come home with his brothers, but died near Boston. The Wolfe boy had grown so that few recognized him on his return. Henry Shults lived to be 99 11-12 years old.—Facts from *Joseph I. Nellis*, *Daniel*, a son Henry Shults, and *Benjamin Getman*.

Richard Loucks, of Stone Arabia, brother of the late Henry Loucks, Esq., of Palatine Bridge, said *George M. Bauder*, was

stricken down, scalped and left for dead, as believed, by the party which captured the Shults brothers. Loucks recovered and lived many years after the war.

An Attempt to Capture Gen. Schuyler.—Although this patriot had been fortuitously superseded in command in 1777, to appease New England prejudice, it did not stifle his love of country or lose for him the confidence of his superior officers, and of so much importance did the British commanders still place upon his influence and zeal in the cause of liberty, that they offered a large reward for his delivery as a prisoner in Canada. To secure his person and plunder his dwelling, then a suburban home of Albany, Walter Meyer, or as written by Lossing, John Walter Meyer, with about 20 genial spirits from Canada made an attempt to accomplish the object, about nine o'clock on the evening of August 7, 1781. The family fortunately gained an upper room, and from a window the General discharged a pistol or two, shouting as he heard the invaders in the hall: "Come on my lads, surround the house and secure the villains." They were frightened off by the ruse, before succor arrived from the town a mile distant; with the plunder of part of his table silver, and two of four white men as prisoners who disputed the entrance of the enemy, wounding their leader. George Clinton, on learning of this feat of the enemy, ordered a sergeant's guard—a sergeant and 12 men—for the future protection of the family. Says *Stone*, Failing to accomplish his object, Meyer led his destructives to the Ballston settlement, where he captured Col. Gordon. This is no doubt an error. As I have already shown, Col. Gordon was captured at the invasion of Ballston by Maj. Monroe, October 16, 1780. At least so I was informed 40 years ago by Charles and Hugh Mitchell, sons of Maj. Mitchell, and then (at the invasion) residents of Ballston. The late Evert Yates, who was brought up in Albany, assured me that he was one of the volunteers that went from Albany to Schuyler's mansion when the alarm was sounded.

See *Lossing's* account for full particulars of the attempt to capture Schuyler. This story was handsomely told in the *Albany Evening Journal* of August 6, 1881, by *W. W. Cranell, Esq.*

Preparation to Succor Schoharie.—On Sunday preceding

August 14th of this year, about 400 Indians and tories, under Capt. Caldwell, made their appearance in Ulster county, but were so warmly received by the citizens and militia in several skirmishes, that they retreated with much more loss than gain. At this time, Gov. Clinton, fearing the next point of attack from the enemy would be Schoharie, wrote to Gen. Gansevoort, the commanding officer at Albany, to send a detachment of troops here to protect those settlements. About the same time, Col. Vrooman, of Schoharie, who had heard of the enemy's proximity, wrote to Gen. Gansevoort for assistance. Troops were accordingly dispatched, under Colonels Van Rensselaer and Wemple, to Schoharie, where they were joined by a party of Oneidas from Schenectada.*—*Letters of Gov. Clinton to Gen. Gansevoort, and note to the same in Stone's Life of Brant.*

The Enemy in Palatine.—In the events of 1780, I said that one of the daughters of Johannes Bellinger had some romance connected with her life. On the eve of hostilities, Philip Helmer, who was of a worthy family, decided to seek his fortune in the camp of the enemy. Before doing so, he had been paying his addresses to one of Bellinger's fair daughters: indeed, he had gone so far as to declare his passion; but his suit was rejected in consequence of his tory proclivities, or adherence to royalty. Not a few of Cupid's drafts were dishonored in the war for the same justifiable reason. Indeed, Benedict Arnold probably made ship-wreck of his future by marrying a "loyal" lady. Here is an affidavit of one of Helmer's associates, which shows his mission to Canada and back, as also the designs of a part of the enterprise, which I copied many years ago from the Maj. Finck papers. It read as follows:

"Examination of Nicholas Herkimer, taken 3d Nov., 1781.

"*Nicholas Herkimer*, being examined under oath, saith that he left Palatine district on Sunday evening, the first of July, in company with Jacob I. Klock, Adam Klock, John Anguish,

* The aid thus seasonably sent to Schoharie was fortunately not called into requisition. I conclude that the forces under Capt. Caldwell consisted principally of the same destructives led by Capt. Dockstader to Corry Town four weeks before; that the latter officer, meeting a body of the enemy on their way to the frontier settlements of New York, with most of his men, joined Caldwell in the enterprise. If so, this will account for the information of Mr. Strobeck, that Dockstader was again engaged with, and defeated by the Americans, after Willett's battle in Sharon, with very serious loss before his return to Canada.

Old Bangle and John Bangle, Henry Heiney, Matthias Wormwood, Philip Helmer and Nicholas Rosencrantz, and went to Swagachie [Oswegatchie], where they arrived in 11 days. After being there near two months, himself and six more of the company, viz.: Jacob I. Klock, Philip Helmer, Matthias Wormwood, Nicholas Rosencrantz, John Anguish and Henry Heiney, set out with a party consisting of nine white men, besides their party, and 14 Indians (in all 40), and in 11 days arrived in the neighborhood of Canajoharie and concealed themselves in a field behind Adam Nellis's. That in the night of the day of their arrival, himself, Rosencrantz and one Indian, went to the house of Petrus Ehle.* On their arrival near the house, Rosencrantz went ahead, and after awaking up Ehle and his family, called to this examinant, who, together with the Indian, went into the house, where they found Ehle, his wife and daughter, who expressed great joy in seeing them, and furnished them with provisions to replenish themselves, and gave them as much bread, smoked meat, butter and cheese as they could carry, for the use of the party.

"They then went back to the party, where they arrived about the dawning of the day. While they were at Ehle's, Ehle promised to send somebody to acquaint Thomas [this name was illegible in the manuscript], and Daniel Hess, to inform them that they [the Canadian party] were arrived, and the place where they lay. About 10 o'clock in the morning those two Hesses came to the party, and after some consideration they removed to another place, and the Hesses went, in order to fetch some other men who were to have joined them. Some time early in the morning, Philip Helmer left the party, in order, as he said, to fetch a negro belonging to Richard Failing. They continued in this position, without anything further taking place that this examinant recollects, until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when they were surprised by a party of men, upon which they ran off and scattered in the bush, having one Indian killed and one wounded (who died soon after), and one of their white men missing. They did not get together until they arrived at Canada creek; from which place

* A stone dwelling still standing near the railroad, half a mile east of Fort Plain railroad depot.

they went, in five or six days, to Point-a-Lake, where he stayed three days, and returned again to Swagachie, where he got some provisions, and went to Carlton Island, where he tarried two days, and embarked on board a vessel and went to Niagara. Then Rosencrantz entered into the ranger service as a volunteer, and Wormwood as a private ; and he himself stayed at Niagara till such time as Butler was ordered to join Maj. Ross, and then he came along as a volunteer and continued with the party until the evening of the action at Johnstown, and then he left them ; and further this examinant saith not.

“NICOLAS HERKIMER.

“Sworn before me the 3d Nov., 1781.

“ANDREW FINCK, Jr., *Justice.*”

When the party named in the preceding affidavit left Oswegatie, they had no defined destination, intending, as they reached the frontiers, to be guided by fortuitous circumstances ; but in plodding through the forest, it was resolved to strike a terrific blow around Fort Hess (the late Abram Smith's place), and as the destruction of the Bellinger family promised not only *booty* but *beauty*, it was agreed that that family should feel their power. Being out of provisions, they thought it better to replenish their larder from friends, than hazard the chances of war to do it. Hence the reason for sending a midnight scout directly to Ehle's, four miles or more to the eastward of Fort Hess ; besides, they expected there to be put in the way of getting recruits, and of learning vulnerable points in the neighborhood.

One of the stimulating inducements which led the vicious and immoral tory to desecrate the domestic altars of former neighbors, was the chance of violating captive women : and as Johannes Bellinger had six virgin daughters, all in the bloom of health and between the ages say of 15 and 25 ; hence the great inducement for these *brave* warriors to seek his dwelling. It was agreed among them that the parents should be killed, the house plundered, and the girls taken captive ; and an allotment of the latter had actually taken place, designed to pamper the hellish lust of their captors. In the distribution of this prospective Shiloh plunder, Helmer had been left out ; indeed, had not been counseled respecting it ; and, as may be supposed, his mind revolted at the thought that the fair maiden, whose

hand he had sought and for whose person his love was now returning in its strength, was by force to be compelled to a condition her tender sensibilities must recoil from with horror.

Love Triumphs.—When the destructives neared the settlement, the mind of Helmer became less and less at ease, as the curtain of danger settled around the footsteps of one he had tried in vain to banish from his thoughts, until he resolved to prove her deliverer, and test the winning merit of a chivalrous act. For several days he was occupied in devising plans to forewarn the Bellinger family of danger, to which, in the end, circumstances would not bend; and with that intent he left the encampment of the enemy on the high lands north of Fort Hess early in the day, and as the affidavit says, under the pretense of getting a negro slave of Richard Failing.

Helmer left the camp on Sunday morning, as believed, on the 9th day of September, attended by an Indian, to reconnoitre. He had not then fully determined to abandon his associates, and with the ostensible object of finding the most exposed settlers, but the real one of communicating, in some manner, a warning to his sweet-heart. In the neighborhood of Fort Hess, he directed his companion to climb a tree, so as to overlook the settlement and descry the occupation of the inhabitants, while he made a circuit for observation. He had hoped to avoid the espionage of the Indian, but his keen eye detected him rashly advancing toward the settlement, and descending from his sycamore perch in haste, he overtook and remonstrated with him in a manner and with an ominous look, such as a forest-son only can give, that Helmer readily knew he was suspected of treachery. He instantly turned back, and dissembled unconsciousness of his danger; but before reaching the destructives' camp he resolved finally to leave them, and under the pretense of obtaining a negro recruit, as intimated in the affidavit, he left the Indian, and, once freed from the ken of his snakish surveillance, he went directly to Fort Hess, on his way to which he stopped at a brook and washed the rouge from his face, thus doffing forever the Indian character. Col. Klock and Christian Nellis were credited with the capture of Helmer in his Indian dress, but he surrendered willingly.

The settlers around Fort Hess were soon gathered there and ready to defend it, and an express sent immediately to Fort

Paris, eight miles distant. The messenger reached Stone Arabia about 11 o'clock, A. M., and found most of the inhabitants assembled in church for divine worship. The services were arrested, the men flew to arms, and the militia, with a handful of State troops, marshaled over 40 strong, and were soon on the march. "This American party," said the late Col. William Feeter in an affidavit made in relation to some matters connected with this expedition long after it transpired, "was commanded by Capt. Sammons." No doubt Capt. Frederick Sammons and Lieut. Samuel Gray. The celerity of these troops is known by the fact that they struck their trail and came up with the enemy on a ridge of land two and a half miles northwest of Fort Hess, near the premises of one Lampman, about four o'clock P. M.

Lampman's Battle.—The suspicions of Helmer's Indian comrade of the morning, must have induced a change of position in the enemy's camp, for one selected with a view not only to avoid but communicate surprise. Rightly divining that if followed from their late encampment it would be upon their trail, they passed along one side of the ridge some distance and then crossing the summit returned on the opposite side to a place favorable for concealment, and commanding from the top of the ridge their own trail. They must have betrayed their own position before the Americans were enfiladed, else a different result would have followed. The parties took trees and a skirmish ensued, in which one of the Indians was killed* and another wounded who died soon after. The Americans soon charged upon their foes, who, without waiting to be killed, fled like frightened sheep down the opposite side of the ridge and escaped. None of the Americans were injured. The enemy re-assembled at East creek, and from their fruitless expedition returned from thence to the St. Lawrence. This little brush with the enemy has since been honored with the title of "Lampman's battle," and in its vicinity, for many years, tradition says, people out late at night were spooked by a headless Indian.

* This Indian was shot by Andrew Gray, as stated in an affidavit made subsequent to the war by Col. William Feeter, John L. Nellis and Peter Sitts; volunteers in the enterprise. Early in the war, the father and an older brother of this Feeter declared for royalty, and he as resolutely for the patriotic movement of his countrymen. The consequence was a family quarrel, ending in his denouncement as an outcast from the paternal dwelling. From thence, in the now town of Amsterdam, he went to Stone Arabia, became intimate with the Gray brothers; a platoon of six whigs, from whom he received the accoutrements of war, and at all times afterwards he was ready, with them and their neighbors, to defend his principles — *Hon. Charles Gray.*

But the reader is ready to ask, "What more of Helmer?" Well, the stream in which he washed off the Indian, proved the pool of Siloam to his principles. He never returned to Canada, but from the Sabbath day in question he turned over a new leaf in the ledger of his life, upon which I find inscribed—

My bleeding country now to free,
My every effort hence shall be;
And in the record of her fame,
Fain would I merit there a name!

Toward the close of the war he again offered his hand to Miss Bellinger. It was a far different offering—so the fair maiden viewed it—from what it was a few years before. Then it was raised, like that of Joab, to strike down its former neighbor; now it was nerved to strike the heart of him who would pluck a feather from the young eagle of liberty: then it was lifted in defiance against her own kin; it had been raised for their deliverance. Miss Bellinger was not a heartless, ungrateful girl, and she knew he had possibly saved her from a fate, than which death itself were a blessing. Neither was she a prude—indeed, few women of her generation were ambitious of such a name. Therefore, with such proofs of constancy as he of late had given her, she no longer feared to entrust herself in his keeping, but gave him in wedlock the first tender gushing of an amiable and virtuous heart. I have said that Philip Helmer's mother, a daughter of Christian Nellis, becoming a widow, married Col. Jacob Klock. Philip Helmer left, at his death, five daughters: Maria, who married a Scouton; Catharine, who married Christian Shepperman; Anne, who married James Gremps; Lana, who married George Lambert; and Delia, who married John C. Ehle. After Helmer's death, his widow married Leonard Helmer of Kringsbush; who, said *Henry Smith*, was not a relative of Philip. Thus we see that the fruit of this romantic marriage became a large and respected one in the Mohawk valley, to bless the day on which Philip Helmer forever cut his tory alliance. Facts from *Gen. Charles Gray*, of Herkimer.

The Enemy at Bauders.—Not far from Fort Paris, in Stone Arabia, resided in the Revolution, Melchert Bauder; his place has long since been known as the Michael Wick farm. One Sunday afternoon in the summer of 1781, a party of seven or eight Indians came to Bauder's house and captured his two sons,

Melchert, Jr., and Leonard, aged 12 and 10 years. They had a sister Elizabeth, aged 15, who was also made a prisoner, taken into the woods and allowed to return home. The mother was at Fort Paris, one and a half miles distant, when the enemy were at her home; and the father chanced to be asleep under an apple tree back of the house and escaped notice; while George, a third son, some eight or nine years old, had gone to a brook fishing, and thus escaped a journey to Canada. The enemy plundered the house and set it on fire, but it was extinguished by Mr. Bauder, with milk from the cellar. This party joined another war party, and proceeded with their prisoners by the northern route to Canada. On their way, they ate whatever they found, snakes included, but a large turtle furnished their most dainty meal. The party had not proceeded far on its return march, when the Indian claiming Melchert as his prisoner, got into a drunken frolic, was stabbed by one of his fellows and died within an hour; the boy falling to the care of another Indian. The journey was made partly by land and partly by water, and on arriving in Canada, the boys were separated. The oldest boy was exchanged and came home with other prisoners, arriving on Christmas day—probably of the next season—to find his brother already at home.

A Miss Bauder, who some say was a young aunt and namesake of the one named above, is said to have been captured at another time, at a spring whither she had gone for a pail of water, was taken to Canada and never returned; nor was anything satisfactorily ascertained of her fate, until about the year 1845, when a man named McDonald from Canada, informed George Bauder—mentioned as the fishing boy of this family—that his mother (then deceased) was a Miss Bauder, who had been taken to Canada by the Indians in the Revolution, from the frontier of New York. She was, no doubt, the lost member of this Bauder family.—*Gen. Peter C. Fox, George Bauder and his nephew Benjamin Bauder.*

Surprise of Lieut. Borst and Party in Sharon.—At the Keyes' place in Sharon,* dwelt in the Revolution, a Hanoverian named Christian Myndert, whose family was the only one in that part of Sharon. Having been alarmed several times in the

* The tavern stand of Zachariah Keyes, an inn-keeper, known to every one who traveled the western turnpike about the year 1830.

summer, he removed towards fall, in 1781, to Fort Duboise; leaving, at the time of his departure, several hogs running in a field, and a quantity of peas growing on the ground. In the latter part of October, Myndert, accompanied by Lieut. Jacob Borst, of Cobelskill, Sergeant William Kneiskern, and Jacob Kerker, proceeded to the dwelling of the former, in Myndert's valley, to secure his peas, shut up his hogs, and take care of some other property. John Crounse, in 1845, lived on the Myndert farm. The day was cold and stormy, rain and snow alternately falling. The party were endeavoring to secure the hogs, when six Indians, commanded by Walradt, a tory from the Mohawk valley, who had been watching their motions for sometime, secreted themselves in Myndert's barn near his dwelling.

After Lieut. Borst and his companions had been thus engaged, they repaired to the house, wet and cold, to warm themselves. On entering it, they set their guns in one corner of a room and gathered round the fire place, where was igniting a quantity of dry wood. At this time the enemy entered the dwelling, and so suddenly, that not one of the party could seize a gun in time to fire. Borst snatched up his, but in attempting to turn around to discharge it, he was prevented by an Indian who had anticipated his movement. Kneiskern seized a chair to strike one of the invaders, but the latter grappled it in the same instant. Seeing the foes nearly double their own number, with arms in their hands, the Americans surrendered themselves prisoners without further resistance. The latter were then bound, Borst and Kneiskern very tightly, some little plunder made, and all set forward on their journey to Canada. They proceeded to New Dorlach, a few miles distant, on their way toward the Susquehanna, and encamped for the night. Borst and Kneiskern, thinking their foes all asleep, were planning their destruction and their own escape, when an Indian, who had been watching their intimacy, approached and asked them what they were talking about; and whether they did not contemplate killing their captors? They replied that they were complaining of the cords being so tight they could not sleep. The Indians did not allow them an unguarded moment, and they found it impossible to escape.

It began to snow soon after they left Myndert's place, and the captives suffered very much on their journey from the

severity of the weather, the want of proper food, and the cruelty of their masters. As they approached Indian settlements, they were compelled to run the gantlet, by which severe chastisement was inflicted on all, but the most severely on Borst, who fell into a decline soon after reaching Niagara, owing to his cruel treatment on the journey, and death soon after ended his miseries. Thus ignobly fell one of the most daring spirits Schoharie produced during the war. Kerker, who was confined with Borst, was a good nurse, and took care of the latter while lingering with consumption. Kneiskern, who was imprisoned on an island in the St. Lawrence, succeeded one night, in company with several other prisoners, in making their escape. They dug out beneath the pickets which inclosed the fort where they were confined, made a raft on which they floated down the river; and one of the party, from fear the raft might not be sufficient to carry them in safety, swam eight or nine miles with but little support, his clothes being upon it, to where they effected a landing on the American shore. After suffering incredible hardships in the forest, living on birch bark, roots, etc., they arrived in safety among friends, where their wants were supplied, and they reached their homes.—*Henry France and John M. Brown.*

An Invasion of the Schoharie Valley.—About the 1st of November, 1781, a party of the enemy under Joseph Brant, and Capt. Adam Crysler, a former resident of that vicinity, entered Vrooman's Land early in the morning, near the residence of Peter Isaac Vrooman, a little distance from the Upper Schoharie fort. Isaac Vrooman, father of Peter, who then lived on the now Philip B. Lawyer farm, had removed his family below the Helleberg some time before, and had, at the time of which I am writing, visited his son to procure his aid in moving his family back to his old residence in Schoharie. A few days before the arrival of his father, Peter I., who lived nearly half a mile below, had removed from a hut he occupied at the fort, to his dwelling, which he intended should be his winter quarters, thinking the season so far advanced that the enemy would not re-appear that fall.

Peter was a self-taught blacksmith, and had a little shop near his house, where he usually did his own horse-shoeing. It was found necessary, previous to leaving home, to set several shoes;

and the father rose before day-light, carried a shovel of coals from the house to the shop, and made a fire. As it began to get light, the old gentleman left the shop, as was supposed, to call his son. On his way two guns were fired at him—the one by the tory chieftain, and the other by an Indian warrior beside him. The door of Vrooman's dwelling was on the side opposite the shop, and the son, already up, hearing the report of two guns, and rightly conjecturing the cause, sprang out of his house and ran towards the fort a few hundred yards distant. He had gone but a short distance when he was discovered, fired upon, and hotly pursued by several Indians, but reached the fort in safety.

The wife of the younger Vrooman, on hearing the guns, ran up stairs, and from a chamber window saw an Indian in the act of tearing off the scalp of the elder Vrooman, who was then on his hands and knees, bellowing most piteously. After the scalp was torn off, the Indian, who was the reader's old acquaintance, Seth's Henry, dispatched his victim with a war club, cut his throat, and the bloody knife added another notch on the club, to the record of scalps he had taken in the war; after which he laid it upon the body of the murdered man and left him. The reader will remember that this Schoharie chief left a war-club in the same neighborhood some time before, which recorded a most startling account of his prowess and cruelty; the record was much larger at a later period, and I think it hardly possible that an equal number of scalps and prisoners were made during the war by any other individual Indian. When the enemy entered Vrooman's house for plunder, Mrs. Vrooman went below, and being known to several of the Indians, she addressed them in their own dialect, and they spared her life.

From motives of policy she had to receive the proffered hand of a foeman, although bloody from the act named. With two small children, one on her back and the other in her arms, she was allowed to flee to the fort, some 80 rods below. A negro lad belonging to the family some 10 years old, the Indians claimed as a prisoner. He caught hold of Mrs. Vrooman's dress and imploringly enquired if he could not go with mistress? Her sensibilities were severely tested; but she knew it would be useless to importune a foe that had not a moment to waste, and

she gently relaxed his hold and said to him : "Perhaps you'd better go with them !" He did, and she never saw him again. Hearing several guns after her husband left the house, she supposed him to have been slain ; but he had escaped their bullets and they were happily reunited.

The invaders did not linger long in the vicinity of the fort, but advanced up the river, appropriating to their own use whatever was attainable. Soon after the arrival of Peter Vroooman, a party of 15 or 20 were dispatched from the fort in pursuit of the foe, of whose numbers they were totally ignorant. Who commanded this American scout is unknown, but Timothy Murphy had its principal direction. They proceeded with alacrity along the eastern shore of the Schoharie, and when on "Bouck's Island," a few rods above the residence of the late Gov. Bouck, they were fired upon by the enemy, who were concealed on the bank of the river above Panther mountain, and one of their number, Derrick (Richard) Haggidorn, mortally wounded. The Americans returned the fire and retreated. On this occasion, Murphy and Peter Hager were under cover of a large black oak tree, where, as Murphy made a shot, he dryly remarked : "Chaw that if you please !" As Haggidorn fell, he called to his companions not to leave him to a merciless foe ; whereupon Murphy addressed his brave comrades nearly as follows : "My boys, every ball was not moulded to hit, let us save him.*" He was then taken between two of his friends and borne off in safety to the fort, where he died the next day, much lamented, as he had been a patriot and faithful soldier.

Whether the enemy received any injury from the return fire of Murphy and party was unknown ; but not long after, Jacob Fremire, a soldier who was out on a hunt from the Upper fort, found the body of a white man sitting against a tree, with his

* The remark of Murphy, that "every bullet was not moulded to hit," was peculiarly applicable to his own case. He was almost constantly exposed in border wars from the beginning to the close of the Revolution, ever seeking the post of danger—the front rank, if an enemy was near, and probably, at the lowest estimate, had several hundred bullets fired at him by good marksmen, without ever receiving the slightest wound. To look back on the multiplied dangers he passed through, without injury—but a few of which have come down to the writer in a tangible form—it would almost seem as though fortune had her particular favorites. After the above was published in 1845, Judge Hager assured the writer, that he was one of the pursuing party at this time, and that he made the remark accredited to Murphy—"that every bullet was not moulded to hit." Mr. Hager was a man of truth.

gun and equipments by him ; supposed to have been a tory under Crysler, and to have been mortally wounded by the scout on Bouck's Island : the appearance of the body justifying the belief that he had been dead about that length of time. The dead man, who had been shot through the body, was found a mile or more from where the skirmish had taken place, near where a brook intersected the mill stream known as Bouck's saw-mill creek ; the brook was afterwards called " dead man's creek."

As the enemy were concealed, their number was still unknown on the return of Murphy and party, but enough having been seen and heard to judge somewhat correctly of their strength, Col. Vrooman dispatched Capt. Hager with 15 or 20 Schoharie rangers, and a company of eastern troops, numbering about sixty men, under Capt. Hale. The command of the Americans was given to Capt. Hager, who, taking two or three days' provisions, moved up the river. The enemy, as was afterwards ascertained, numbered between 60 and 70 Indians and tories, under the command of Brant and Crysler. One of the principal objects of the invasion was the removal to Canada of Crysler's family, which, up to this time had remained in Brakabeen.

Capt. Hager halted his men just at dark near the late Wm. Finck place, in Blenheim, where they encamped in a pine grove beside the road. The night was a very cold one, and the troops suffered considerably, deeming it imprudent to build fires in the night near an enemy whose strength they did not know.* Three hours before the dawn of day, the pursuit was renewed : and near the residence of the late Gen. Patchin, the Americans ascended the mountain by a narrow and uneven road ; overhung by a heavy growth of hemlock. As the night was cloudy and dark, the progress of the troops was necessarily slow. On arriving at the forks of the roads which led, one to Harpersfield and the other to Lake Utsayantho, they halted, struck up fires and ate breakfast : it being then about daylight. It was discovered that the enemy had gone towards the lake, and a con-

* Johan Jost Dietz and Peter Vrooman, the former a Colonel and the latter a Major of militia after the war, were left at the place of encampment, in charge of a keg of rum and a quantity of provisions, to await the return of the troops ; and well did they perform their duty, as they assured the writer when together in 1837 ; being unable a part of the time to leave the trust if they would—for, lest others who liked " the striped pig " should fall in with them and bear off the keg, they had secured a liberal share of its contents within their own stomachs.

sultation now took place between the officers about the road to be pursued. Capt. Hager was in favor of making a rapid march on the Harpersfield route and, if possible, head the enemy at a favorable place for surprise ; but was overruled and the trail of the enemy followed.

Capt. Hager had pursued the enemy but a short distance on the Lake road, before their approach was known to the latter, who made preparations to receive them. About a mile from the place of breakfasting, they met two of Capt. Hager's horses hopped together, which the enemy had taken the preceding day. The Captain who was walking in front of his men at the time, with the cautious Murphy beside him, stepped up to the horses and cut the cord which fastened them together. They had proceeded but a little way farther, when they heard the whoop of several savages, whom they supposed were in search of the horses. A rapid march soon brought the Americans where the enemy had encamped the previous night ; seven large fires being yet burning. Several horses laden with plunder and a number of cattle were abandoned by the Indians near the fire.

On arriving at the lake, the road, which was little more than an Indian foot path, ran along its margin. A ridge of land extended nearly to the lake where the Americans were approaching, and as they were rising the eminence, the enemy who were concealed near its summit, discharged upon them a volley of balls. The instant they fired, Capt Hager commanded Hale, who was marching in the rear to "flank to the right and march on !" Hager intended to bring the enemy between his command and the lake ; but Hale, instead of obeying the order, faced to the right about, and followed by his men with one noble exception, retreated in double-quick time. Brant and his destructives seeing the cowardly retreat of Hale and his men, advanced to meet Hager, who was left with less than 20 men to resist a force more than triple his own. The little band had taken trees, and were beginning to return the enemy's fire at the time Hale retreated ; but seeing that they must soon be entirely surrounded, if they attempted to maintain their position, their brave leader ordered a retreat. On leaving the ground, they were necessarily exposed to the fire of the enemy, and Sacket, a Bostonian (the exception of Hale's men), sealed

his bravery with his blood, as did Joachim Van Valkenberg,* one of Capt. Hager's followers. Joseph, a brother of Capt. Hager was also wounded severely in the right shoulder, but the ball was extracted and he subsequently recovered. It was thought by the Americans at the time a most providential circumstance, that, exposed as they were in their retreat to the fire of so many good marksmen, only two should have been killed. Capt. Hager, with Murphy still at his side, then ran to overtake the cowardly Hale; and after a chase of about 500 yards overtook him; as both of them gained his front, they placed the muzzles of their rifles at his breast, and the Captain in a voice of thunder exclaimed: "Attempt to run another step and you are a dead man!"

Thus unexpectedly brought to a stand, Hale, at the order of Capt. Hager, which he was not in the situation a second time to misunderstand, faced about and began to retrace his steps. But the golden moment to punish the invaders of Schoharie and avenge the murder of Vrooman was past. Brant, to whom possibly the actual force under Capt. Hager was known, having, as before remarked, a French war acquaintance with the latter, and knowing what resistance he might expect if a stand was effected by him, chose, encumbered as he was with Crysler's family, to make a rapid march to the Susquehanna. The two soldiers who fell near the lake were scalped by the foe.

Having restored order and infused a share of his own fearless spirit into his ranks, Capt. Hager was about to renew the pursuit as Col. Vrooman arrived upon the ground, with 40 men drawn from the Lower fort. After a short consultation, the chase was continued, but still in ignorance as to the enemy's numbers; after proceeding about two miles and losing all trace

* The following anecdote was related to the author by *Lydia Kline*, a sister of Van Valkenberg. Among the Indians who returned to Schoharie, after the war, was one who called at the house of Henry, a brother of Van Valkenberg above named, having with him a gun. Henry instantly recognized the gun as that of his deceased brother, and taking it up he asked the Indian where he got it. He replied that he had killed a man at the 'Little lake,' and thus obtained it. Said Henry, "This is my gun, and I shall keep it." The red man was unwilling to concede that point, it being as he believed a lawful prize from the fortune of war. Henry however retained the gun, and told the Indian to take it from his grasp and he should have it. Mortified at thus losing his gun, the Indian left the house and went into a swamp near by. Not long after this event the body of a dead Indian was discovered in this swamp, but the cause of his death, or by whose hand he had fallen, remained among the mysteries of the times.

of their footsteps, they having left the usual path for some unknown route, the pursuit was abandoned, and the troops returned to Schoharie.—*Manuscript of Judge Hager*, one of the pursuing party.

In the latter part of the war, supposed in the year 1781, six Tories, who had threaded the forests from Niagara to Schoharie in the hope of making a profitable adventure, were concealed in and around the settlements for a week or more. They were led by Nicholas Snyder, a former resident of the valley and neighbor of my informant *Jacob Enders*, whose person they thought to secure. The party were secreted in a small swamp several days, near the dwelling of William Enders, his father, on Foxescreek. After waiting in vain nearly a week for a sight of Jacob's person, two of the number dressed in Continental clothes, went to the house of Enders, and supposed to be patriots, were very kindly treated; they enquired of Mr. Enders, while partaking of his hospitality, if he had no sons to aid him in his farming? He replied that he had a son, who was then in the nine month's service at the Middle fort.

Mortified at being thus foiled in their attempts, the Tories then sought to surprise and capture Capt. Stubrach, to effect which they laid in wait for him sometime under a bridge in Kneiskern's dorf; but the Captain was not to be caught napping, and the enterprise proved abortive.

Destruction of Warwarsing.—"Early in the morning of Sept. 22, 1781, a party of Indians and Tories, consisting of about 400, entered the beautiful settlement of Warwarsing, situated on the great road leading from Minisink to Esopus, about 35 miles from the former. At their first coming to the place they were hailed by a sentinel, who was at the gate of a piquet fort, where a Sergeant's guard was kept (which were the only soldiers in that quarter); they not making any answer, induced the sentinel to fire and run within the fort, which alarmed the garrison. The enemy kept up a constant fire upon the fort for some time, but without effect, and at last retired in confusion, with the loss of three killed and two wounded. They then proceeded to burning and plundering the place. The inhabitants being alarmed by the firing at the fort, all made their escape except John Kittle, whom they killed. The loss of these poor people was very great; the fate of an hour reduced them from a state of ease

and affluence to want and beggary. Thirteen elegant dwelling houses, with all their out-buildings and furniture; 14 spacious barns, filled with wheat; besides barracks, stables, stacks of hay and grain, were all consumed. Between 60 and 70 horses, mostly very fine; a great number of cattle, sheep and hogs, were driven off. Col. Pawling, getting intelligence of the above, immediately collected about 200 New York levies and militia, and pursued about 40 miles, but was not able to overtake them. It appeared that they fled in confusion, as they left a considerable quantity of plunder behind them in many places. By a white man who has been with them three years, and made his escape while Warwarsing was in flames, we learn that this party was from Niagara, and that they were four weeks and three days on their way; that they were exceedingly distressed for want of provisions, insomuch that they ate up their pack-horses and dogs. He adds that the garrison of Niagara was in a melancholly situation for the want of provisions and the necessities of life, and that the tories there most bitterly execrate the day they were deluded by the tyrant's emissaries to take up arms against their native country." From the *Connecticut Journal* of Oct. 11, 1781. See *His. Coll. of N. Y.*, p. 560.

A Race for Fort Herkimer.—In the fall, as believed, of 1781, a scout of seven men was sent from this post, for observation, down the river, to discover, if possible, the foot-prints of an enemy. Only one name of the party has been preserved, and that was Zenas Barker. The scout proceeded nearly seven miles and met with nothing unusual; but before returning, they visited the apple-orchard (upon Fall Hill) of George Henry Bell's desolated homestead; and had just seated themselves under a tree to enjoy the luxury of its ripe fruit, when they heard, near by, a shrill Indian whoop. Springing to their feet, they discovered a party of Indians, whose number exceeded their own, about to enter the orchard near them. Their only chance for life was in instant flight, which they fortunately made in the direction of their fort.

Leaping a fence into the road, they were fired upon, but escaped unharmed; and then commenced a race for life. For some distance they all kept out of the way of their pursuers; but at length Barker, the youngest of the scouts, began to lag and would, if unassisted, soon be overtaken. Two comrades

lent him helping hands, and he was saved. To increase their speed the scouts unwisely cast aside their guns, and when a single shot would have told, they could not make it. After a race of an hour or more—for seven miles was calculated to try the mettle of friend or foe—they were all nearing the fort, and all but one of the enemy had slackened pace; but the leader was so intent on killing one or more of the three who were still behind, that he seemed reckless of his position. Several rifles at the fort were brought to bear upon him, and the instant his exposure came they fired, and his death followed the report. His temerity had cost him his life. The rest of the party escaped on the back track.—*Reuben Barber*, a nephew of *Zenas Barker*.

Fall Hill and Fate of Nicholas Bell.—For more than a century the high land on the south side of the Mohawk at Little Falls, has been known by the name of Fall Hill; and at the beginning of the Revolution, three substantial farmers were settled upon it, viz.: Peter Ten Broeck, George Henry Bell and Warner Dygert; the latter being at the lower or easterly end. Early in the summer of 1777, Ten Broeck, in company with a tory acquaintance, Joseph Herkimer went to Canada and did not return. The Bell family went to reside at a place of less exposure in Palatine during the war; and the fate of Dygert is elsewhere shown. The Ten Broeck dwelling was spared the general conflagration, in the expectation that its owner would again occupy it.

In the fall of 1781, only a few weeks after the murder of Capt. Small, Nicholas, a young married son of G. H. Bell, who resided below the Falls, set out to go to — Casler's dwelling, on the south side of the river above the Falls. The errand was to pay Mrs. Casler some money he owed her husband, at his death, for blacksmithing; Bell having heard that she was preparing to go to Canajoharie, and might need the money. Peter Bellinger, a young man, chanced to be there and consented to go with him for company. Bell's wife expressed no little anxiety, fearing they might encounter Indians, and turning to his companion she said playfully—"You'll take care of Nicholas, wont you?" "Yes," he replied, "and if I don't bring him back to you, I'll take good care of the widow." Two miles above the falls, near where the road to Newville leaves the

river road, now stands a stone dwelling. When the two friends arrived near the site of this dwelling, they were fired upon by six or eight Indians, and Bell was killed. The friends were well armed, and Bellinger returned the fire and brought an exposed adversary to the ground. He fled down the river and was pursued by several of the enemy for a long distance, but finally escaped them. The Indian's secured what plunder Bell's person, besides his gun, afforded, of course taking the money intended for Mrs. Casler, and with one more scalp, bearing off their own dying companion they retired to the forest. Bell was buried near the grave of Gen. Herkimer. Sad was this blow to Mrs. Bell; but many a word spoken in jest is made by fate a stern reality. In process of time Bellinger redeemed his pledge to Mrs. Bell, led her to the altar, and they lived a happy future life.—*Adam Bell.*

Murder of Capt. Jacob Small, and Capture of Jacob Casler.
—Equidistant between Herkimer and Little Falls, seven miles apart, was a small block-house and stockade for the convenience of several patriotic families. It stood on what was long known as the Eldredge farm. In the golden days for teamsters, before the canal and railroad were constructed, there stood a tavern near the site of the old block-house, with a good run of custom. A little distance from the block-house and on the Eldredge farm were several apple trees planted many years before. In the fall of 1781, Jacob Small, a Captain of militia, and Jacob Casler were gathering apples in this orchard, when three hostile Indians approached them. Fearing if they captured both they might not be able to convey them to Canada, they resolved to kill the one they supposed might give them the most trouble. Accordingly, they shot Capt. Small, who was in the branches of a tree, which, in 1846, was still standing, and when he fell to the ground they secured his scalp—capturing Casler and hurrying him off to Canada, where he remained a prisoner nearly two years—to the end of the war. A sagacious dog belonging to the Small family, first communicated the fate of his owner. He ran home with blood on his body, obtained by caressing his dying master, moaning piteously. Capt. Small was a good soldier, a worthy citizen, and his loss was severely felt. He was interred near the Fort Herkimer church. He left a wife and six children, three sons and three daughters.—From *Frederick* and

Jacob, sons of Capt. Small, at an interview in 1846, corroborated by others.

An Escape from Brant.—Capt. Henry Eckler, of Warren, Herkimer county, was out with his friend, David Harmore, in the summer of 1781, in the vicinity of Fort Herkimer, and unexpectedly fell in with Brant and a party of his warriors. The chief, who was well acquainted with Capt E., addressed him by name and asked him if he would surrender himself his prisoner. "Not by a d— sight, as long as I have legs to run!" And suiting the action to the word, he turned and fled at the top of his speed, and his companion with him. The surprise took place near a piece of woods, into which the fugitives ran, fired on and pursued by a band of yelling savages. Eckler had proceeded but a little distance in the woods, when he found it would be impossible for him to run far with the speed requisite for his escape by flight; and passing over a knoll which hid him from the observation of his pursuers, he entered, head first, a cavity at the root of a wind-fallen tree. He found its depth insufficient, however, to conceal his whole person, and like a young partridge, that, with its head concealed, feels secure, if it remains still, he resolved to keep silence and trust to Providence for the issue. The party pursuing soon arrived upon the knoll, and halted almost over him to catch another glimpse of his retiring form. But they looked in vain; and while they stood there, and he heard their conversation, he expected every moment would be his last, as he was sure if his foes looked down they could not fail to see at least one-half his person. He thought, as he afterwards told his friends, that had Brant, who also came upon the bank above him while he was thus concealed, but listened, he must have heard his heart beat, as it felt in his breast like the thumping of a hammer. Supposing Eckler had fled in an opposite direction, his pursuers overlooked his place of concealment, and expressing to each other their surprise at his sudden exit, and declaring that a *spirit* had helped him escape, they withdrew, when he backed out of his hiding place, and regained the fort in safety. His comrade also effected his escape uninjured, although he had a long and strong race for liberty.—*Dr. Z. W. Bingham*, corroborated by *Isaac Moxfield*.

A Prisoner in Close Quarters.—In the fall of 1781, a man

named Conrad Edick,* was captured in the vicinity of Fort Plank. The prisoner was captured by seven Indians, and hurried off into the wilderness. At night the party halted at a deserted log tenement in that part of Danube known as Otsquago,† or as usually spoken, the Squawke. As the weather was cold the Indians made a fire, and after partaking of a scanty supper, gathered round it to talk over the result thus far of their expedition. They had, as they stated, taken but a few scalps, very little plunder, and but one prisoner, who, they concluded, was hardly worth taking to Canada alone. They there resolved to have a pow-wow in the morning, kill and scalp the prisoner, return toward the Mohawk, and seek among the defenseless or unguarded whom they might plunder or slay.

The enemy, after discussing thus freely their future plans in the Mohawk dialect, laid down upon the floor to rest, with their feet to the fire. The prisoner was compelled to lie down between two Indians, under cords fastened to their bodies; which crossed his person over the breast and thighs, and not long after, all, save the prisoner, were in a sound slumber. If the Indians were soon dreaming of rich hunting grounds, human scalps, "beauty and booty," the case was far otherwise with the poor captive, who understood every word they had said, and had listened with horror to his own approaching fate. Believing his foes all under the padlock of morpheus, he began to tax his ingenuity for some means of escape. Hope of procuring those means was fast fading from his excited mind, when, in moving his hand upon the floor, it accidentally rested upon a fragment of broken window-glass.

No sooner did the prisoner seize the glass, than a ray of hope entered his bosom, and with the frail assistant he instantly set about regaining his liberty. He commenced severing the rope across his breast, and soon it was stranded. The moment was one of intense excitement; he knew that it was the usual custom for one or more of an Indian party to keep watch and prevent the escape of their prisoners. Was he then watched? Should he go on, with the possibility of hastening his own

* This was the German name Ittiz. He died at Frankfort, N. Y., about the first of September, 1846, aged nearly 80 years.

† This is the Indian name for the creek which runs in to the Mohawk at Fort Plain, and signifies "The Springs," alluding to its source.—*J. S. P. Wagner*.

doom, or wait and see if some remarkable interposition of Providence might save him? A monitor within whispered, "Faith without works is dead," and after a little pause in his efforts, he resumed them, and soon had parted another strand; and as no movement was made, he tremblingly cut another; it was the last, and as it yielded he sat up. He then was enabled to take a midnight view of the group around him, in the feeble light reflected from the moon through a small window of a single sash. The enemy still appeared to sleep, and he soon separated the cord across his limbs. He then advanced to the fire and raked open the coals, which reflected their partial rays upon the painted visages of those misguided heathen, whom British gold had bribed to deeds of damning darkness; and being fully satisfied that all were sound asleep, he approached the door.

The Indians had a large watch dog outside the house. He cautiously opened the door, sprang out and ran, and as he had anticipated, the dog was yelling at his heels. He had about 20 rods to run, across a cleared field, before he could reach the woods; and as he neared them he looked back, and in the clear light of a full moon, saw the Indians all in pursuit. As he neared the forest, they all drew up their rifles and fired upon him, at which instant a strong vine caught his foot and he fell to the ground. The volley of balls passed over him, and bounding to his feet, he gained the beechen shade. Not far from where he entered, he had noticed, the preceding evening, a large hollow log, and on coming to it, he sought safety within it. The dog, at first, ran several rods past the log, which served to mislead the party, but soon returned near it, and ceased barking without a visit to the captive's hiding place.

The Indians sat down over him and talked about their prisoner's escape. They finally came to the conclusion that he had either ascended a tree near, or that the devil had aided him in his escape, which to them appeared the most reasonable conclusion. As morning was approaching, they determined on taking an early breakfast and returning to the river settlements, leaving one of their number to keep a vigilant watch in that neighborhood for their captive until afternoon of the following day, when he was to join his fellows at a designated place. This plan settled, an Indian proceeded to an adjoining field, where a small flock of sheep had not escaped their notice, and

shot one of them. While enough of the mutton was dressing to satisfy their immediate wants, others of the party struck up a fire, which they chanced, most unfortunately for his comfort, to build against the log, directly opposite their lost prisoner. The heat became almost intolerable to the tenant of the fallen basswood, before the meat was cooked ; besides, the smoke and steam which found their way through the worm holes and cracks, had nearly suffocated him, ere he could sufficiently stop their ingress, which was done by thrusting leaves and part of his own clothing into the crannies. A cough, which he knew would insure his death, he found it difficult to avoid ; to back out of his hiding place would also seal his fate, while to remain in it much longer, he felt conscious he could not.

After suffering most acutely in body and mind for a time, the prisoner (who was again such by accident) found his miseries allieviated when the Indians began to eat, as they then let the fire burn down, and did not again replenish it. After they had dispatched their breakfast of mutton, the prisoner heard the leader caution the one left to watch in that vicinity, to be wary, and soon heard the retiring footsteps of the rest of the party. Often during the morning, the watchman was seated or standing over him. Not having heard the Indian for some time, and believing the hour of his espionage past, he cautiously crept out of the log ; and finding himself alone, being prepared by fasting and steaming for a good race, he drew a bee-line for Fort Plank, which he reached in safety : believing, as he afterwards stated, that all the Indians in the State could not have overtaken him in his homeward flight.—*Dr. Z. W. Bingham*, corroborated by others.

Maj. Ross in the Mohawk Valley.—On the morning of October 24, 1781, a scout sent from Fort Plain by Col. Willett, separated at the old Keyes place in Sharon, all of them returning to that post except Jacob Tanner and Frederick Ottman, who set out for Corrytown, Tanner to visit his family. Near Argusville they fell in with 700 of the enemy, British, Tories and Indians under Maj. Ross and Walter Butler ; who seem to have been approaching by the southwest route. The two friends fled down Flat Creek, and by casting aside their guns and knapsacks, effected their escape. They arrived at the Frederick Putman place, since known as the Lasher place or

Willow Basin, where was being attended the funeral of Mrs. Putman, her husband having been previously killed by the enemy while hunting martin, up the creek, at Yatesville. Informed of the enemy's proximity, the funeral was broken up and the friends fled for safety to their own homes.

The enemy in force went from Argusville to Corrytown, which had been so effectually destroyed in July; but avoided the little fort, plundered the dwellings and made prisoners of their inmates, but avoided firing buildings through fear of frustrating a part of the enterprise. Proceeding from thence to the river, they met and captured Tanner and Ottman already named, Rudof Keller and his wife, Michael Stowits and Jacob Myers, returning from the funeral, as also John Lewis, near the river. Mrs. Keller was left near Yatesville by the intercession of a tory nephew; indeed some half a dozen women previously captured, among whom were Mrs. Adam Fine and a Miss Moyer were also there liberated; and the party avoided capturing any more females. Mr. Myers was advanced in years and unable to keep up with the party, was killed and scalped on the way to Canada.—*John Keller*, a Corrytown lad in 1781.

Maj Ross proceeded down the Mohawk, taking the new road but recently laid over Stone Ridge, in Root. On the Ridge they captured John Wood, the son of a widow, at whose house they arrived near twilight. Joseph Printup,* a Lieutenant of

* *John Windecker*, of Fairfield, who was a prisoner at Buck's Island when Ross set out on this expedition, assured the writer in 1851, that cannon were fired and a joyful demonstration was made. He was joined at Oswego by Butler with his Indian allies, where was also given an ovation to start upon. On the return of this army there was no public rejoicing; it literally returned with trailing colors.

† *William Printup*, an Englishman, father of the one named in the context, who was among the early settlers of the Mohawk valley, was a blacksmith, and resided near the lower Mohawk castle. While there, he was employed by the British government to repair guns, make axes, hatchets, hoes, etc., for the natives. One day when Printup was at work in his shop, an Indian, who had taken umbrage at him from some cause, entered the shop and bade him "kneel down and pray." "Pray!" said Printup, "for what?" "Because I am going to kill you," was the reply. "To kill me? I'll beat your head in with my hammer," he retorted, raising the instrument he held in his hand, and giving evidence of suiting the action to the word, as he turned upon his red foe. The latter, armed only with a knife, was taken all aback, and seeing the determined look of his antagonist, fled from his shop, hotly pursued by Vulcan in his leather apron, with uplifted hammer. The chase was continued for some distance, in the presence of many Mohawks, who were not a little amused; and who added several loud whoops, crying out, "*Kill um Print! Cha-aw-go-cheth-e-law-go!*" terrifying the poor fellow so that he buried himself in the recesses of the forest, and never again disturbed the labors of the King's blacksmith. The Indian word *Cha-aw-go-cheth-e-law-go*, signifying *Pursue-and-kill-him-if-you-can*, was the name by which Printup was ever after called by the natives.—*John L. Groat*, of Cranesville.

militia, was living at that time near the residence of his son, the late William I. Printup. He was at home as Ross approached, and Jacob Frank, a brother-in-law, John Loucks and John Van Alstyne, neighbors, were also at his house. Printup had just been cleaning his gun, and as he loaded it and returned the ram-rod, he remarked, "Now I am ready for the Indians!" He had scarcely uttered the words, when an advance party of them, just at dusk, was seen approaching the door. Frank and Loucks sprang out of the house and fled up the hill south; the former was shot down, however, and scalped, but the latter unscathed, effected his escape. As the Indians approached his door, Printup fired at them, when they rushed into the house, and one of them, placing the muzzle of his gun near Printup's breast, drew the trigger,—at which instant the latter struck the weapon down, and its bullet passed through the fleshy part of the thigh. A tory acquaintance, who was with the enemy, then interfered to save Printup's life, and he was taken prisoner, soon after which the enemy resumed their march down the river. A little distance east of Printup's a halt was made at a large rock beside the road to kill him; but the tory again interposed, and declared he should not be killed while he could keep up with his captors. Van Alstyne lent his services to aid his wounded companion, who leaned upon his shoulder, and was thus enabled to continue the journey.—*John, a son of Joseph Printup.*

Jacob, a brother of John Van Alstyne named, resided on the Stone Ridge at this time. He had been to attend a religious meeting near the present village of Fultonville, and was returning home on horseback, when he unexpectedly fell in with the enemy. A large Indian seized the bridle, several of his fellows drew Van Alstyne from the horse a prisoner, and the former mounted. The Indian was hardly upon his back, when the horse, not fancying his new rider, reared, floundered and soon left him upon the ground with a broken shoulder. The sagacious animal then set off at full speed, and the enemy opening to the right and left, gave him a free passage; and not caring to fire on him, he escaped from them and returned home, greatly alarming Van Alstyne's family as may be supposed. The prisoner was divested of part of his clothing and the march was resumed.—*Cornelius G. Van Alstyne.*

Charles Van Epps, who resided on the bank of the river in Fultonville, escaped with his family as the enemy approached. Evert Van Epps, a nephew of the former, started in the evening, which was very dark, to go to his uncle's, to enquire after the news. Possibly he had heard the firing at Printup's two miles above, and suspected all was not right. He had proceeded but a short distance, when he heard the click of several guns, and a voice sternly demanded "Who's there?" The first thought of Van Epps, who could distinguish no visible object, was, to turn and flee; but supposing some of the enemy might be in his rear, or that he would instantly be fired at if he attempted to run, he remained at the gate and was soon surrounded by a hostile party, who were on their way to his house. On securing him, the enemy again moved forward.—*John E., son of Evert Van Epps,*

When I published my *History of Schoharie County, etc.*, in 1845; I gave in it three nice steel engravings: one of Schoharie, one of Fultonville and one of the Hon. J. D. DeGraff place, and a lithographed view of Gov. William C. Bouck's mansion. I had lived at Schoharie and Fultonville, and the citizens of those places very kindly paid for engraving views of them for the work, as did also Judge DeGraff for that of his house, "*The Dadenoscara Place.*" They have all been altered so much in 40 years, that I have thought it best not to put either of them in my present work. Gov. Bouck got his house *lithographed*—that is, drawn upon stone; which at the end of the year, no doubt, received in its place some other design. If I had had modern views of those places, I should have inserted them with pleasure.

The Judge DeGraff place is now the very desirable home of his son Alfred DeGraff, Esq., a few miles east of Fonda.

After the Revolution, John Starin erected a small house near the river bank below the Fultonville bridge, which for a time was known as a stage house. Mails were changed here, and for a time Myndert Starin, son of John, carried the mail to Johnstown, four miles north, on foot or on horseback. This old house I saw burn down in the day time nearly 40 years ago. Standing on the river bridge a fine view is had of Caughnawaga—which signifies stone in the water. It is some 20 feet

from the Fultonville shore, and originated the Indian name—Caughnawaga.

But to return to the war path. Seasonable alarm was communicated by John C.,* a son of Charles Van Epps, who chanced fortunately to be on horseback, to the river settlers below, who made their escape. On arriving at a brook in a small ravine, near the former site of John C. Van Alstyne's store, at Auriesville, John Van Alstyne said to his fellow prisoner, Printup, "were it not for you, I would now make my escape." His wounded friend replied: "Never mind me, if you can escape, do so, and leave me to my fate." They were walking between two Indians, when Van Alstyne sprang out, dashed up the ravine with the fleetness of an Indian, and escaped: the enemy did not care about then firing from motives of policy. Again the Indian who had captured Printup was about to sink a tomahawk into his head, but was prevented by the tory who had before interdicted such an occurrence. From Auriesville, the enemy proceeded to Fort Hunter, forded the Schoharie near its mouth and prosecuted their enterprise as far as Yankee Hill, in the present town of Florida. From thence, on the morning of the 25th, becoming fearful of pursuit, the main body forded the Mohawk and directed their course to Johnstown. Small parties of the Indians, however, carried their designs still further; but Capt. William Snook, who had been notified of their approach, sent Conrad Stein, an officer under him, to warn the settlers of danger, and they generally effected their escape, with a portion of their property.

A short time before the Revolution, Matthias Wart and Marcus Hand, Germans, settled in the interior of this town. The invaders burnt the dwellings of Wart, Henry Rury, Captain Snook, John Stein, Samuel Pettingell, Wm. DeLine, Patrick Connelly, George Young, and several others in the neighborhood. Near the house of Rury, a man named Bowman was captured, and in attempting his escape, soon after, was killed. The female part of Rury's family, consisting of his wife, her sister Harriet Notman, and a little girl named Jane Shelp, were made prisoners by One Armed Peter; who conducted them some distance from the house. Harriet had a child in her arms,

* He was a justice of the peace after the war. While crossing the river on the ice, many years ago, he broke through and was drowned.

and falling down with it, Peter insisted on carrying it, as supposed, to prevent his being shot, should he meet an American marksman. Arriving at a by-place, the party halted, and the Indian asked the young women if they had any money. An outside pocket was then worn over the dress, and Harriet, loosening her's, handed it to him. From it he transferred two doubloons to his own person, and then returned it. Giving a loud yell, it was responded to by some half a dozen so terrific, as to cause Miss Jane to faint away beside a log. Being joined by several of his comrades, Peter gave the prisoners their liberty, and no further injury or violence was offered them.

The suffering of Printup must have been acute while crossing the Schoharie and Mohawk rivers, the waters of which were then cold. On arriving at Johnstown, Mrs. Van Sickler, a Scotch woman, and resident of the place, interceded in his behalf, and he was left at her house: from whence he returned home and was cured of his wounds.—*Van Epps, Printup, Nicholas Hill and John Hand.*

At Johnstown, Hugh McMonts, a constable; David and William Scarborough (his mother married a Crowley), were surprised and killed.—*Mrs. Penelope Forbes.*

Temerity of an Indian.—Here is an anecdote connected with the enemy's crossing the Mohawk near Stanton's Island, below Port Jackson. Near there they burned the dwellings of Timothy Hunt and Nathan Skeeles; and soon after they had crossed the river, Ben Yates came upon the south bank, and saw a single Indian across the river, who for some cause was lagging behind his fellows. Discovering Yates and doubting his ability to harm him, he turned round and slapped his buttocks in defiance. In the next instant a bullet from the rifle of Ben struck the body of the Indian, whose rashness cost him his life; and the former had only to ford the river to get an extra gun and some plunder made in the neighborhood.—*Dr. Henry H. Belding*, late of Fort Jackson; obtained in 1846.

Invasion of Johnstown and Battle near Johnson Hall.—The following facts relating to the invasion of Johnstown, were obtained from the old patriot, *Jacob Shew*. On the same morning the army of Ross left Florida, Capt. Littel led a scout of nearly a dozen men of his company toward Tribeshill, to learn the destination of the Florida "barn-burners" of the night before.

Under him were Zepheniah Bacheller, John Eikler, Henry and Jacob Shew, Peter Yost, David and John Moyer (brothers). The scout was attended by Lieut. Saulkill, a fine looking young officer, well mounted; who was going to Schenectada as an express—doubtless to give intelligence of the enemy's proximity, heralded the evening before.

About five miles to the eastward of Johnstown, Capt. Littell came suddenly upon the enemy's advance, which fired upon and killed Lieut. Saulkill in the road. The Indians secured his horse and several others from adjoining fields before they arrived in town. When the Lieutenant fell, Capt. Littell was about to fire on the foe, but he was advised by Jacob Shew not to halt to contend with such odds, and the scout faced about and fled. Yost and Jacob Shew bounded from the road on the left and ran westward, while the captain with the rest of his party took the woods to the right and were driven off to the eastward of Johnson Hall, and were there serving as out-flankers when the action began between Willett and Ross. In this position they fell in with a party of the enemy, took trees and exchanged shots with them. A ball fired at Eikler struck the tree which sheltered him, scattering the bark and causing him to dodge; seeing which, said the captain, "Eikler, why do you dodge—when you see the bark fly you are in no danger." Another bullet sent with more precision soon after pierced Eikler's breast; at which moment the captain was wounded in one leg. The scout now fled for the fort, leaving their poor comrade to his fate. Although a man of great courage, the captain would probably have been slain as he was greatly exhausted; but Henry Shew lent him a helping hand and he got off in safety.

Jacob Shew and Yost joined the troops under Col. Willett, just after his repulse, and assisted in retaking a cannon the enemy had captured. On the morning after the Johnstown battle, Eikler was found alive and taken to his house near Johnstown, but he died soon after, much lamented. He had fallen in the woods, and as the enemy had pursued his companions, he escaped their notice, and was not scalped. At the beginning of the action, a part of Col. Willett's troops, under Maj. Rowley, were piloted by Lieut. William Wallace to gain the enemy's rear back of the Hall, and were led so far around as not to reach the position assigned, until after Col. Willett

had met and been repulsed by the enemy. Hearing Rowley's troops engaged he again led his men to the attack, and the foemen were routed. The Americans had about 400 men in this battle, and the enemy from 400 to 450, consisting of British, Tories and Indians. About 30 were killed on both sides, rather more than one half of whom were foes.* A large Indian who was killed in a field where he had exposed himself, was found and buried by the Americans—who placed a pile of stone on his grave.

On the morning after the Hall battle, as sometimes called because it was fought near it. The Shew brothers and William Laird were reconnoitering, and at Crosort's place they took two British soldiers, who, fatigued, had lingered there. The trio secured their guns and lodged the prisoners in jail. In the course of the day, Col. Willett, who had returned to Fort Plain, and from thence moved up to Fort Dayton, sent a messenger to Capt. Littel at the Johnstown fort, to dispatch a scout upon the trail of the enemy, to discover his intended route to Canada. The enemy lodged the first night near Bennett's Corners, four miles from the Hall, where the prisoner Jacob Van Alstine made his escape; and the second night half a mile beyond the outlet of the Garoga lakes. Capt. Littel chose to lead this scout himself, the wound of the previous day proving a slight one; and taking with him Jacob Shew and William Laird, he followed the enemy's trail to their camp fires of the second night, by which himself and men warmed. After observing the route some further, and becoming satisfied they would go *via* Buck's Island to Canada, the scout lodged in the woods near the enemy's last encampment, and returned next day to the fort. A horse stood ready saddled on his return, upon which Capt. Littel dispatched Peter Yost as an express to Fort Dayton nearly 40 miles distant, with a message to Col. Willett. The enemy, striking the most easterly of the Jersey field roads leading to Mount's clearing, followed it several miles; encamping over night on what has since been called Butler's Ridge,†

* *Dr Thacher* says, that the enemy consisted of 600 regular rangers and Indians (the number I think overrated); that their killed was unknown though supposed considerable, but their loss in prisoners was 51; that the loss of the Americans was one Lieutenant and 12 rank and file killed, and one Captain, two Lieutenants and 20 rank and file wounded.

† In the summer of 1850, the writer enjoyed the pleasure, in company with Col. Henderson, of standing upon this elevated ground.

in the town of Norway, half a mile from Black creek. On the arrival of the Johnstown express, Col. Willett, in the hope of heading his foes and compelling them to fight, led his forces up the West Canada creek, crossed it a mile above Fort Dayton, proceeded up its eastern side to Middleville, and from thence up the Moltoner brook to the Jersey field road leading to Little Falls. Striking that road northeast of the present village of Fairfield, he followed it up and encamped at night, a mile distant from the encampment of the enemy—of whose position he was advised.—*Jacob Shew and Col. D. C. Henderson.*

At early dawn Col. Willett dispatched Capt. Thornton, afterwards a Major, with two men to observe the motions of the enemy. Just as it began to grow light, the scout found themselves between the main body of the enemy and their rear guard, the whole corps already moving. Without attracting notice as he supposed, Thornton drew his men one side, sent one of them with a message to Col. Willett, and with the other, who was an artilleryman, remained to keep an eye of espionage upon the enemy. After the rear-guard had passed them, the two Americans fell behind and followed on for some distance, imagining they were not observed : but on arriving at a little beech plain on the Hurricane*—a strip of land on which a tornado had destroyed the timber—they were undeceived, a volley of balls greeting them from a dry tree top seemingly in a blaze, that lay directly in their path. The artilleryman, whose name is forgotten, sprang up half his length and sank to the earth a corpse. His coat drawn up under his belt, was found perforated in five places by a single bullet.†

Immediately after firing, the party in ambush ran off to join their fellows, and Capt. Thornton remained near his fallen com-

* Several years before the Revolution, a hurricane began in the westerly part of Oneida county, and swept off through the forest in an easterly direction, across the present towns of Camden and Trenton ; and entering Herkimer county at a place called the dug way, in Poland, it continued onward through the towns of Russia, Norway and Salisbury—extending a distance of 50 or 60 miles. Its breadth generally ranged from 60 to 100 rods, and so great was its fury, that almost every tree in its course was torn up by the roots. Its traces were visible for more than half a century ; and a portion of the ground over which the tornado burst in its fury, is called "The Hurricane" to this day.—*Col. Henderson.*

† On their return, a party of Americans buried this soldier in the following manner. Placing the body under the roots of a wind fallen tree and cutting off the trunk ; when done the roots were easily thrown back into the cavity, effectually burying the poor soldier.

panion until the Americans came up. The rear-guard of the enemy was overtaken by the American's advance, and a skirmish ensued at the Black creek; another skirmish took place near the West Canada creek, some distance above Trenton Falls, at which place—now known as Butler's Ford—Walter Butler was shot. In these skirmishes, said *John Ostrom*, several of the enemy were killed. But their flight was so rapid, that Willett continued the pursuit but a short distance beyond the creek, despairing of bringing his foes to an engagement; and scantily provisioned on the start he gave over the pursuit and returned to Fort Dayton. The enemy forded the creeks four abreast, carrying poles to prevent falling.

Soon after crossing the West Canada creek, the Americans found a little white girl five years old beneath a fallen tree, where she sat crying piteously. She had been made captive by an enemy, who finding himself encumbered with her, had left her where found. She was taken back and restored to her surviving friends.—*Col. Henderson*.

The following incident attendant on the Johnstown* battle, was told the author by *Joseph Wagner*. In the Revolution a hedge fence ran eastward from Johnson Hall, and the men under Willett were upon one side of it, and those under Ross the other. After a few shots the Americans retreated in confusion, but were rallied, returning to the field; and acting in concert with troops in the enemy's rear, gained a signal victory.

* Most of the Scotch settlers in and around Johnstown, as elsewhere shown, either went to Canada with the Johnsons at the beginning of difficulties, or if they remained, were more the friends of the British than the American government. Duncan McGregor, who resided several miles north of Johnson Hall, was an exception. At the time of Ross' invasion, several Indians and a tory entered the pioneer's house in the evening, who left it as they were approaching, unobserved by them. He gained the rear of his log dwelling, and through a cranny watched the motions of the party. He was armed with a gun and a sword, and resolved that if any injury or insult was offered his wife, to shoot the offender and flee to the woods. Mrs. McGregor detected a tory as one of the party, by observing his white skin where the paint had worn off. This white Indian enquired of her, if she could not give them something to eat. She replied that she had some johnny cake and milk. "That will do," said he, and soon they were eating. As they rose from the table, one of them espied a handsomely painted chest in one corner of the room, and asked what it contained: "It contains books," said she, "and other articles belonging to a relative in Albany." "Ah!" said the speaker, "he belongs to the rebel army I suppose?" She replied that he did; and her countenance indicated no little anxiety as he exclaimed with a menacing gesture, "be careful you do not deceive us." One of the intruders with a tomahawk instantly split the cover, and the books and sundry articles of clothing were thrown upon the floor. The clothing was added to their stock of plunder, and soon after the warriors departed.—*Alexander J. Comrie*.

When the Americans first retreated, Wagner was the last man to leave the ground. Seeing an officer genteely clad spring into the fence near, he fired and brought him down. In an instant an hundred guns were leveled at his own person, and he fled in safety amid their discharge. After the battle was over and Willett's men had encamped, Wagner, attended by several friends, visited the field to learn the fate of the handsome officer he had fired at. He found him on the ground near where he had fallen, and addressed him much as follows: My dear sir, I am the man who shot you in the afternoon, but I have a fellow feeling for you; permit me and I will take you to our camp, where you shall receive kind treatment and good care. "I would rather die on the spot," was his emphatic reply, "than leave it with a d— rebel!" The young officer, who was very good looking, with long black hair, was left to his fate.

By dawn of day the Americans were put in motion, and Wagner saw no more of the warrior named; but on the approach of several Oneidas in the morning, he observed in the hands of one, a scalp, the hair of which resembled that of his.

Capt. Andrew Finck, a native of the Mohawk valley, who possessed a spirit suited for the times, was also in the Johnstown battle. In a correspondence between Andrew Finck, his son, and H. F. Yates, in which a part of the military services of the Captain are mentioned, I find the following facts noted. During the action near the Hall, the British took from the Americans a field piece, which Col. Willett was anxious to recover. He sent Capt. Finck with a party of volunteers to reconnoitre the enemy, and if possible get the lost cannon. Three of the volunteers were Christian and Myndert Finck, brothers of the Captain, and George Stansell. While observing the movement of the enemy from the covert of a fallen tree, Stansell was shot down beside his brave leader, with a bullet through his lungs; and was born from the woods by Hanyost Finck. Strengthening his party of volunteers, Capt. Finck again entered the forest, soon after which he picked up a British knapsack containing a bottle of French brandy and a cocked hat. The cannon was soon after recaptured, and it being near night, Willett drew off his men and quartered them in the old Episcopal church in Johnstown; gaining entrance by breaking in a window.

The Death of Walter Butler.—After the enemy had passed West Canada creek, Walter Butler lingered behind, unconscious of being within reach of American rifles, and having dismounted, he was in the act of drinking water from a tin cup, as he was discovered by Daniel Olendorf, and Anthony, a Mohawk sachem, both well known in the valley. The two, who were a scout in advance of Willet's army, readily recognized the tory chieftain, and both fired upon him. He fell, and the Indian, casting off his blanket and upon it his rifle, dashed through the stream, tomahawk in hand, to him. He was lying with one elbow upon the ground, the hand supporting his aching head, and as his foe approached, he raised the other hand imploringly and cried, "Spare me—give me quarters!" Remembering the onslaught at Cherry Valley, and the part the suppliant had there acted amid the unheeded prayers of weeping mothers and orphan children, the Indian replied, "Me give you Sherry Falley quarters!"—burying, with the words, his keen-edged tomahawk in his brain. At the moment he fell, Col. Willett and several of his officers arrived upon the bank of the creek. Informed by Olendorf of Butler's proximity, he instantly forded the stream, attended by Col. And. Gray of Stone Arabia, and John Brower of the Mohawk valley, on foot: the two latter walking together to stem the current. They reached the spot just as Anthony raised his knife to perform the last act in the tragedy. Seeing his chief he asked him if he should do it, making a circular motion around the bleeding head. The red colonel asked Willett if he should be scalped, who replied, "He belongs to your party, Col. Lewis." An approving look was sufficient, and the reeking scalp-lock was torn off, in the presence of those witnesses, as the victim lay quivering in death. Such was the fall of Walter Butler.*—*Daniel and Peter Olendorf*, sons of Daniel Olendorf named in the context; and *John I. Brower*, son of John Brower, above named.

Which of the American scout shot Butler is uncertain, but Olendorf stated to his friends that he aimed at the cup, which, as the sun shone upon it, afforded him a good mark; and as

* Lodowich Moyer, who was of the pursuing party, assured the writer that he saw his remains on his return, and believed his body was not buried. Said his father: "Col. Butler offered a large sum to have his remains delivered in Canada, but it was not done."

Butler was wounded in the head, it is highly probable the ball of Olendorf's rifle brought him down. The Indian, having stripped his victim, re-crossed the creek to his companion, and hastily putting on the regimentals began to strut about and assume the airs of a British officer. "I be Brish ofser!" said he to Olendorf. "You are a fool!" replied the latter. "Me fool?" responded the Indian with warmth—"Me fool? No, me Brish ofser!" and again the bushes had to bow their submission to his assumed character. Said Olendorf again, "You are a fool! and if any of our men should see you at your back, they would mistake you for the villain who once wore those clothes and instantly shoot you down." This was a view of the case which the Indian had not taken, but the words were hardly uttered by his comrade ere he doffed them and resumed his blanket.—*The Olendorf brothers.*

The prisoners captured by Maj. Ross and party, suffered much on their way to Canada from the cold, being seventeen days journeying to the Genesee valley, during which time they were compelled to live almost wholly on a stinted allowance of horse-flesh. Some of the prisoners wintered in the Genesee valley, and were taken to Niagara the following March. Keller, one of the Correy Town prisoners, on arriving at Niagara, was sold, and one Countryman, a native of the Mohawk valley, then an officer in the British service, was his purchaser. In June he was sent to Rebel Island, near Montreal; in November, to Halifax; thence to Nova Scotia, and finally to Boston, where he was exchanged, and left to foot it home without money, as were many of the prisoners during the war. They were, however, welcomed to the table of every patriot on whom they chanced to call, and suffered little by hunger. Keller reached his family near Fort Plain, whither they had removed in his absence, Dec. 24, 1782. Van Epps, a fellow prisoner, again reached home about eighteen months after his capture, and the rest of the prisoners taken that fall, either returned when he did or at subsequent periods, as they were confined in different places.—*Keller and Van Epps.*

Said *Lodowick Moyer*, who was in the pursuit of Ross from Johnstown; ice was forming in the creeks and in crossing them the soldiers took off their pantaloons, and thought the ice would cut their legs off. They were gone four days, on two

days' rations. He said the enemy left a tory behind after crossing West Canada creek, who had been wounded at the Hall battle. Col. Willett sent him back to the creek on a horse, with some one to care for him until he died. He was buried under a fallen tree. Willett was kind as he was brave.

A Mutiny in the Connecticut Line.—There was a mutiny at the winter encampment of the Connecticut troops, in the spring of 1781; then numbering about 300 men, under Colonels Webb and Hunter. It was at a place called Budd's Huts near West Point. The mutineers resolved to go to Hartford, demand pay for past services; and if not paid to burn the capitol. The meeting was planned, when the soldiers and non-commissioned officers were on the "Grand Parade" to play ball. One of the sergeants named Baker, expecting to get a liberal reward, revealed the conspiracy to Col. Webb. When the midnight gun was fired, every man was to be ready, with his arms and provisions, to march. On learning the design, Col. Webb stationed a sentinel at each tent door, which notified the malcontents that they were betrayed. In the morning 17 sergeants were arrested and confined. One of them, a smart young man named Gaylord, from Norwalk, Ct., who was not a soldier, but was there as a substitute for his brother for a short time; and coming there about this time, was looked upon as a leading conspirator. He was importuned to turn State's evidence. "No," he replied, "I would rather lose my life than see a dozen others lose theirs."

He was tried, condemned, and hung at West Point, and was only 17 years old. He was the only one executed and the rebellion was quelled. *Capt. Eben Williams*, who witnessed his execution, said the mutineer ascended a ladder with a noose around his neck, when the ladder was turned over and he was soon in eternity. Noble fellow! It seems a pity that one so young, and so willing to die for his friends, should thus have been sacrificed. Said our Saviour: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." Baker was given a pass into the country to keep him from the revenge of his offended comrades.—*Elisha Bache*, who belonged to the Connecticut artillery and was there at the time.

Some Account of Settlements Made North of the Mohawk, in Herkimer County, Prior to the Revolution, and Scenes Enacted

There in the War.—In preparing this narrative I have depended very much upon facts obtained in August, 1850, from *Col Daniel Henderson*, of Norway, and conversations made the same season with *John Windecker*, 85, and *Lodowick Moyer*, 90 years of age, residents of Fairfield. Col. H. was a son of Edward Henderson, who was under the brave Stark, at Bennington; and who located at Norway, in April, 1792, on which spot the son ever after resided. Among the early settlers near Henderson, were Fisher and Philip Potter, brothers; Thomas Manly and Maj. David Underhill. The Potters settled first.

Peter Hasenclever and 17 others, secured by patent, February 27, 1769, 18,000 acres of land lying northwest of the German Flats. It was bounded north and east, by West Canada creek; west, by Walton's patent, and south, by Crosby's Manor and Colden's patent, and was situated mostly in Herkimer and Newport. Lodowick Moyer assured the writer, that his father, Jacob Moyer, came from Germany and went upon Hasenclever's patent, when he was a small boy. This settlement, he believed, was in the present town of Schuyler.* Among the pioneers here, Mr. Moyer could remember the names of Mike, Raymond, Hilts, Barhay and Schlong, or Snake in English. The settlement extended a mile in length, and as an inducement to emigrate, the settlers besides having the passage of their families paid—the male head of each family was to have 25 acres of land in fee. At the stockade, Mike's dwelling, a little garrison, was kept for a time, but most of the citizens having left, and the remainder much exposed, the settlement was entirely abandoned until the war closed.

Northerly three miles from the village of Herkimer, and on the West Canada creek, located several years before the war, Christian Schell, at a place subsequently called Schell's Bush; with a few hardy neighbors, of whom were David and John Moyer.

Sir William Johnson, having secured a title to the large tract of land between the Canada creeks—called Kingsland, or Royal Grant—held out liberal inducements to settle it, whereupon

* There was a settlement begun in this town called New Germantown, at quite an early period. Was not this where Hasenclever located his colony, and was it not known as Fort Mike early in the war? There was a fortified dwelling in the Herkimer county settlements, called Fort Mike in the war, on Hasenclever's patent.

Jacob Moyer sold out his interest where located, and went upon Johnson's Grant, near the now pretty village of Fairfield, northeast of Schell's Bush. Under Sir William, he was to have a *three-lives-leave* title to 105 acres. Of the first settlers in Fairfield now remembered by Moyer and Windecker, were Honicle* Roan, Watts, Jacob Moyer—he was killed in the Oriskany battle—Conrad, Jacob, Adam and Joseph Klock, Mabus Forbush, Carl (Charles) Karn, Lawrence Kreuger, Cobus (James) Mabee, William Ames, Suffrenes Casselman, John McCaffrey, Henry Tabush (Davis in English), John, Philip and William Empie, Hillebrant, Haywiser, Hiller (he was killed at Oriskany), Multaner, a mason by trade; Robhold, Ough, Sheafe (was in the Continental army), Adam and Rudolph Farrie, Henry Shafer and John Keyser. There were over 30 families altogether, covering quite an area of ground; and having been in several years were raising their own subsistence—some having framed dwellings.

For the want of a grist-mill nearer, and until one was erected at Snyder's Bush, they had to go to Little Falls, 10 miles distant, on horseback. Remembered as living at Little Falls before the war, were Adam Stauring, Henry Keller and John, Henry and Jacob Hoefer, brothers.

Some two or three miles nearly north of Little Falls, settlements were made quite as early and important as were those in Fairfield. At a place called Snyder's Bush, an enterprising German named Reme Snyder had located, as supposed, 10 years before the war, and had erected a small grist-mill, much to the convenience of his pioneer brethren; among whom Mr. Windecker remembered John Keyser, John Garter, who purchased Snyder's mill; Schmidt, who erected a potash; Adam Bellinger, George Ateel and John Eysler (he was killed at Oriskany), and his family removed to Stone Arabia. Reme Snyder's dwelling pallisaded, was called Fort Snyder.

Perhaps a mile from Snyder and nearer Little Falls, settled Honicle Aucks, Conrad and Frederick Windecker, brothers—the last was father of informant—Bartholomew Pickert, John Keller, John Hadcock, John Garter, who removed to Snyder's Bush; Joseph Newman, John Cypher, Helmer and Ritter, who

* A contraction of Hans Nichol.—John Nicholas.

was killed at Oriskany. The dwelling of Aucks was inclosed in pickets, and known as Fort Aucks, or Ox, as often spoken. This settlement was made upon Glen's patent in the present town of Manheim.

Beyond the settlements named and in the town of Salisbury, located William Williams, — Lapham, — Johnson, — Streeter, in 1777 he went to Canada ; and possibly a few others. And still farther north upon the Jerseyfield patent,* and in the western part of the new town of Ohio, might have been seen smoke curling upward from the rude dwellings of some half a dozen pioneers ; the most enterprising of whom was one Mount, from New Jersey. At the beginning of the Revolution, he had been instrumental to the opening of two roads from his clearing to the Mohawk, called the Jerseyfield roads ; one a passable wagon road running through Fairfield and Snyder's Bush to the Little Falls, and the other passing through Salisbury and by a more easterly direction, striking the river at some point in Manheim, several miles below the falls. The latter has since been denominated the old Jerseyfield road. The settlers in Mount's neighborhood some of whom were miles apart, were mostly Scotch ; one of whom, a man named Gordon, erected a saw-mill on Black creek. Gordon, with a neighbor named Skinner, went to Little Falls early in the war, but the other settlers except Mount removed to Canada. Black creek, which courses through the town of Ohio to West Canada creek, receives two mill streams in its route—Mill creek, which carries the waters of Jerseyfield lake to the former, and Mount's creek. Black creek is the most southerly, and Mount's creek the most northerly of the three. Mount began a clearing in a bend on the north side of Mount's creek, and erected a saw-mill and small grist-mill on the stream called from that circumstance, Mill creek. The irons and mill-stones are now, or were recently to be seen there. To reach his clearing from Little Falls—distant some 20 miles—it was necessary to cross the three creeks mentioned. He was raising his own grain when the war began.

* This patent was granted April 13, 1770, for 94,000 acres of land, situated mostly in Salisbury, lying northerly of the Royal Grant. It was originally divided into 95 lots. The names of 94 patentees were inserted in the document, who were residents of Schenectada and the Mohawk river settlements, with several Albany and perhaps a few New York names

The settlers north of the falls, at and around Snyder's Bush, like their Fairfield neighbors, were not only raising their own grain in 1777, but some of them had planted apple orchards, and had erected good framed dwellings. And a still greater evidence of thrift, a comfortable school house had been constructed of logs near Eysler's dwelling, and a flourishing school taught in it for several years, by a German named Sharrar, who taught only the German language. He espoused the American cause and sealed with his life his republican principles at Oriskany. Children came to this school from neighboring settlements. Among the scholars from Fairfield, were a son and daughter of Cobus (James) Mabee.

One after another of Mount's neighbors had quitted their forest homes, until for months his had been the only remaining family ; and from its retirement more exposed to violence than any other in the Herkimer settlements. Uniformly kind to the sons of the forest, Mount felt comparatively secure, and continued to prosecute his labors until some time in October, 1777, when he had occasion to go to Little Falls to mill, for some unexplained reason. He was accompanied by his wife, leaving at home three sons, their ages ranging from 10 to 15, and a little negro boy younger than they were.

With their cupidity sharpened by the influence of British gold, two Indians, formerly from the Mohawk, Cataraqua and Hess, who had received numerous favors from the Mount family, improved this opportunity to procure the sons' scalp-locks. The oldest boy was at work in a field and the two younger were threshing peas in a barn, when the Indians, attracted by the sound of their flails, appeared at the door and asked them for milk. They were honestly answered by the lads that they had none. This inability to comply with their wishes, the Indians made a pretext for anger, and instantly shot them down, "when," as the negro lad said afterwards, "they took little axes and struck them into their heads, and then took knives and skinned the top of their heads, and then ran into the woods." The boy engaged elsewhere, rightly conjecturing the import of the firing, became alarmed and fled to the nearest settlement. The reader would know why the colored boy was left unharmed : because his scalp would not command eight dollars in Canada.

It is presumed that Mount met his son, and, learning his

cause of alarm, was so anxious to learn the fate of his other children, that he left his wife with some settler and proceeded on over the rough road that evening, reaching his dwelling about midnight. Not finding his sons in bed he sought them anxiously at the barn. There they reposed, side by side, on the straw of the grain they had been threshing, in a slumber that knew no waking—while unharmed, the little negro was sleeping soundly between them.

News of the alarm reached the river settlements, and early on the following day Capt. Hoever went up with a small party of patriots and buried those innocent victims of war's rapacious maw. This was among the earliest tragedies that crimsoned the border settlements of New York; and were destined, ere peace was restored, to sunder the dearest ties and break the tender hearts of thousands of happy families. Mr. Mount immediately abandoned his frontier possessions—the fruit of years of hard toil—and with crushed hopes the surviving members of the family, taking their most valuable effects, left their forest abode and returned to New Jersey. A few weeks after they were abandoned, Mount's buildings were, by the enemy, reduced to ashes. Lodowick Moyer said that a son of Mount was in the American army. If so it must have been the one that escaped from the field when his brothers were murdered. John Terry, of Newport, assured the writer he saw peas that were burned in Mount's barn, dug from the ruins, and yet whole, in 1813, thirty six years after they were charred, which prevented their decomposition. I may here observe that Col. Henderson spared no pains to furnish the writer with a true account of the settler, Mount, and death of his boys; as also with other interesting memoranda of that neighborhood.

I have shown, in my *Trappers of New York*, that the Indian, Hess, did not die of a lingering illness in the presence of Nat. Foster; and the reader would, perhaps, know more of his part-ner in crime. About nine years after the war, a Mr. Marcle, from Stone Arabia, was engaged, with several hands, in building a store in the north part of Fairfield, when two Indian hunters, one advanced in years and the other a fine looking young fellow, visited the spot. They had been to Little Falls (had a bottle of rum) and the old one had more sail than ballast: more egotism than prudence. Among his evil deeds, he

boasted of killing the Mount boys, and flourished a knife to indicate the manner in which they had been scalped. An athletic young German present snatched up a broad-axe, and with a countenance blanched by rage, sprang forward to avenge the death of those innocent victims of savage cupidity.

On his way to the Indian, the young carpenter was caught by a by-stander, who prevented the execution of his purpose. Constant vigilance alone enabled the Indian to leave the young man's presence. Some days after this event transpired, the young Indian was seen alone, and inquired of where his companion was? "Ah!" he replied, "Cataroqua gone away; he never come back again." The young hunter was about for some time, but, as he had predicted, old Cataroqua was never again seen in the Herkimer settlements. His fate is not positively known, but tradition, among the old people, says that death came upon him suddenly, and in a fearfully tragic manner.

The Fairfield Settlement.—The Fairfield settlers, like those in other exposed localities, were divided in opinion and action, and of course came to be called whigs and tories. Of the latter class were John and Philip Empie; two sons of William Empie; Henry Davis; John McCaffrey; Suffrenes Caselman; a son of Hillebrandt; Lane Hans, Philip and two younger sons of Wm. Ames; and a few others not remembered. An incident attendant upon their arrival in Canada, which shows that avarice had its influence in shaping their political bias, should be mentioned in this connection. Davis, who returned after the war, told his old neighbors that one thing which induced himself and others to adhere to royalty, was that they were promised by the Johnson family, or their agents, they should have their choice of the rebels' farms in the Mohawk valley. While discussing claims for prospective possession of certain desirable lands to be wrested from patriotic owners; two of the Ames brothers, on arriving in Canada, fell into a dispute as to which of them should have Lieut.-Col. Peter Wagner's flats (choice lands near the river in the westerly part of the town of Palatine), and they waxed so warm that from angry words they came to blows. A severe fist-fight was the result, and the "warriors" were so badly bruised as to be laid up for a week. Those chickens never hatched. William Ames went to Scheneco-

tada early in the war, and returning at its close, he kept possession of his farm.

The Fairfield tories left their homes just before the Oriskany battle, and most of them were in it—opposed in arms to their former neighbors, of which, as elsewhere stated, were Jacob Moyer, Hiller and Ritter. Caselman afterwards boasted of having cut Ritter's throat. The throat of Moyer was also cut, as supposed, by a former neighbor. In the fall of 1777, about the time the Mount boys were killed, a lad named John Caselman was shot from a horse in Shellsbush.

Invasion of Fairfield.—About the middle of March, 1778, a party of the enemy, Indians and tories, made a sudden irruption upon and broke up the Fairfield settlement. A surprise thus unlooked for, was accomplished by journeying upon snow shoes, and just at a time when some of the settlers were endeavoring to find less exposed situations. Cobus Mabee was in the act of removing his family to the vicinity of Indian Castle. His children then were two sons and two daughters. He had, with most of his household effects, accompanied by his wife and two younger children, gone to the Mohawk valley, leaving John and Polly, his oldest children, to take care of the premises until his return, on the following day. As the invaders scattered about the settlement, Hess, who was at the murder of the Mount boys, and another Indian who was well known to the Mabee family—probably Cataroqua—visited the premises, expecting, as believed, to kill or capture Mr. Mabee.

As the two Indians came there, they saw John near the house in the act of cutting potatoes for cattle, and ran directly to him. Hess held out his left hand, with a salutation of friendship, while the right hand grasped a sharpened tomahawk. As the lad took the proffered hand, he read his fate in the significant look, so peculiar to the defiant eye of the Indian, and discovering his sister at the moment a little distance off, his voice, in German, sounded the caution—"Polly, take care of yourself, or"—the sentence remained unfinished upon his lips. She saw the gleam of the weapon that, as it cut short his warning to herself, fell heavily upon the skull of her brother, fled and effectually concealed herself under some corn-stalks. Her brother's scalp was torn off, the dwelling which afforded little plunder was soon on

fire, and the Indians were on their way to find other exposed victims.

Returning to his former residence after the enemy left it, Mr. Mabec found his unfortunate son—then 15 years of age still alive, and receiving the caresses of his sister, two years younger than himself. As stated, these children had been sent from home to school, and well had improved their time. They were devotedly attached to each other, and John was considered the most promising boy in the settlement. Placing his son upon the sled, where Polly again acted the nurse, he drove as carefully as possible to the Mohawk valley, but soon after arriving at the castle, the boy was released from his suffering.

Of the Fairfield settlers surprised and carried into captivity, were Conrad, Jacob,* Adam and Joseph Klock; Mabus Forbush, Robhold Ough, Adam and Rudolph Furrie, Henry Shafer and son Henry. Shafer had married the widow of Jacob Moyer† after his death, and at the time of his surprise, was preparing to move on the place Cobus Mabec was vacating. Indeed, his son Henry had been sent thither with a load of some kind, and was captured on his way. No females, it is believed, were either killed or captured in this settlement at this time; and the father of Forbush, who was too old to make the journey, and too bald to afford a bounty-paying scalp, was, by a freak of humanity or some other motive, left behind. On leaving Fairfield the enemy crossed over to the East Jersey-field road, and there captured John Keyser and his sons Michael and John, burned his buildings, and from his sheep and cattle they replenished their larder. Calvin Barnes, who married into the Keyser family after the war, was living on the Keyser place in 1850. The prisoners received their share of suffering on their way to Canada, and probably all came back. Some of

* They enlisted into the British service to embrace an opportunity to return home. Coming down with an invading party, they improved a favorable moment and joined their friends.

† Loadwick, son of Jacob Moyer; at the age of 15, enlisted into Capt. McKean's company of Rangers, and was for a time at Fort Mike, in Schuylcr. He next enlisted under Capt. Bigbread for two years, serving at Fort Paris and other posts. For nearly two years he was under Capt. Putman, at Fort Hunter, Fort Plain and other stations. In the latter part of the war, for an enlistment, as a bounty, for nine months, he was offered, by a Johnstown officer, 100 skipplcs of wheat, 10 lbs. of wool, and a horse. Henry Crim, a fellow soldier, married a sister of Moyer near the close of the war. He rendered his country good service in the Johnstown battle and other localities, for which he received a pension. He died in the fall of 1850.

the dwellings in the settlement, from motives of policy, were not burned until a later invasion of the enemy.

The Invasion of Snyder's Bush.—On the third of April, 1778, and about two weeks after the sacking of Fairfield, another party of the enemy, 50 strong, consisting of Indians and tories—the latter outnumbering their allies, whose dress and character they emulated, led by Capt. Crawford, a royalist, visited Snyder's Bush and its neighborhood. Among the tory visitors were Suffrenes Casselman, one Countryman and several Bowens, who had gone from the Lower Mohawk settlements. Not long before this invasion, Frederick Windecker had removed to the vicinity of Fort Plain; and James Van Slyck, who had married Gertrude, a daughter of Windecker was then living on the homestead.* As I have stated, the residence of Fr. Windecker was fortified at Mindenville. At the grist-mill, the enemy captured its proprietor, John Garter, and his son John, a lad entering his teens; and Joseph Newman and Bartholomew Pickert, who chanced to be at the mill. The destructives arrived at the Windecker place as the family were at dinner, who were excused from finishing it. The family were threshing wheat, and John House, who was related to Van-Slyck, had gone up from the north side of the Mohawk to assist him, taking with him a man named Forbush. Van Slyck was that day sick in bed, and what was unusual on similar occasions, he was suffered to remain there with his scalp on. The enemy captured at Windecker's, John House, Forbush, my informant, *John Windecker*, then in his 13th year, and Garret, a brother of James Van Slyck, about the same age as young Windecker. They also captured in and contiguous to this settlement, John Cypher, Mr. Helmer, Jacob Uher, and George Attle. The two latter, on a scout from Fort Snyder, were captured in the woods.

In the Salisbury settlement, Mr. Lapham and his sons, Joseph and Sidney, and a son of William Williams were added to the prisoners. Mr. W. Williams, after his capture—owing to his age and infirmities, was permitted to return home. A Mr. Johnson, who lived a mile or two from Williams—although a patriot, was not disturbed, as he was off from their departing

* John F. Windecker, a grandson of Frederick, resided on this place in 1866.

route, which led up the old Jerseyfield road. No citizens were killed at this time. Dwellings were plundered, but no buildings were burned except Garter's mill, which was destroyed. The dwellings of the captors were subsequently burned by the enemy. Crawford's party—as did the invaders of Fairfield—journeyed through the forest by the northerly route on snow-shoes, and imitating their example, they halted, when out of danger of pursuit, and made snow-shoes for the prisoners; as the snow was yet deep in the wilderness. For the boys, they made small shoes, but Sidney Lapham was too young to walk in them, and his father was obliged to carry him on his back a great part of the way.

As the Indians approached the Windecker dwelling, John attempted to escape by flight, but was discovered and overtaken by a Massassauga Indian, of which tribe there were three in the party. The Indian proved very kind to his captive, carrying him on his back across rapid streams and dangerous places. On their way to Canada, the party was straitened for food, eating whatever they could find. Mr. Windecker remarked, that an Indian would eat about everything except a crow, which, he said, they would hardly eat to keep from starving. The enemy passed Mount's clearing on their route at which they halted, and knowing that he had potatoes planted the summer before which had not been dug in the fall, they replenished their larder by obtaining quite a quantity, by digging through the snow. The buildings had been burned before the visit of this party. When scant for food on their journey, the Indians taught the prisoners how to bear with hunger, or as Mr. Windecker expressed it, "how to starve;" which was to fasten a belt firmly around the belly, tightening it as the chest grew empty.

The prisoners were taken directly to Buck's Island, nine miles below Lake Ontario, and some 10 days after, young Windecker was removed from thence to the hut of his Indian captor, and saw no more of his fellow captives until his return to New York. In this Indian family—where young Windecker remained for months—he was treated more kindly than by some Canadians to whose mercy he afterwards fell. Having been a prisoner for several years, to better his condition, he was induced by the liberal bounty of a pair of sleeve buttons, to

enlist to perform certain kinds of military duty at Buck's Island—and on two occasions he was on guard.

Captivity of Jacob Stauring and his Children.—The Massassauga Indian who captured young Windecker, joined another expedition in 1778, only a few days after the latter was initiated into his family, where he had to adopt the Indian custom, its destination being to the Herkimer settlements. I do not know the strength of this party or the scenes it enacted, except in the capture of a family of Staurings on the farm for many years known as Judge Jacob Marole's place, in Snell's Bush. Some time in the month of May, Jacob Stauring, with his sons Jacob and George, and daughter Lana (Magdalena), were engaged in planting corn, when they were surprised by the enemy and taken to Canada. We suppose the house to have been pillaged, but what else the party accomplished I am not informed. One of the captors was the Massassauga previously mentioned, who claimed for his undivisible interest in the captives, the person of Miss Lana, a beautiful girl of charming proportions, then about 16 years of age.

In due time, the party reached Canada, and Stauring and his sons were surrendered for the accustomed reward to the authorities on Buck's Island. Not so with the bewitching Lana. She was taken to the home of her captor, where she was required to don Indian attire and become his wife. My informant, Windecker, was still in the family. Whether the unwonted charms of the maiden had disturbed the warrior's mind, or whether by his kind treatment while threading the forest he had won upon her esteem, so that affection had anything to do with the match we cannot say. But certain it is, she neither pined away or committed suicide. After she had been a month or more domesticated in her novel relationship, her detention among the Indians became known, and she was required at Montreal; and to remove her more effectually from the Indians, she was taken off among Canadians, where she soon after married, as her friends in captivity learned, and ever after remained in Canada. Her father and brothers lived to return to the Mohawk valley.

Many are the offences for which *John Smith* is indictable; among them is that of one John Smith for inducing certain prisoners at Montreal to enlist into the British service. Several of them enlisted, as is believed, to enhance their prospect

for their escape. Of this number was John Garter, the Snyders Bush miller; Suffrenes Dygert, and one Hapley, of the Herkimer settlements; the two latter from the south side of the river near Little Falls. In attempting a midnight escape, the fugitives were discovered by the water-guard not far from the fort, brought back and flogged as deserters. Garter, whose punishment was the most severe, received *a thousand stripes save one*. He was literally flayed, but survived to be transported for life, never again to see his family.

In the summer of 1782, at which time hostilities had nearly ceased, a party of American prisoners at Rebel Island resolved clandestinely to leave Canada. Their names were John Lour, Andrew Fine, an elderly man named Evertson, Dennis McGraw, one Poonsock, and a German whose name is now forgotten. Initiated into their secret intent, Windecker determined to join them. With what preparations they could make by husbanding rations, etc., they crossed the river in the night in a canoe and trusted to fortune. Mc Graw was the only one who could secure a gun and a few charges of ammunition. With this he shot two young bears, which, with a few fish caught at different times, kept their larder from barrenness. At Kingston—Caturouqua there was an old French fort there—the party got canoes, in which, after six days' ride, they floated to some point on Salmon creek, from whence they footed it home, arriving in the Mohawk valley, after a journey of 14 days. Windecker had been gone about four years and three months.

Abram Wohleber Loses a Double Scalp or two Crowns.—

Among the many sufferers in the German settlements of Herkimer county, was Abram Wohleber. While engaged in some duty, May 28, 1781, a mile or two south of Fort Herkimer, he was knocked down and scalped by the enemy. A day or two after he was discovered by friends, faint from the loss of blood and want of food, vainly endeavoring to mount a horse; upon which he had contrived to place a bark halter. His face was bloody and disfigured, on which account he was at first taken for an Indian, and came near being dispatched by his friends. Under proper treatment he recovered and lived several years after the war. John, a brother of his, was killed in the Oriskany battle. Another brother, named Peter, was wounded in one arm and made a prisoner by the French and Indians, at the

Invasion of German Flats, in November, 1757. Dr. Petrie's account, which enables me to fix the date of this event, says that "two scalps," meaning two crowns, were taken from Wohleber's head at one time. This was occasionally done on a head that had two crowns. Of this kind was the head of Col. Fr. Visscher, yielding two scalps for a double bounty. As appears by Petrie's account, Nathan Shoemaker was wounded by a ball in the breast on the same day. Wohleber was under the surgeon's care for a whole year.—From *David Wohleber*, a grandson of Peter, corroborated.

A Thrilling Incident.—At some period of the war, believed in the invasion of 1781, a squad of American prisoners confined in a Canadian prison, having several guns and a few charges of ammunition, made their escape and threaded their way through the wilderness of northern New York, toward its frontier settlements. They were not successfully pursued, and for a few days, while their ammunition lasted, they supplied their larder with small game, and progressed rapidly; but out of food they began to weary, and one after another had fallen in the rear—possibly to perish—when, by an unlooked for event, the remainder of the party, some five or six, were relieved in the following remarkable manner: Faint and nearly famished, they had halted in a ravine to rest, on one side of which towered a bold bluff: 100 feet high. Suddenly the attention of the wanderers was arrested by a rustling noise, and upon a shelf of the mountain they saw a large bear enter a hole, and come out with something in its mouth, which, at a little distance, it began to devour. In the next moment a panther was seen to enter the opening, and from it went screaming in the direction the bear had taken, and which was devouring one of its kittens.

The trunk of a large tree on the crag projected over the precipice, and, to escape its foe, the bear sprang up the tree, but had not reached a limb of any size when the panther alighted upon its back. The bear dropped the kitten to defend itself, and then a terrible fight ensued. While that was progressing, the unarmed men provided themselves with clubs from the old timber about them, and stood ready, if the animals fell below, to dispatch them. Long and fearful was the bloody struggle, in which both animals were torn and bleeding, but at length the hold of the bear relaxed and the exhausted animals fell heavily

upon the rocks below, where they were easily dispatched by the anxious fugitives. A fire was quickly kindled and a portion of the bear was soon cooking for the starving party; which, thus providentially fed, resumed its journey and arrived safely at a frontier settlement.

I learned this interesting story of an old gentleman at Northville, N. Y., in 1851; an uncle of whom was one of the prisoners thus miraculously fed. The old soldier was from Massachusetts, and after the war settled near Fort Edward, but who, for a number of years before his death, resided with my informant. I regret a minute of this affair has been mislaid, as it contained the names of both uncle and nephew. I think, however, the former was Belknap.

The Capture of Cornwallis and his Army.—In May, 1781, at a council of the French and American officers, held at Wethersfield, Conn., a project was formed to attempt the recovery of New York city, but circumstances caused a change in the programme, and the destination of the American and French armies was so judiciously concealed from Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander at New York, that Washington was treading a southern soil, when that officer was anticipating an attack on his own quarters, wholly unaware of the changing drama. The siege of Yorktown, which was strongly fortified, began about the 1st of October, and on the 19th, Cornwallis and his army were prisoners of war to the allied army, with a park of 160 pieces of artillery, mostly brass. The surrender embraced 6,500 effective land troops, 2,000 men in the naval service and over 3,000 Tories and negroes. The naval force was assigned to the Count de Grasse, and the land forces and other prisoners to Gen. Washington.

The loss of a second entire army carried consternation to Great Britain, and told her people "in lines that he who ran might read," that her 13 United Colonies were forever loosed from her apron-strings; while, as the tidings rang through the land from State to State, a shout of joy went up that swelled every patriotic heart with gratitude. Joyous festivals and public thanksgivings were the order of the day.

The Surrender of Cornwallis, How first Known at Philadelphia.—Col. Tench Tilghman, an aid of Washington, was dispatched to Congress with the joyful intelligence that Cornwallis

and his army were prisoners of war; as that body was then sitting in the "city of brotherly love." He arrived about three o'clock, A. M., and soon after the important event was publicly heralded in the following unique manner. A German watchman shouted—"Tis basht dre on der glock, und Cornwallis ish daken!" The glad tidings were caught up by another guardian of city slumber, and their cry fell upon a patriot's ear here and there, who dashed up their windows, and, assured that the agreeable news was brought by a messenger from the allied army; a shout rang out upon the night air, such as seldom ever greeted the drowsy ears of Philadelphians. In the morning the following street dialogue took place in the same city between two sable friends: "Look a here Sambo, you hear de news las night?"

"No, Pete, what is um?"

"Cobwalley ish daken!"

"Yah, yah, yah, I pose you mean Cornwalley—not darkey?"

"No Sambo, saucy niggar, I mean so I say. He be Cornwalley once, but Gen. Washington he shell de corn all off, and now him poor Cobwalley. Yah, yah, yah!" Exit.—*Capt. Eben Williams.*

Incidents Attending the Siege and Surrender of Yorktown.—The firing on the British works did not commence until the Americans had completed a line of redoubts and bomb-batteries so as to enfilade the enemy's fortifications at Little Yorktown, and play on the greater part of them at once. The allied army had raised a liberty pole with a flag upon it. When word ran round the camp that all was ready, the cannoneers stood at their guns—many of large calibre—with linstocks on fire, and at a given signal from Washington, a hand grenade was sent up by a skyrocket near the liberty pole, and on its explosion in the air, the cannon were discharged. Dr. Thacher, in his *Military Journal*, says Gen. Washington applied the first match. The simultaneous discharge of such an array of ordnance, was perhaps never heard before; and nothing in the night could exceed the sublimity of the concussion. In the language of my informant who was present: "It seemed as though the world was at an end—or that the heavens and the earth were coming together."—*Nicholas Hill, in 1846.*

Two British Redoubts, how Stormed.—During the siege of

that place by the American and French armies, two strong redoubts of the enemy were carried ; the one on the bank of the river by American light infantry under Gen. Lafayette, and the other by French grenadiers under the Baron de Viomenil. To divide the attention of the enemy while the redoubts were being stormed, Col. Laurens, who had recently returned from a foreign embassy, was required, as his first military duty, to select two trusty Captains, each with 40 chosen men from Scammel's corps of infantry (10 from a company), and march in between the redoubts. Captain Williams, of the Massachusetts line, and Betts, of the Connecticut, were the two officers chosen for this honorable task. A heavy fire was opened from both redoubts and the army in front upon the troops under Laurens; but it was illy directed, and soon silenced after an entrance was forced by the *forlorn hope* ; and what is surprising, not one of Laurens' command was either killed or wounded. Opposition had nearly ceased when Laurens and his men entered the redoubt carried by the American infantry. Charles Miller, an Irish Lieutenant, and the bringer up of the fourth platoon under Williams, was a very large man, and could not enter the passage forced. Said he to his comrades : " My lads, take me on your bayonets and toss me in !" Said Betts to Williams, as Britain's flag gave place to the stripes of liberty: " This is the 13th engagement I have been in during the war, and this is the best of them all." Those redoubts were carried on the 14th of October.—*Capt. Williams.*

A Lucky Mistake and fate of a brave man.—At some period of the siege a bomb-battery of the enemy, situated not far from York river, was carried by a party of Americans in the night, who entered as their foes left it. A detachment of American troops arriving after its capture, supposing it still occupied by the British, discharged their pieces in at the entrance, but most fortunately no one was injured within, and a pleasing recognition took place immediately after. The next day the enemy opened upon the lost battery, a heavy cannonade from one of their inner works. A board projected from an exposed part of it, which was a source of inconvenience to its new occupants, and an axe was procured with which to cut it off. A temporary silence prevailed, when Christopher Van Voast, a native of Schenectada, snatched up the axe, and exclaiming " You're

all a pack of d—d cowards!" sprang up, as a volunteer, to do it. He raised the axe, but ere it had descended to the board a cannon shot passed through his body, cutting it nearly in two. About the same time an American soldier named Smith, was observed to fall near the battery, and on going to him his fellows found he was dead. There was no external mark of injury about him, but on examining his head, the skull was found broken in as was determined by a surgeon, from atmospheric concussion, caused by the passage of a cannon shot near it. Mr. Hill, said he did not believe the skull was thus fractured, but supposed the injury to have proceeded from the sudden fall upon the ground.—*Nicholas Hill.*

For the want of forage at Yorktown, the enemy killed off their horses during the siege, 600 or 700 hundred of which says Dr. Thacher, were seen floating down the river. When the Americans entered Yorktown, they saw quite a number of those noble animals lying dead with their throats cut—as Paddy would say—to save their lives.

Surrender of the British colors at Yorktown.—In 1845, I published briefly the facts concerning the surrender of those British standards, as I was so fortunate a few years before as to meet with James Williamson, an orderly sergeant of New York troops, who was there and who, as he assured me, received one-half of those standards, furled and laid them down. Soon after, meeting Capt. Eben Williams, of the Massachusetts troops, who was there on the occasion, I enquired of him how it came that orderly sergeants received the British colors at Yorktown. Said he, it was the custom at that period on the surrender of an army, for subaltern officers, a lieutenant or an ensign—usually the latter—to bear the standards and deliver them to officers of the same grade; and formerly, a flag was called an ensign, probably because carried by that officer. Supposing this would be done here, two ensigns who had distinguished themselves there, were designated for this duty, one of whom was named Wilson, the other name is forgotten. It was expected the enemy would advance in column between files of the victors as they did—flags being borne upon each side of their column—hence the reason for selecting two officers to receive them.

Said Capt Williams, when the vanquished troops were getting

in line and nearly ready to start on their disagreeable errand, it was discovered that their colors were in the hands of orderly sergeants instead of subalterns, a fact quickly communicated to the American officers of the day; who supposed the intention was, by surrendering the standards through non-commissioned officers to our ensigns, to cast obloquy upon our troops; and quickly they cast about and found two orderly sergeants to receive the standards, who had distinguished themselves since the siege began, viz: James Williamson, and Sergeant Brush, of a Connecticut regiment, both of whom had been wounded during the siege. Williamson assured the writer, that when the first flag approached him, he stepped forward and commanded the bearer to halt, adding, "Sir, I will receive your standard." The British orderly halted, hesitated a moment as if disappointed, and then gracefully handed over the humbled ensignia and passed on. Said the old patriot: "When the troops had all passed, I had quite a pile of standards," but he claimed to have received only the half of those surrendered.

The above statement I had corroborated by other soldiers who witnessed that interesting ceremony; and one thing is certain, that either my friend Lossing, in his *Pictorial Field Book*, is wide of the mark or I must be, when he said 28 British Captains bore the colors and delivered them to Ensign Wilson, who in turn handed them to 28 American sergeants. Lossing has depicted this scene as he describes it in a beautiful engraving; but I fail to recognize a feature in it as the scene was described to me by those present. I had supposed that more than the number mentioned by Lossing, changed ownership on that occasion. True, Dr. Thacher speaks of their surrendering 18 German and 10 British *regimental* standards; but were there no company flags in all that host of troops? and were not all the standards of the army surrendered at the same point, and to the same persons; or, have I been misinformed? What became of the naval flags? Were they delivered to the French naval officers? The loss of the allied army, in men, during the siege, was 277 in killed and wounded, and that of the enemy was 549. The honor of bearing the standards to Congress, was entrusted to Col. David Humphreys, an officer who stood high in the estimation of Washington.

Again, other errors have crept into history respecting the

surrender at Yorktown. A beautiful picture intended to represent the surrender of the British army at Yorktown—imaginary of course as all of this kind of pictures are—is made the frontispiece of *Howe's Historical Collections of Virginia*, published in 1849, and represents the British officers heading the column as advancing on foot. I was particular to ask Capt. Williams, whether the enemy all advanced on foot. No, was the reply, all officers entitled to ride were mounted; and I don't believe, said the captain, that any officer of either army who had a horse was on foot on that day; and Dr. Thacher remarked on the occasion: "Being on horseback, I anticipate a full share of satisfaction in viewing the movements in the interesting scene." Mr. Lossing says, Gen. O'Hara, who surrendered the army for Cornwallis, surrendered the sword of the latter. This is the first intimation I have seen that O'Hara wore two swords on that day. If the army was to be delivered over by proxy, what necessity for any sword but his own.

Reception of the Sword.—It has often been asked why Lord Cornwallis* did not make the surrender of his army in person. In May 1780, Gen. Lincoln, at Charlestown, had been compelled to make a surrender to Cornwallis, and knowing that he was with the allied army and his equal in rank, he rightly divined that he would be obliged to receive in turn from the same man, the measure he had meted—hence instead of facing the circumstances he pretended sickness, so all early writers say and so said men who were present, and deputed Gen. O'Hara, the only officer of equal rank in his army, to perform the disagreeable duty which he did with marked ability. Col. Abercrombie, also well mounted, led the left wing of the vanquished army. I have seen a cut representing the sword delivery, in which Lincoln and O'Hara were shown as having dismounted for the

* As Sir Henry Clinton was in chief command before Charleston, some deny that Lincoln surrendered his sword to Cornwallis. As Clinton did not consider Lincoln his equal in rank, it would seem no more surprising that he should depute Cornwallis, the equal of Lincoln to receive his surrender; than that Washington, who was above O'Hara in position, should have delegated Lincoln—O'Hara's equal, to receive his surrender. The officers of the Revolution would naturally have known the truth in the matter, and Capt. Williams, who was an intelligent, observing and conscientious man, said, Lincoln made his surrender to Cornwallis. I have no motive to falsify history; but would fain render to all Cæsars their just deserts. It was a current expression among Revolutionary men that Lincoln was delegated to receive the humiliation of Cornwallis, as the latter had been that of the former.

ceremony ; but this could not have been so. Said Capt. Williams who was standing near them, Gen. O'Hara was elegantly mounted, and as he approached Gen. Washington, the latter politely motioned him toward Gen. Lincoln, quite a large man and rather ungainly in appearance ; but, said my informant, he received, reversed and returned the proffered weapon to O'Hara, with a dignity and grace of gesture he could not forget, for he had never seen it equaled.—*Capt. Williams.*

It seems most fortunate for the American cause, that Sir Henry Clinton was the British Commander-in-chief, with his headquarters at New York, instead of Cornwallis ; as the shrewdness and energy of the latter would, probably, have detected the ruse of the Americans, and been upon their trail in time to have rescued the besieged British garrison at Yorktown. The truth is, just then, for the cause of civil liberty, the right man was in the right place in command at New York ; as was also the case in 1777, when Burgoyne was expecting his needed co-operation. Had Cornwallis been the British Commander-in-chief, the Americans stationed along the Hudson, would probably have made a more active record ; for as Gen. Fraser was the soul of Burgoyne's command, so was Cornwallis in that of Sir Henry Clinton. The latter was an excellent officer where little fighting was to be done, the former when hard blows were to be struck requiring zeal and pluck. Cornwallis was a general favorite with the officers and men under his immediate command ; as was the case with Gen. McClellan with those under him in the late American Rebellion. He, more than any other American officer in the army, possessed the magnet that attached his command more firmly to his person, than were troops in the same time wedded to any other northern General, in that unholy war.

Here are several incidents attendant on the march of the American army to and from Yorktown.

Whipping in the Army.—At Baltimore, one Gregg, who belonged to Col. Cortlandt's regiment of New York troops, was flogged eight hundred lashes. Several complaints having been rendered to the colonel that the soldiers were stealing from each other ; in order to stop the habit effectually, he gave orders that the first one guilty of theft should receive fifty lashes for the value of every shilling stolen. A missing shirt

was found shortly after in Gregg's knapsack, which two of his fellow soldiers adjudged to be worth two dollars. Poor Gregg was literally flayed. He lingered a long time between life and death, but finally recovered. It turned out in the end that a rascally soldier had stolen the garment, and placed it in Gregg's knapsack on purpose to see him flogged.—*James Williamson*, corroborated by *Samuel Pettit*.

Another Falsely Accused.—Cady Larey, an Irishman, one day stole a turkey, and put it in the knapsack of a fellow soldier named Berrian, also of Irish descent, expecting, no doubt, to feast on it. It was discovered, and Col. Cortlandt, sentenced Berrian to receive a severe whipping for the theft. His back was bared; and as the lash was about to descend upon it, Larey, conscience-stricken, advanced into the ring and confessed the crime—declaring that if anyone deserved a flogging it was himself. The act of confession was so manly, that Col. C. forgave them both.—*Williamson*, corroborated by *N. Stoner*.

Trustworthy.—All classes could safely be trusted with secrets in the Revolution. A cheese having one day disappeared in an unaccountable manner in a New England regiment, great search was made for it, but in vain. Among others examined was a faithful negro waiter to one of the officers, who was interrogated, and replied much as follows: "Jack, have you seen anyone steal a cheese?" "No, massa; me no see anyone steal chee." "Have you seen a cheese in the hands of anyone?" "No, massa." "Well, Jack, have you seen any cheese?" "Why, ye-ye-yes massa, me see a chee go by, but nobody wid em."—*Capt. Eben Williams*.

A Soldier Drowned.—At Baltimore the regiment of Col. Cortlandt embarked in a vessel, and after the troops were all on board, the Colonel gave strict orders that no one should go on shore without his permission. The night following, Larey and Berrian, the two soldiers mentioned in another anecdote, yielded to a temptation to violate their officer's commands, which the love of liquor prompted, swam ashore. While returning to the ship, Larey was drowned, but his equally boozey companion was discovered floundering in the water, taken on board, and instantly cited befort his commander. He confessed his guilt, and at the mention of his companions name began to cry. "Why do you cry?" demanded the Colonel. "Because

poor Larey was drowned," he replied, "for about his neck was tied a canteen—eh! of as good brandy as ever a man tasted—eh." The Colonel finally forgave Berrian because of his penitence and great sorrow for the loss of his companion and the precious jewel about his neck—but admonished him and his fellow soldiers never to be guilty of another act of disobedience, if they would not share the fate of poor Larey, who could never drink his own brandy.—*Williamson*, corroborated by *Stoner*.

Stealing and Concealing a Watch.—On the return march of Col. Certlandt's regiment from Yorktown, a gentleman near whose house it had encamped, complained in the evening to Col. C., that his watch had been stolen by a soldier. Secrecy was enjoined until the troops were paraded to march in the morning, when a rigid search was made of the person and knapsack of every soldier in the regiment, but the search was in vain, and the army moved forward. Some days after, the watch was discovered on the person of a soldier, who was publicly whipped for its theft. Exhibiting it exultantly afterwards, he exclaimed: "Who would not take a flogging for such a watch as this?"

When asked how he had managed to conceal the watch, the rogue said he was about to bake a bread cake as he obtained it, and putting it within the dough, baked it in. The bread was in his knapsack when searched, but no one thought of breaking the loaf to find a concealed treasure.—*Williamson* and *Stoner*.

A National Celebration.—The centennial anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis' army—the crowning event of the war—was celebrated at Yorktown, Va., October 19, 1881, when the corner stone of a magnificent monument in design to rise 95 feet from the ground, to commemorate this important event, was laid with becoming ceremonies, in the presence of a great multitude of people. Distinguished guests were there from France, England and Germany. President Chester A. Arthur, and Secretary of State James G. Blaine, were conspicuous in the affair, the former delivering a brief address, and issuing an order through Secretary Blaine, for the American troops present to salute the British flag. In the procession were the Governors of 10 States and numerous distinguished guests and men of mark, prominent among whom were Gen. Hancock of the army, and Rear-Admiral Weyman, of the navy. Ex-Senator

Withers was grand marshal of the procession. Rev. Robert Nelson, invoked a blessing, and Gov. Holliday delivered an Oration. Senator Johnson, of Virginia, also gave an address, recognizing the old obligation of the country to France in the hour of need. The Free Masons in large numbers performed the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the monument. A hymn written by Charles Poindexter was sung, as also was the centennial ode written by Paul H. Hayne, the latter by 300 voices. The Oration of the day was then given by Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, after which James B. Hope, of Virginia, read a poem, and music by the band closed the exercises. In the evening there was a grand display of fire works on York river, and a ball at Lafayette Hall. This national celebration of 50 millions of freemen, will have a tendency to obliterate national asperities and strengthen the bond of fraternal union.

Cobelskill Invaded.—About the 1st of September, 1781, a party of twenty or thirty of the enemy, mostly Indians, by whom led I have not been able to learn, entered the lower part of the Cobelskill settlement, which took in that part of the town now known as Cobelskill village, or the churches. The enemy, on entering the settlement, surprised and killed George Fremire, and captured his brother, John Fremire, with George Fester, Abraham Bouck, a boy, John, Nicholas, Peter and William Ottman, brothers. After plundering and burning the dwellings and out-buildings which had escaped the enemy's visitation four years previous, they passed in the afternoon near the fort, then feebly garrisoned. As there was but little ammunition in the fort, few shots were fired upon the enemy, who did not incline to attack it. The dwelling of Jacob Shafer was picketed in, and a little distance outside the inclosure stood two large barns owned by him. Two Indians, with fire-brands, approached these barns, whereupon Shafer, declaring "My property is as dear as my life!" with gun in hand, left the fort, followed by Christopher King, a young man of spirit. As they advanced towards the barn-burners they gave a savage war whoop, drew up their guns, and fired; and the Indians, abandoning their design, showed their heels in rapid flight. That night the enemy stayed at the house of one Borst, which they burned in the morning, and soon after

again passed near the fort, upon which several of them then fired, without, however, doing any injury. The enemy then disappeared, probably pursuing the usual southwestern route to Niagara. The treatment those prisoners received has not come to the knowledge of the writer, but it was undoubtedly of that character usually experienced by captives among the Indians—suffering from exposure, possibly torture, hunger, and the gantlet.—*Capt. George Warner* (this old hero died April 4, 1844, aged 86½ years), and *Mrs. Elizabeth*, wife of Tunis Vrooman, before named, who was in the Cobelskill fort when invaded.

A National Outlook.—The events of the year 1781, are among the most important during the war, and gave the seal to American independence. In the early part of the year, the southern States became the theatre of war, and Gen. Greene, who had succeeded Gates after his southern disasters, aided by Morgan, Lee, Marion, Sumpter and other brave officers, fought many battles with skill and alternate success to the American arms. On the 19th of January, Generals Greene and Morgan met and defeated, with an inferior numerical force, mostly militia, Col. Tarleton with the flower of the British army. Not long after, Lee and Pickens—the latter a militia officer—fell in, by accident, near the branches of the Haw river, with a body of royalists on their way to join Col. Tarleton, and killed upwards of 200 of their number. On the 15th of March, Gen. Greene met Lord Cornwallis near Guilford Court House, and although victory several times perched upon the *spangled banner*, the Americans were finally compelled to retreat—with a loss, however, less than that of the victors. On the 25th of April, the battle of Camden was fought, between the armies under Gen. Greene and Lord Rawdon, when fortune again showed herself a fickle goddess—siding, in the latter part of the action, with the foes of freedom. The killed and wounded on each side was between 200 and 300. The vigilance of the prudent though daring Greene, and the spirit with which the British were everywhere met at the south by the yeomanry of the land, caused them, by the early part of June, to abandon nearly all of their line of military posts in the Carolinas, and concentrate their forces. Probably in no other section of the union were the friends of liberty and royalty more equally di-

vided ; or was a spirit of bitter acrimony and rancorous hostility more vividly manifested during the war, than in the Carolinas in the summer of 1781. Indeed, many of their most valuable citizens were sacrificed in a spirit of partisan strife or retaliation. The last important engagement in South Carolina, took place on the eighth of September, at Eutaw Springs, between the troops under Gen. Greene and Lieut.-Col. Stewart. This was one of the most bloody battles during the war for the numbers engaged, and was fairly won by the Americans ; but in their retreat, a body of the British entering a large brick house, kept their pursuers in check until the officers could rally the fugitives ; who returned to the charge, and in turn compelled the Americans to retreat ; which was done in good order, and the wounded borne from the field. The armies were each 2,000 strong when the action began. The Americans lost in killed and wounded 500 men, and the enemy about 700.

Early in the season the traitor, Arnold, was sent with an army into Virginia. In this expedition, he destroyed, by conflagration and otherwise, much property, public and private, at Richmond, Westham, Smithfield, and some other places. While the traitor was thus serving his new master, Washington concerted a plan for his capture—but the French fleet not co-operating with Gen. Lafayette, to whom was entrusted the enterprise, it proved abortive. Arnold was soon after superseded by Gen. Phillips, who sailed up James river, destroying much property at Boswell's Ferry, City Point, Petersburg and Manchester.

New London, Ct., Pillaged and Burned.—The traitor, Arnold, found his situation at the south growing unpleasant, and fearing he might fall into the hands of his enraged countrymen, he was permitted to return to New York. Chagrined at the turn affairs were taking at the south, when Washington's army was marching thither ; Sir Henry Clinton sent Arnold to destroy New London, in his native county—for he was born at Norwich, 14 miles above New London, on the river Thames. The town is situated on the west side of the river ; and its then defenses were Fort Trumbull near it, and Fort Griswold, on an eminence on the opposite side of the river. The former fort being untenable, it was abandoned as was the town—its soldiers joining those at Fort Griswold, increasing its defenders to 160

men. The visit of Arnold was on the 6th of September, 1781. Lieut.-Col. William Ledyard, a brave and generous officer was in command of Fort Griswold, and in order more effectually to destroy the town, Arnold thought it necessary to capture that fort.

For this object, a large body of men under Leut.-Col. Eyre were dispatched; but they were repelled with spirit by its inmates, mostly militia, from its vicinity. The Americans were too few to resist so large a force, and the works were finally carried; but not until, according to Arnold's official account, 48 of the assailants were slain, and 145 wounded, many mortally.* Numbers were killed with cold shot thrown from the ramparts. The Americans lost but a few men until after the works were carried and they had grounded their arms, when about seventy of their number were brutally massacred, and nearly all the rest wounded; several are said to have escaped injury by hugging British soldiers, so as to endanger the lives of the latter if those of the former were attempted. One man, who fled from the fort as the enemy entered, was shot at with some others also escaping, and falling uninjured, he remained in the grass feigning himself dead, until the enemy withdrew, when he joined his friends. As Maj. Montgomery entered the fort, (Col. Eyre, his superior, being wounded) he asked who commanded it. The noble Ledyard responded very civilly, "I once had that honor, the command is now yours:" presenting at the same time the hilt of his sword. The brutal major seized it, and with the spirit of a demon, passed it through the vitals of the unarmed giver.† An American officer standing near him at the time, revenged the act by cutting down Montgomery, but was in turn slaughtered. The command of the

* At the Groton Centennial of this affair in September, 1881, it is stated that the American loss was 85 killed and 60 wounded. Holmes in his *Annals* says that about 40 Americans were taken along as prisoners—most of them were wounded.

† In a room of antiquarian relics in Hartford, in 1875, I saw Ledyard's vest. It was originally of a white or light colored fabric resembling Russia duck, and cut very long. The sword entering at the breast passed entirely through the body, leaving a blood stained hole in the back as in the front of the garment.

At Allyn's Point, on the Thames, between Norwich and New London, is a monument bearing this inscription: "In memory of Capt. Simeon Allyn, who died September 6, 1781, in Fort Griswold, with his Lieut., ensign and 18 soldiers, by traitor Arnold's murdering corps, in ye 37th year of his age."

enemy then devolved on Maj. Bloomfield.* The dastardly example of the officers was followed by an indiscriminate slaughter of the unresisting soldiery. We talk of the savage massacres of Cherry Valley and Wyoming—here was a more than *savage* massacre, for it was committed by a people claiming to be *civilized*. In vindication of the British character, it has been stated that the Americans continued the fight after they had struck their colors. This however is not true; the flag-staff upon the walls was more than once shot off by the enemy, but the flag was waving above them when they carried the fortress. A regiment of militia under Col. Gallup, who witnessed the whole transaction at a distance of one mile from the fort, would not march to its rescue. Had he led his men into the fort, as a sense of duty should have prompted, the British could not have taken it. Ledyard sent a messenger to Gallup to march into the fort to his assistance when the enemy were landing, but the latter pretended not to have received the message. Gallup was tried by court martial for his want of bravery on the occasion, and broken of his office.

The enemy while in possession of the fort, loaded an ox-cart which chanced to be near, with wounded Americans, and started it down the declivity with the intention of running it into the river, but it struck a large apple-tree after gaining considerable velocity, and thwarted their merciless intention. The shock when it struck was tremendous, and several of the bleeding soldiers were killed outright. Zeke Woodworth, a cousin of the writers father, who was in it at the time with a broken thigh, and was nearly killed by the shock, afterwards stated no one could conceive the acuteness of his suffering when the cart struck the tree. The enemy after burying their own dead, spiking or destroying the cannon, and laying a train of powder to the magazine, left the fort. The explosion was however prevented, as has been stated by some previous writer, by a wounded soldier who crawled upon the train, and saturated it

* Barber, in his *Hist. Col. of Connecticut*, states that Maj. Montgomery was killed while entering the fort, and that Capt. Bloomfield was the officer who killed Col. Ledyard. But I have ever understood that an American avenged the death of his Colonel; and as Bloomfield survived, I think I have given the true version of this nefarious act. It is not improbable Montgomery was killed in the manner stated by Barber; by a spear in the hands of Jordan Freeman, a colored man. Some late writer has stated, though on what authority, is not named, that Col. Ledyard was assassinated by a refugee Col. named Beckwith, from New Jersey.

with his own life-blood so that it did not communicate with the magazine. The British burnt New London, destroyed some shipping in the harbor, and embarked for New York. Soon after they left the fort, the Americans in the neighborhood entered it. The former had buried their dead but slightly, with their clothes on. The Americans, who found it difficult to obtain clothing, dug up their dead foes; divested them of their apparel; dug deeper graves, and again buried them; interring also their fallen countrymen. Facts from *Ephraim F. Simms*, of Otsego county, who obtained them at the request of the author, from Capt. Peckham Maine, a former resident of that county. The latter, then a lad, entered Fort Griswold soon after the enemy left it, and aided in stripping and burying the dead.

A Tory Exploit at Johnstown.—When the Revolution began, there dwelt in the little settlement of Philadelphia Bush, east of Johnstown, a German named John Cough, a tory in principle. He was not a relative, I am assured, of George Cough, a whig living in the neighborhood. John Cough had a son, a namesake grown up, who adopted his father's political creed, and when difficulties began he went to Canada with the Johnsons. Not unfrequently in the war the young tories from the Johnstown settlements returned to them clandestinely. Remaining concealed by their tory friends in the day-time—which the non-intercourse observed between families of different politics favored—executing the objects of their mission nights; they were often about for days and sometimes weeks, and then returned to Canada without their whig neighbors being any wiser for their visits. They did not always get off so well, however, as the following incident will show.

In October, 1781, says my informant, *George Cough, Jr.*, of Philadelphia Bush, John Cough, Jr., Jacob Ross, a step-son of John Cough; John and William Parker, brothers, of Philadelphia Bush, and Nicholas Shafer, of Johnson's Bush—west of Johnson Hall—visited the settlement and were about for a few days, in which time as Shafer told the father of my informant, when a prisoner in Canada, they were secreted on John Cough's premises, as the prisoner approached near them to cut a hoe-handle. He looked over a fence at a piece of his own grain, got the article sought, and returned home without discovering

his foes—which recognition, Shafer assured him, would have cost him his life.

Desirous of doing some feat of which to boast in Canada, when these young men were about to return thither, they approached near the Johnstown fort and fired on a sentry. Their bullets whistled harmlessly through the night air, but the watchman with a steadier hand returned their salute, wounding Cough in his knee. This was unlooked for, and the party found they had “paid dearly for their *bullets*’ whistle;” but they lost no time, as the roll of the drum would soon turn out the garrison; and snatching up their wounded comrade, they carried him as best they could to his father’s dwelling—more than six miles distant, and situated in a by place a little off from the main road to Summer House Point. One of them then went to Dr. Barnhart, a German doctor in Albany Bush, and requested him to go slyly and see the sufferer. “No,” said he, “I’ll not do it; I shall lose my head if I do! Mrs. Frey, an old doctress, and several other tory women, did what they could for three days, and told the father they could do no more for his son—feared the limb would mortify, and advised the patient’s surrender at the fort. Mr. Cough had two small boys at home, one of whom on a horse started to bear the unwelcome intelligence to Johnstown. On his way he rode up to an open window of George Cough’s dwelling, as he had been directed to, and said: “If you want to see our John, you can come over!” The boy stopped at John McIntyre’s, half way to town, and told him the nature of his errand, and that gentleman communicated the same to Capt. Littel, who was his son-in-law, and commanding the fort.

While George Cough and his family were trying to divine what the message of the lad could mean—suspecting some device was on foot to make him a prisoner—perhaps half an hour later, his tory namesake came to his door much excited and told Mr. Cough, if he wanted to see his son John, to go over to his house.

“See him, for what?” interrogated the old patriot.

“He is wounded, and I am afraid he’ll die,” said the tory in a faltering voice.

“Wounded, pray, how?” inquired the lover of his country.

"By a party of whigs who were round the house," replied the royalist.

"I guess more likely," said his neighbor, who had heard of the serenade at Johnstown, "he was wounded the other night at the fort." Mr. Cough proved a Yankee at guessing—his neighbor burst out crying and went directly home. His misfortunes were brought upon him in such a manner, as not to excite very warm sympathy in the breasts of those his son had come to destroy; but the patriot went next morning to see the sufferer. That day Capt. Littel, also, with four whigs, Henry and Stephen Shew, brothers; David Putman and John Eikler,* proceeded to his home to arrest him. A novel litter was soon devised by placing rails on the opposite sides of two of the tory's horses, suspended by ropes across their backs, and fastening a bed between the horses to the ropes and rails. On this the prisoner was carried to the fort, and Stephen Shew, one of the attending guard, repeatedly urged the starting up of a horse to make the tory groan, which he often did from pain. As the grotesque group neared the fort, Mrs. Kelley, wife of Henry Kelley†, then an American soldier, was heard to exclaim: "There comes that d— tory, who was going to kill us the other night."

When Capt. Littel went to arrest his son, John Cough kept out of the way, rightly supposing his own liberty in jeopardy, and directly after made a hasty flight to Canada. Whether he went alone, or with the party which came with his son, and may have lingered in the vicinity is unknown. The family all removed thither the following winter. John Cough, Jr., was cured of his wound, and went to Canada in the fall of 1782, being included in the general exchange of prisoners. He took a wife in Canada soon after his return; and in conjugal felicity possibly forgot he had done two things worth remembering—fired on a sentinel at midnight, and expatriated himself from one of the best countries in the world.

* Eikler had married Susan Ross, a daughter of John Cough's wife by a former marriage. This accounts for old Mr. Eikler having been set at liberty by his captors in 1878.

† In the summer of 1778, Kelley tended the Mayfield grist-mill. One day while a grist was grinding Kelley and his wife were fishing at a little distance from the mill, and discovering Indians approaching they fled and escaped. In a short time the mill was on fire and burnt down; but whether fired by the enemy or its own friction is unknown.—Cough.

Tryon County Prisoners.—Here are the names of 42 male prisoners, which I found recorded among the Maj. Andrew Finck papers, made during the war. About half of them are marked with a star, but why does not appear. The record bears no date, but those prisoners were evidently made mostly in the same season, as scores of prisoners made in the county during the war are not here named.

"List of prisoner's names taken in Tryon county :

"Nicholas Pickert,	Bartholmew Forbush,	Savorinus Deygert,
John Pickert,	Garret Van Slyke,	John Garter,
Nicholas House,	John P. Helmer,	James Hughes,*
George House,	Rudolph Furrey,	Alexander Thompson,*
Henry Myer,	James Butterfield,	Moses Nelson,*
Christian Bass,	Peter Quackenbush,	Thomas Shankland,*
Han Yost Bellinger,	Peter H. Loucks,	John D. Failing,
Marcus Hessler,	Johannes Shultize,	Peter Hellengap,
Nicholas Miller,	Henry Shultize,	John I. Failing,
Johannes Miller,	William Shultize,	Jacob Timmerman,
John Herkimer,	Frederick Sammons,	Johannes Walradt,
Johannes Shoemaker,	Benjamin De Line,	John Wohleber,
Jacobus Van Slyke,	Valentine Boyer,	David Schuyler,
John Forbush,	Joseph Newman,	Adam Furrey."

Moses Nelson was captured April 24, 1780 ; Fred. Sammons and Benj. De Line were captured May 22, 1780 ; and James Butterfield, July 9, 1781. Four prisoners were made at Cherry Valley, which is noted on the record, and those I have denoted with a star. They were captured after the invasion of 1778.

The following narrative was written to go in the first volume, but failing to do so is given a place here :

A Bear Story.—In 1814, Henry I. Failing, a respectable farmer resided two miles westerly from Fort Plain, on the road leading thence to Dutchtown ; at the place now owned and occupied by Abram Moyer. One morning in the fall of that year, just before day light, he was called up by Charles, a negro slave owned by Maj. Charles Newkirk of Palatine church, to shoot a bear. Charles was well known to Mr. Failing as Newkirk's pet slave, whom he had taken pains to educate ; and as it was no uncommon event at that period for bears from the north to cross the river, Failing, giving credit to the negro's story that he had only escaped from Bruin by flight, resolved to shoot it. His musket was loaded with small shot, which

were quickly drawn out, and as he was going to the door to discharge the powder, the negro said cunningly as will be seen—"Don't do that, you'll frighten de bar away." It was then discharged into the fire place, two shot in the gun leaving an indellible mark. The gun was reloaded with two ounce balls, and ready for use. Mr. Failing had called up his hired man, Fredrick Weaver, who, armed with an axe, joined his employer to share in the unlooked for excitement.

At this period a dense wood extended along the north side of the road, and following the negro he took them over a log fence into a field on the south side of the road only a few rods from the house, and just where a small brooklet crossed the road the object of search was found. Daylight was just beginning to disclose objects shaded by the forest. In the excitement Failing was not surprised to hear the negro say: "Dar is de bar just where I saw him last," not thinking it strange the animal should not have changed its position at all in more than half an hour. There was remaining passive, a suspicious something three or four rods distant, but it was difficult to determine its character. "Weaver, do you think that can be a bear?" asked Failing. "It looks something like one," was the reply. "Don't I know it's a bar?" chimed in Charlie, "when it chased me eber so far, don't you see his eyes?" he asked pointing toward the object. Sure enough the coming light disclosed a couple of bright spots, that imagination might easily define as eyes. The object had remained so long passive, that Failing still had his doubts—Charley all the while urging him to shoot lest the animal should escape. Failing called Weaver to him and asked what he thought it best to do, who replied that he thought there could be no harm in firing at it; and aiming between the supposed eyes he fired and the object fell upon the ground without a struggle or a groan. The party leaped the fence when lo! a dead man laid in the road before them; who on examination proved to be a negro named Frank, then owned by Henry Garlock, of Canajoharie, who at the time had on a new suit of clothes, and the bright gilt buttons on the back of his coat were the supposed eyes, between which two balls passed through his body and lodged in his clothing. This was a sad and unlooked for event, and the party did not go back to bed.

Attending Circumstances.—About half a mile west of Failing resided Henry Keller, and a little further on in a log house lived Ned Green a negro (where a school-house was afterwards erected), at whose house the night before there had been a dance of colored citizens, and at which Charlie and Frank had been guests. It became known subsequently, that about a year before the event named, these negroes had had a fight in which Charlie had been worsted, to which he had never been reconciled. Frank from some motive left to return home before the party broke up, and soon after, Charlie tore himself away from the happy circle and followed him. When shot Frank was sitting on a butter firkin, inside of which were his new shoes worn at the dance. This firkin was left by the Keller family to soak over night in a watering-trough at their door : which of the negroes had taken it away is unknown, but it is probable Charlie did, if he had already conceived the plan he executed, on arriving thus far on Frank's trail, the shoes being put into the tub to show Frank's economy, and divert suspicion from himself.

At this period, now more than 68 years since the event transpired, I have no doubt but what Charlie killed Frank—probably with a club—and getting him into a sitting position on the tub, he called on Mr. Failing to shoot him in the manner described, and thus lull suspicion of his own guilt. A coroner's inquest was called on the day of killing, but no search of the body took place to look for other wounds, and although there was no testimony of any death struggle or flow of blood, yet the shooting was not denied, and a verdict was rendered that Frank was killed by Mr. Failing. The body was buried in the Sand Hill burying ground, but some weeks after when the circumstances attending Frank's death were better known, the Coroner, Henry Richtmyer, who resided below Fall Hill, was called on to hold another inquest, and parties assembled to do so, but an ugly storm coming on at the time the ceremony was postponed, and as he was but a slave and not malevolently killed, no further attempt was made to look for a new verdict.

Garlook prosecuted Failing to recover the value of the slave who was a very likely negro, and the matter came to trial in the Supreme Court, in Johnstown. The shooting was admitted, and as there was no proof of his having received any injury

before, a verdict of \$250 and costs followed. James Cochrane was Failing's attorney, and it is believed that Daniel Cady was the opposing counsel.

This was a very interesting trial; indeed the event leading to it was an exciting theme for many years afterward, and much sympathy was felt for Failing by those who learned the circumstances which time developed. The negro Charles is said to have stolen a horse and ran away, was arrested and sent to State prison; and after serving his time came back, when Mrs. Henry Timmerman, of St. Johnsville, a sister of Mr. Failing asked him why he got her brother into such trouble? He professed great friendship for her and replied that "had he known that Failing was her brother, he would have called on some one else to shoot the bar." He is said before death to have confessed the murder of Frank. This matter, into which he was so innocently drawn, crippled Mr. Failing ever after in his business. He came to his death August 11, 1828, from the sting of bees. Cutting grass he mowed over a nest of bumble-bees, which he lingered, if possible, to exterminate so that they should give no further trouble. He was at work without a hat on, and being somewhat bald, several bees stung him on his head causing his death. Facts from *Simeon* and *Jeremiah*, sons of Henry I. Failing, corroborated by others.

EVENTS OF 1782.

Although the preceding year had closed with a cessation of hostilities, predatory border enterprises were continued during the spring and summer of 1782.

Christopher P. Yates, Esq., who was one of the best informed and most efficient patriots in the Mohawk valley, in a letter dated "Freyburg, 22d March, 1782," written to Col. H. Frey,* a brother-in-law respecting timber, thus observed :

* Col. Stone, in his *Life of Brant*, speaking of the acts of the first meeting of the Palatine district, thus observes: "The original draft of the proceedings of that meeting is yet in existence, in the hand writing of Col. Hendrick Frey, a patriot who lived to a great age, and is but recently deceased." "This," says the memoranda of H. F. Yates, "is a total and entire mistake. The draft was made by Christopher P. Yates, and is in his hand writing. Col. Stone meant John, instead of Hendrick Frey. The latter was a tory, and was one of the disaffected sent by the Tryon County Committee to Hartford, Connecticut. The whole of those papers (the early correspondence of the Tryon County Committee), were drawn and written by C. P. Yates. He was the only scholar among them; and was a man of strong mind, much reading, and a very for-

"We have already had three different inroads from the enemy, which you have doubtless heard before. The last was at Bowman's kill, from whence they took three children of McFee's family. If they act upon the same principle as the last year, which from their conduct is evident, their intention in coming to the creek so early was to clear it of all inhabitants, that they might pass unobserved. I fear that in the course of the present year they will infest us chiefly on the south side of the river, and in small parties; for this reason I think our bush to be in more danger than it has yet been. God grant that I may be wrong."

The Arrest and Execution of John Parker, the Johnstown Spy.—One of the most interesting events which transpired in the vicinity of Johnstown in the Revolution, was the capture of John Parker. He was brought up in Philadelphia Bush, and went to Canada, at an early period of the war. In 1851, Frost Howland lived on the old Parker place. John Parker, had, from the beginning of the war, been one of the most daring and most active partizans, who had followed the Johnson family to Canada. Often had he been on the frontiers of New York, sometimes in the character of a spy, and at others in that

cible writer. He was the competitor at the bar of Montgomery county, of the late Abram Van Vechten, from the year 1787, till the Legislature by law, prevented the clerks from practicing law in their respective counties."

As in the Schoharie, so it was in the Mohawk valley in the Revolution. Many of the most influential families were not only related to each other, but were often divided in their political opinions; and not unfrequently members were found in hostile array. Major Frey had a brother named Bernard, who joined the enemy, and with some of his former neighbors of the Mohawk valley, doubtless assisted in desolating portions of it. Col. Hendrick Frey married a sister of Gen. Herkimer, and his patriot brother, Maj. Frey, married another relative of the General. The wife of Christopher P. Yates was the youngest sister of the Freys named The Finks, Coxes, Klocks, Bellingers, Parises, Feeters, Neillses, Foxes, Groses, Eckers, Wagners Seebars, Helmers, Eisenlords, Snells, Nestells, Sprakers, Ziellies, Sammonses, Van Alstynea, Roofe, Van Slykes, Diefendorfs, Fondas, Veeders, Vlaschers, Harpers, Putmans, Quackenbosses, Van Eppses, Wemples, Hansons and Groats were also among the patriotic citizens of the Mohawk valley; not a few of whom were connected by ties of consanguinity.

Of Gen. Herkimer, it may be well here to remark, that he was much better informed than many suppose. Says the *Manuscript of Yates*, "I claim not for the General, that he was versed in Latin and Greek, or in the philosophy of the German schools; but I claim for him, that no German immigrant was better read in the history of the Protestant reformation, and in the philosophy of the Bible, than Gen. Herkimer." I may add, in truth, he possessed largely those sterling qualities, good common sense, sympathy, honor, and a spirit of bravery in a just cause, unrivalled by that of a Montgomery or De Kalb. He was, however, a very indifferent English scholar.

of an open foe—his energies all bent on the injury or destruction of his former neighbors and friends. He had a constitution fitted to endure all manner of hardships, and an exposure to all kinds of weather ; which enabled him to traverse the wilderness at seasons the most unpropitious, and steal into the settlements when a foe was unexpected—to find a resting place at the dwelling of some tory friend, where he might recruit and gain desired information ; but he came one time too many.

Having clandestinely entered Philadelphia Bush, in the early spring of 1782, his visit by some means became known to the patriots in the neighborhood. Spies were sometimes secreted for months near a whig camp on the frontiers, and escaped unobserved—but whether Parker had been any length of time on his last visit is unknown. His hiding place was discovered when it was yet good sleighing and streams were icebound. There dwelt, at this period, in a small log tenement in Albany bush, a German named Hughes, who kept a one-horse tavern. He was a stocking weaver by trade, and in time came to be called the “Stocking Weaver.” Learning that Parker had been seen at this little inn, Capt. Amos Bennett, a spirited militia officer who lived in Warrens bush—now Florida—collected in his neighborhood a small band of genial spirits ; and at night-fall, in two sleighs the party crossed the Mohawk on the ice, and in due time reined up near the creaking sign of Stocking Weaver’s inn.

Leaving his men in the sleighs, Capt. Bennett went to reconnoitre. A few moments were only required, as he discovered through a crevice in the log walls, a man standing before a cheerful fire place, and clad in a fur coat ; who, he believed, must be his object of search. Not a moment was to be lost, and he directed his men as silently as possible to surround the house—immediately after he had gained entrance. He entered the bar-room and with the remark that he wanted to warm, advanced to the fire, several persons moving back to give him room. His entrance did not fail to startle the inmates, as the appearance of a stranger at such an hour, at that period, even in a tavern, was looked upon as the harbinger of some coming event. All eyes were rivited upon the new guest with the inquiry—what next ?

Rubbing his hands as though no object occupied his mind

save that of warming, he thus gained a minute or two of time for his co-operators to surround the house—careful to observe that the fur coat did not leave the room. The favorable moment having arrived, Capt. Bennett advanced and laid his hand on the shoulder of the manly figure he sought, with the exclamation: “John Parker, you are my prisoner!” The latter made a show of resistance, and some of his friends that of succor, when the Captain said in a stern voice: “Parker, resistance will be in vain, the house is surrounded by my friends and your foes!” At this instant several armed men obeying a signal from their leader, entered the door, and having no weapon in hand with which to defend himself, he reluctantly yielded to his fate, and was bound. He was at once hurried into a sleigh, taken directly to Albany, where he was tried and condemned as a spy and soon after hung, to the relief of the neighborhood, and praise of his daring captor.—*Jacob Shew.*

Arrest of Joseph Bettys and his Companions.—Among the most daring and successful of the tory refugees on the frontiers of New York, was Jo. Bettys—as familiarly called—of the Saratoga settlements. At the commencement of difficulties he espoused the American cause, and discovered great energy and activity in the Canadian expedition under Gen. Montgomery, and his surviving officers. In the northern field he was made a prisoner, and while with the enemy in Canada, he was seduced from his patriotic position, accepted a subaltern’s commission, and became a ranger and a spy—and as such, a terror among his former neighbors. He was captured in the spring of 1779, but in what manner cannot be shown. In Washington’s orderly book for that year, in a portion of it copied in the December number of the *Historical Record* for 1873, edited by Lossing, it is stated under date of July 4th, that at a general court-martial held in April under Col. Nixon; Isaac Depue and John King were tried and sentenced to be hung, and in the same connection—“Likewise Joseph Bettys was tried for having been a spy for Gen. Burgoyne in the service of the enemy, by coming within the American lines in the State of New York, in a secret manner, and returning again to the enemies of the United States—and for having forged a certificate to facilitate the execution thereof—found guilty and unanimously sentenced to suffer death, by being hung by the neck until he shall be dead.

"The Commander-in-chief confirms the foregoing sentences.

"This day being the anniversary of our glorious independence, will be celebrated by the firing of 13 cannon from West Point at one o'clock P. M. The Commander-in-chief thinks proper to grant a general pardon to all prisoners in his army under sentence of death. They are to be released from confinement accordingly."

It is surprising that so long a time intervened between the trial of these men, and the approval of their condemnation, but it is well known that Washington was importuned by the parents of Bettys to spare him, and with promises for his future good conduct, it is probable that he was set at liberty under the general pardon of July 4, 1779.

The Second Capture of Bettys, took place in the spring of 1782 instead of 1781, as stated in my *History of Schoharie, etc.* In the present town of Clifton Park resided one Fillmore, a lieutenant of militia, who possessed a fearless spirit. He was engaged, in the proper season, in making maple-sugar, and usually boiled all night, returning home in the morning to be relieved by a daughter, until he had foddered his cattle and taken breakfast. On going to the woods she was instructed, in case she saw any suspicious looking persons, to give no signs of fear, but communicate the discovery to her father as soon after as prudence allowed. One very foggy morning, when Miss Fillmore was in attendance at the sugar bush, an individual passed it, without seeing her, going in the direction of a retired dwelling occupied by a widow lady. As soon as the strange figure was out of sight, she ran home to appraise her father of the discovery. She described the man to be, a suspicious looking person, having a gun and a hairy pack.

Lieut. Fillmore, rightly suspecting the visitant to be the notorious Jo. Bettys, got two of his neighbors, named Perkins and Corey, to accompany him, and all well armed proceeded unobserved to the widow's house, one of the three going upon the back side of it, to prevent his egress. The other two burst open the door, and disclosed the object of search at the breakfast table. He had imprudently seated himself with his back toward the door, and his rifle lying across the table. The instant an entrance was forced, the lieutenant seized the villain by the collar and drew him from the table, as he was reaching

for his trusty piece. He was soon overpowered by the three militiamen, and tightly bound. Before he started for Albany, he desired to smoke, and was partially loosened to afford him an opportunity. He went to the fire-place to light his pipe, and was noticed to cast something in the fire. One of his captors snatched it from the live embers, and found it to be a silver bullet which screwed together : inside of which was a message to Sir Henry Clinton from an officer in Canada, written in figures. On other testimony, and that contained within the bullet, Bettys was tried, convicted and hung, at Albany. Considering his desperate character, the enterprise of Lieut. Fillmore and his companions in arresting him, was one of the most daring performed in the whole war.

When the arrest of Bettys became known to Maj. Mitchell in the Ballston settlement, he enjoined secrecy of the affair, rightly conjecturing that he had not traversed the northern forests of New York, alone. A widow Camp living in the neighborhood, had a son in the British service, who it was thought, might possibly have accompanied Bettys. The arrest of the latter having been kept close during the day ; Kenathy Gordon, a sergeant, was entrusted by Maj. Mitchell with the search to be made the same night. Attended by John Sweatman and several other fearless neighbors, young Gordon gained access to the house of Mrs. Camp after bed-time, and enquired for her son. She declared her ignorance of his whereabouts, pretended to be highly incensed at having armed men enter her dwelling and disturb the family at midnight, and still more on being suspected of harboring an enemy.

This woman talked very patriotic, but her warmth satisfied the sergeant, who was a resolute fellow, that her son was in the house, and he went to the fire-place, seized a blazing brand and started up stairs. Young Camp and Jonathan Miller had accompanied Bettys to the neighborhood, and were then in an upper room. Hearing the noise below, they sprang out of bed, seized their guns and leveled them. At the click of their locks, Gordon jumped down stairs, and swore if they did not descend and surrender themselves prisoners in less than five minutes, he would smoke them out. Believing he would burn the house, they concealed some money under a rafter, and then came down and submitted to Gordon's authority, who con-

ducted them to the dwelling of Maj. Mitchell, where they were secured until morning. The prisoners had not the least suspicion that Bettys had been arrested, until after they were. On his way to the major's dwelling, Miller was heard to say he would rather be shot than to enter it. Obadiah Miller, a brother living in the vicinity, was sent for in the morning, and unexpectedly ushered into the presence of his tory kinsman, whose visit to the neighborhood was unknown to him. His surprise was evident, and he trembled like a leaf. It leaked out in the sequel, that the two Millers were together in the woods when the attempt was made the fall before to capture the major, which he possibly suspected. The two prisoners were taken to Albany, from whence they were liberated or effected an escape.—*Charles Mitchell.*

Murder of the Dietz Family.—In the spring of this year, a party of 15 Indians proceeded by a circuitous route through the Schoharie settlements, without committing any hostile act to Beaver dam, Albany county, where was a small settlement, a grist-mill, etc. The settlers were mostly tories in this vicinity, except the Dietzes and Weidmans. To destroy the family of Johannes Dietz, an old gentleman who lived between the mill and a Scotch settlement at Rensselaerville, was the especial object of the invaders in making their tedious journey. The family consisted of the old gentleman and his wife, his son, Capt. William Dietz and wife, four children of the latter, a servant girl, and a lad named John Bryce, whose parents lived at Rensselaerville.

The enemy arrived at Dietz's just before night, and surprised and killed all the family, except Capt. Dietz and young Bryce, then 12 or 14 years old. Robert Bryce, a brother of John, 11 years old, had been sent on horseback that day to the mill at Beaver dam with a grist, in company with several other lads on the same errand. Their grain was ground, but as it was nearly sundown they all concluded to tarry with the miller over night, except Bryce, who was resolved to return as far as Dietz's, three miles toward his home, and stay with his brother. He arrived just at twilight near the house, when an Indian sprang from a covert by the road side, and seized his bridle reins. A short time before his arrival, the family had been led out of the house to be murdered, agreeable to a savage custom, perhaps

that their mangled remains may terrify surviving friends; and as the horse, with Robert still on him, was led near the house, the lad discovered the disfigured bodies of all the family, except Capt. Dietz and his own brother, who were tied to a tree near by.

The enemy, after plundering the dwelling of such articles as they desired, set it on fire, and, with the outbuildings, it was soon reduced to ashes. Securing the scalps of the eight bleeding victims, or \$64 worth of American blood in an English market—after placing their plunder on a number of horses belonging to the Dietzes, and that of young Bryce, on which his grist was retained for food—they started forward on their tedious journey to Canada. They traveled about two miles and encamped for the night, distant from the paternal house of the Bryce boys about a mile. Little did their parents dream of the fate and future prospects of their sons. By dawn of day next morning, the journey was resumed. The Indians desired to take the southern route to Niagara, and hoped to gain the sources of the Schoharie without molestation. Tidings of the untimely fate of this family were next day communicated to the Schoharie forts, and a body of troops was dispatched by Col. Vrooman in pursuit.

Lieut. John Jost Dietz, a relative of the family, who was sent from the Lower fort with a party to bury the dead, met them in a wagon owned by a neighbor. The bodies had been mutilated by hogs, and presented a most revolting appearance. They were all deposited in one grave, in a yard attached to a small Reformed Dutch church, then standing not far distant from the place of massacre.

Suspecting the route the invaders would take, the Americans proceeded up the river, and towards night, on the second day after the massacre, fell in with and fired upon them near the head waters of the Schoharie. Several of the Indians were wounded, but they all effected their escape with their prisoners. They however abandoned their horses and plunder at the onset, which were restored to the surviving friends of the family. The Indian who claimed ownership to the person of Robert Bryce, was badly wounded in one leg by the fire of the Schoharie troops, and being unable to keep up with the party, journeyed with his prisoner and two of his partizans at a much slower pace. On arriving at the Indian settlements in western

New York, Robert was initiated into the cruel mysteries of gantlet-running: receiving a lesson in which school, on one occasion, nearly cost him his life. He was taken to Nine Mile Landing on Lake Ontario; sold to a Scotchman, the captain of a sloop, for fifteen dollars; was removed to Detroit, from whence he was liberated and returned home, after the proclamation of peace, in company with his brother and several hundred prisoners liberated at the same time.

The treatment of Capt. Dietz and the elder Bryce was more severe than that of Robert. Their party were greatly straightened for food on their way, and for several days lived on winter-green, birch-bark, and, possibly, a few esculent roots and wild berries. On the Susquehanna river, near the mouth of the Unadilla, a deer was shot, which providentially saved them from starving. Their progress at this period was very slow, as they were compelled daily to spend much of their time in hunting food. They journeyed through the Chemung and Genesee valleys, and at villages, the prisoners were compelled to endure the running ordeal. Added to the stripes of his foes and the gnawings of hunger, Capt. Dietz suffered the most severe mental agony. He was not only doomed to see the blood-stained scalps of his honored parents, his bosom companion and four lovely children stretched in hoops to tan in the sun, as was the custom, but often to have them slapped in his face by the Indian who bore them, in the most insulting manner.

George Warner, who was captured the same season, informed the writer that he saw Capt. Dietz in his confinement at Niagara, and conversed with him. The latter appeared heart-stricken and in a decline, under which he sunk to the grave not long after. He told Capt. Warner (the latter was a military captain after the war) where a certain amount of money had been concealed near their dwelling. Capt. Warner afterwards understood the treasure had been recovered.—*Priest's narrative and Col. Wm. Dietz of Schoharie*, corroborated by others.

Another Victim.—Early on the morning of July 4th, Adam Vrooman (a namesake and cousin of "Pull Foot Vrooman," and son of Isaac Vrooman, who was killed the preceding fall), went from the Upper Schoharie fort, accompanied by Peter Feeck, (the man who discovered the rear of the British army

on the morning of Johnson's invasion,) to drive cattle to a pasture near the dwelling of the late Cornelius Vrooman. Feeck was driving the cattle as his companion went forward to open the gate; and as the latter was in the act of so doing, he received several bullets from a party of seven Indians and Tories concealed in ambush, and fell dead. Feeck fled, and although fired at by the enemy, he reached the fort, nearly a mile distant, in safety. On the same morning, Joseph Brown, who had left the Upper fort on the same errand as had Vrooman and Feeck, was captured by the same party and hurried off to Canada. A band of rangers left the fort on the return of Feeck, and soon struck the trail of the enemy; but the latter having stolen a number of horses in the neighborhood, effected their escape.—*Mrs. Van Slyck and Josias E. Vrooman.*

An Invasion of Adam Crysler.—On the morning of July 26, 1782, the tory Captain, Adam Crysler, accompanied by his brother William, another tory named Peter Erkert, and 22 Indians, appeared in Foxescreek valley. They had tarried the preceding night, as was believed, at the dwelling of a tory in the vicinity, whose family and property were left unmolested. Early in the morning the destructives approached the house of Jacob Zimmer, which was one of the first stone dwellings erected in Schoharie county.*

Jacob Zimmer, Sr., was absent when the enemy arrived at his house, as was also his son Peter; the latter, however, had not left the neighborhood. Crysler was sadly disappointed in not finding the elder Zimmer at home. His namesake was tomahawked and scalped in the presence of his wife and mother—two who could feel most keenly his loss. The women were not captured, and the enemy, after plundering the house, set it on fire, as also they did the barn, and then proceeded down the creek. The former was extinguished by the women,

* This house, situated a little distance from the hamlet called Gallupville, which dwelling was for many years owned and occupied by Theobald Hiltz, unfortunately took fire on the 9th day of March, 1843, and with most of its contents soon became a heap of ruins. Mr. Zimmer was a patriot, a man of influence, and well known in the country, having been associated as patentee with John Lawyer and others in the purchase and sale of extensive tracts of land in Albany county. To secure such a prisoner (possibly one of the Schoharie council of safety at the time) was an object not to be overlooked by the tory chief; he accordingly led his destructives to Zimmer's house. Mr. Zimmer had two sons, Jacob and Peter, living with him, who were young men grown—the former of whom had a wife also at his father's.

after the barn-burners had left, but the barn was reduced to ashes. Proceeding a little distance from the house, the party met Peter Zimmer and took him prisoner. Peter enquired of his captors if they had seen his brother Jacob, and was answered that they had left him at home with the women, but did not tell him that the trophy already secured for a British market, was the scalp of his near relative. A Hessian, who had entered New York as a soldier under Burgoyne, and who had chosen to desert and remain in the country, was at work for the Zimmers at the time of Crysler's invasion, and was also murdered, as *his* scalp would command eight dollars in Canada. Blood was said to have been visible on a stone beside the road where this poor Hessian was slain, for a great length of time afterwards.

The morning being unusually foggy, the light of Zimmer's house was not discovered by the citizens below, and as they had refrained from firing, their proximity was unsuspected.

At this period, Johannes Becker, one of the earliest German settlers on Foxescreek, was still living about two miles below Zimmer, and with or near him five sons, Joseph, Major of militia;* George, John, Jacob, and William, and one daughter named Maria. The three brothers, John, Jacob, and William Becker, went on the morning of Crysler's invasion, to work in a cornfield on the north side of the creek. Arriving at the field, they found they had but two hoes, and John, the eldest, sent William, the youngest of the three, then twenty-two years old, to the house for another hoe. He soon returned with a report that the women were hoeing a patch of cabbage, and did not like to part with it. As previously stated, many of the farmers concealed their hay and grain in the woods during the war, to avoid the enemy's fire-brand. The day before this invasion, the brothers had been cutting brush to make room for several hay stacks, and to open a road to the place, some distance from the house.

When William returned without the hoe, John told him he could go and finish the road in the woods, make bars, etc.

* Joseph Becker had two sons, George three, John one, and Jacob four; nearly all of whom were residents of Schoharie county in 1845. Johannes Becker died soon after the war was over, and Major Becker, his oldest son, died Aug. 21st, 1808, the latter in the 68th year of his age.

William started, but was called back by John, who told him to stay and hoe with Jacob, saying that he would go and finish the other work himself, as then he would be sure of its being done to suit him! John was afterwards found dead, lying upon the brush he had been cutting, and appeared not to have moved after he received the blow of a tomahawk. The brim and lower part of his hat crown were cut open, and the weapon had penetrated the brain. It was supposed that an Indian had stolen up behind him unobserved, and felled him to the earth, where he scalped and left him. As the enemy went directly from Zimmer's to the field where the Becker brothers had been at work the day before, it was supposed that their place of labor had been communicated by some tory in the settlement. Soon after John had left his brothers hoeing, William discovered the enemy in the upper side of the field, approaching them, and directed Jacob's attention that way. Both at the same instant let fall their hoes and ran towards home. Rightly conjecturing that their foes would, if possible, cut off their retreat to the house, they ran directly to the bank of the creek not far above the house, and opposite a small island that has since disappeared. At this place the stream was deep, and they had to diverge from the shore to the island. They dashed down the bank with an impetus that carried them both into the water, and Jacob fell down, but regaining his feet he reached the log, crossed, and ran up on the south side of the island, hotly pursued by a single Indian, who had to make the same circuit to cross or else swim the stream—the others having gone below to head them, supposing they would run to the house.

Jacob, who was closely followed by the warrior with uplifted tomahawk, on arriving at a place on the southern shore of the island, which terminated boldly, sprang down the bank and remained quiet. William ran but a few rods beyond his brother, and also secreted himself beneath the bank. The pursuing Indian ran to within a few feet of where Jacob lay, halted, and looked up the stream in vain, to catch another glimpse of the fugitives—little suspecting that one of them was almost within reach of him—near where he had last seen him, and who doubtless was still visible had he looked down. He gave up the chase, crossed the island, passing very near the

concealment of William, gained the north bank of the creek, and hastened to join his companions below. The Indians did not fire on the young men, as they hoped to surprise Maj. Becker and some others near by. The brothers remained concealed until the firing began at the house, and then crossed the creek and went into the woods, east of their corn-field. When the enemy left the valley, they passed so near the concealed brothers, that the latter distinctly heard them talk.

Maj. Becker, at that period, owned and occupied a substantial stone dwelling, the residence of his son Henry—in 1845—late judge of the county; and near it stood a grist-mill owned by him, which was one of the earliest mills in Schoharie county. The dwelling is pleasantly situated upon a knoll on the south side of the creek, at a little distance from the Albany road, and had at that period a gambrel roof. A hall passed through it from north to south, with a door at each end. The house contained five front and five rear windows; and at that time two chamber windows in the east gable end, since altered. The upper part of the house was unfinished and all in one room; and the windows were barricaded nearly to the top with oak plank. The front door was closed up with plank, and the back door, then the only entrance to the house, strengthened by a false door also of oak, to arrest the bullets of an enemy. Just before Crysler and his murderers arrived at Maj. Becker's, Henry, his son, then nine years old, Jacob Zimmer, Jr. (nephew of the one murdered), and several other boys about the same age, had been a little distance southeast of the house to drive hogs to a pasture. On their return, and when within 10 or 15 rods of the house, one of the boys said to the rest: "See the rifle-men over there; they are painted like the Indians!" The Schoharie rangers, when on a scout, were often clad much like Indians; but young Becker instantly recognized the party to be a band of savages. A few rods above the house was a small island of perhaps an acre, separated from the bank southeast of the dwelling, by a deep pool of stagnant water, over which was the trunk of a tree. The enemy being upon the island, had to make quite a circuit or cross the log, which could only be done in single file. This gave the boys a little start and they ran to the house shouting: "Indians! Indians!" They could easily have been shot, as they were but a few rods distant from the

enemy, but the latter still hoped to surprise a militia major, which would doubtless have been done, had not the boys discovered their approach.

Maj. Becker chanced to be engaged back of the house, caught the alarm, and running in seized his gun, entered the southwest room, thrust it through a loop-hole above one of the windows, and fired on the invaders, breaking an Indian's arm. As the boys ran into the hall door, they encountered several children within; and all tumbled in a heap. Maj. Becker's wife, who was a woman of the times, sprang to the plank door which fastened with a ring and bolt, drew it too, and held it ajar with the bolt in her hand. John Hutt, as the enemy approached, was at the western end of the house making a whiffletree. Mrs. Becker continued to hold the door open for Hutt, who took the alarm from the furious barking of three large dogs belonging to the inmates of the house, which had met and were giving battle to the invaders, who halted to shoot them. As Hutt neared the door, a large Indian sprang to seize him, but the former raising the missile which he had retained in his hand, the latter recoiled and he sprang into the door, which was quickly bolted by the Major's Spartan wife. Had not Mrs. Becker possessed great presence of mind, and the dogs met the enemy, Hutt must have either been slain or captured. The shot of Maj. Becker may also have damped the ardor of the assailants. George Shell, another Schoharie soldier, was fortunately in the house at the time, and assisted in its defense.

The inmates of the dwelling consisting of the three men named, Mrs. Becker, Mrs. Adam Zimmer, possibly one or two other women, and some eight or ten children, went up stairs. The Major took his station at the southwest corner window, which commanded the enemy's approach to his barn, assigned to Hutt the eastern gable windows, and to Shell the northwest window opposite his own, which commanded their approach to the mill, which stood a few rods from the house upon ground occupied by the race-way of the present mill. The lower sash of the upper windows was also secured by plank. The enemy immediately ran round the eastern end of the house and there gained temporary shelter, some under the creek bank, some behind a fence, and others behind a small log building standing at a little distance southeast of the house, used as a store-room.

The enemy fired numerous balls in at the windows, 28 entering the window Hutt was stationed at. He was a bold, vigilant fellow, and often incurred the censure of Maj. Becker for exposing his person so much about the window, telling him that the force of the enemy was unknown, but their own was three men, the loss of one being one-third of their strength. Hutt, however, could not be restrained by the prudent counsels of the Major, and kept constantly returning the shots of the enemy. Discovering through a cranny of the log building the hat of one of his foes, Hutt sent a bullet through the brim of it close to the crown. This hat, it was afterwards ascertained, was on the head of Capt. Crysler. The balls of the enemy cut the air around the head of Hutt, but fortunately without injury.

While a part of the invaders were firing in at the windows, one of their number was discovered by Shell crawling along the bank of the creek, which was then steeper than at present, with a brand of fire, intent on burning the mill. Shell was an eccentric fellow, and had acquired the habit of thinking out loud. Aiming his rifle at the foe, he was heard by several in the room to think much as follows: "Ah! that's what you're at, is it? you go a little further and you'll catch it. Now, look out; I'll give it to you. When you get there, you get it; there, there, that will do!" In the midst of his soliloquy, his head in motion, crack went his rifle; and he continued: "There, he has it, he's down, one less, you won't come again; now burn the mill will you, you infernal Indian!"

After continuing the attack for sometime, the enemy attempted to fire the building. They placed a wheel-barrow under the water conductor leading from the gutter at the north-east corner of the house, to within three or four feet of the ground, and piling on combustibles, set fire to them, which quickly communicated with the wooden spout, and threatened the destruction of the building. It was impossible for the inmates of the house to fire on their foes while applying the incendiary torch, without exposing themselves to almost certain death, as some of the Indians were constantly on the look-out for such an exposure. As the flame began to ascend the gutter toward the roof, Maj. Becker, who had no inclination to be burned alive, set about forcing off the corner of it with a piece of scantling, which fortune placed in the chamber, while his

wife went into the cellar to procure water. On entering the cellar, she found an outside cellar door upon the north side of the building, standing wide open, where the enemy might have entered without danger, had they gone round the building. Fastening the door, and procuring a pail of water, she returned to the chamber.



Maj. Becker's house invaded by the enemy

For a time the roof, which was nailed on with heavy wrought nails as was the ancient custom, baffled all the Major's efforts, but it at length yielded, and he sank down exhausted. As the shingles fell to the ground, the Indians gathered them up, exclaiming: "Yok-wah!" Thank you! And added in their dialect, "we can kindle it now." A hole being made, water was thrown down and the spout was extinguished. The enemy soon had it blazing again with additional combustibles, and then remarked, also in their own tongue: "Chock-wot de wiuk-wock!" It now burns like tobacco! It was again put out, and again enkindled and put out, until the spout had burned off above their reach, when they abandoned further attempts

to set the house on fire. Supposing their firing would be heard at the Lower fort, some three miles distant, the assailants took French leave of the premises about nine o'clock, A. M., and entered the forest ; having been about the Becker house for several hours.

The father and mother of the Becker brothers, with a child of Shell (who was in the stone house), who lived just below Maj. Becker, and where Robert Coats resided in 1845, taking the alarm on the enemy's approach, fled towards the fort along the southern bank of the creek. They were discovered, and fired on by the invaders, and several balls struck a fence near them, before they were out of danger ; but the enemy being so intent on the capture of Maj. Becker, and plunder of his house, did not pursue them and they escaped. Adam Zimmer and John Enders, who fled on the approach of the enemy from the vicinity of Maj. Becker's, carried news of the invasion to the Lower fort, then commanded by Capt. Brown ; when a party of Americans under Lieut. Snyder sallied forth, and arrived just after Crysler and his followers had left. The state of the atmosphere was such, that, the firing at Becker's was heard at the Middle fort, six or seven miles distant and not heard at the Lower fort, less than half as remote,

After the enemy retired from Becker's, the supposed Indian whom Shell had shot, was found to have fallen partly in the water and was not dead. He was taken into the house, and doctor Werth called to examine his wound, who pronounced it mortal ; the ball having passed diagonally through the body at the shoulders. The man was now discovered to be a painted tory instead of an Indian, and was shortly after recognized to be Erkert, a Scotch cooper, who had made flour barrels for Maj. Becker before the war. The Major, on making the recognition, accused the tory of ingratitude. Said he : " When you came to me for work, I employed you, and always paid you well, and now you come with a band of savages to murder me and my family ; plunder and burn my buildings." The man appeared very penitent as certain death was before him, expressed his sorrow for the course he had taken, and said " he did not then care which succeeded, King or Congress." He was scalped in the afternoon by a friendly Indian named Yan (a son of David, who was killed by the cavalry under Col. Harper,

in 1777), and on the following morning he was summoned to the bar of his Maker, to render an account "for the deeds done in the body." The victims of Crysler's invasion at Foxes-creek, were buried in rough boxes with their clothes on. After this attack on Maj. Becker's dwelling, it was palisaded.—*Jacob* and *William Becker*, who escaped by flight; *Judge Becker* and *Jacob Zimmer, Jr.*, two of the boys who discovered the enemy near the house, and the *manuscript of Judge Hayer*.

John Snyder, known after the war as "Schoharie John," and Peter Mann, of Foxescreek, were captured in the morning by Crysler and party, as the former were returning from Beaver-dam; Mann was, however, liberated in Kneiskern's dorf. The enemy proceeded from the estuary of Cobelskill and Schoharie, up the former stream.

On the following day, in the present town of Cobelskill, George Warner, Jr., who was engaged in shifting horses from one field to another, was captured by Crysler and his destructives, who directed their course from thence to the Susquehanna. Warner instantly recognized as one of the master spirits among his captors, the Schoharie chief, Seth's Henry, who still carried upon his arm the indelible evidence of Sawyer's 'strike for liberty,' when a captive in his hands. The second day after leaving Cobelskill, the whole party were obliged to subsist on horse flesh without bread or seasoning of any kind. *Warner*, who communicated these facts to the author, said he ate on the way to Niagara, of a deer, a wolf, a rattlesnake, and a hen hawk, but without bread or salt. The two captives, Zimmer and Warner, were tightly bound, and generally fared alike while on their journey. They had, for some days, contemplated making their escape, and complaining that they could not travel on account of their cords, they were a little loosened, which favored their plan. They concluded they ought, in justice, to communicate their intention to their fellow prisoner, although he was not bound, and give him a chance to escape with them, if he chose to embrace it. But a short time after their intention was communicated to a third person, the conspirators for liberty were more firmly bound than ever, and were afterwards continually watched until they arrived at Niagara. Nights they were pinioned so tight that they could not get their hands together; and were secured by

a rope tied to a tree or pole, upon which rope an Indian always laid down.

On their way, the party passed several rattle snakes, which the Indians avoided disturbing; and at the narrows on the Chemung, which were barely wide enough for a road, they, with no little difficulty, made a circuit to pass one. The New York Indians had a superstitious notion, that to harm a rattle-snake was ominous of evil, and they never did it, unless to use the reptile for medicinal purposes, or prevent starvation. While on their journey, Snyder, from some cause, had angry words with one of the savages, and the latter several times twirled a tomahawk over his head, and drew a scalping knife round the crown threateningly; but they made up friends and renewed their march. The Schoharie prisoners also passed on their way, another party of Indians, who were killing a prisoner in a singular manner. His captors had tied his wrists together and drawn them over his knees, after which a stick was passed under his knees and over the wrists, and a rope tied to it between them, and thrown over the limb of a tree. His tormentors then drew him up a distance and let him fall by slackening the rope; continuing their hellish sport until the concussion extinguished the vital spark.

Soon after the party passed the outlet of Seneca lake, Capt. Crysler told the prisoners, tauntingly, how soon the King would conquer the rebels. Warner listened with impatience for a time, and being unable to retain his feelings, replied: "I do not believe the King will ever conquer the colonies; in the French war Great Britain and America united were hardly able to compete with France; and now, since France and America are united, I do not believe it possible for England to conquer them." This conversation took place in the evening, and Warner observed, while speaking, that a frown rested upon the brows of the dusky warriors and their lawless Captain. Warner soon after heard the tory give orders in the Indian tongue, which he understood, to have his bands tightened. In the morning, he expostulated with Crysler for so doing, who was very angry and declared, that "for those cursed words he should hang at noon." Accordingly a noose was made in a rope, and the rest of it coiled and placed around his neck, which he was compelled to wear. As may be supposed, he traveled

the forest with a heavy heart, still he looked upon the gallows with no little indifference, as it would end his bodily torments, and relieve him from the treatment of an unfeeling royalist. About 10 o'clock, A. M., the party halted, as Warner supposed, to anticipate the time of his execution, but, contrary to his expectation, the rope was taken off without any explanation.

Warner and Zimmer, on arriving at the Indian villages in Western New York, were subjected to the cruelties their customs inflicted on captives. The first treatment of the kind they received was from a gad in the hands of Molly Brant, who embraced every opportunity during the war to insult and injure captive Americans. Soon after Molly had vented her spleen upon the two bound captives, they arrived at the Indian castle, where they had to run the gantlet. When the lines were formed, an Indian chief called Abraham, who recognized Warner, stepped up to him and asked him, in German, where he was from. He replied, Schoharie. "Do you know George Warner of Cobelskill?" continued the Indian. "He is my father," replied young Warner. This Indian, as Warner afterwards learned, had often partaken of his father's hospitality before the war. Said the Indian: "When you run, the boys will get before you, but you must run over them or push them one side; they will not hurt you any the more for it, and when you get through, run to a wigwam and you will not again be hurt." Their fellow prisoner was not compelled to run, and as it happened, Zimmer started first. As the Indian had anticipated, the boys ran before him and he was receiving a severe castigation, when Warner, forcing his way past him, ran down several of the living obstacles, and was near the end of the lines almost untouched; where stood a large boy, who, as he bounded along, dealt him a blow upon his head, which felled him senseless to the ground. Zimmer, who had not heard the conversation between Warner and the Indian, and feared to harm the boys, followed his companion closely in the path he had opened, and arrived at the goal of delivery, without serious injury.

On arriving within half a mile of Niagara, Peter Ball, who had removed at the beginning of the war to Canada, from the vicinity of Schoharie, saw and recognized Warner, and led him away from the squaws and young Indians, who were besetting him at every step with some missile. Zimmer saw on the jour-

ney, his brother's scalp, with those of the other similar trophies of Crysler's invasion, stretched upon hoops to dry ; and on arriving at Niagara, saw them deposited, with bushels of similar British merchandize, made up of the crown scalps of both sexes and all ages. There were about 200 prisoners confined at Niagara when Warner and Zimmer were there, many of whom fared hard, and several of whom died for want of food and proper treatment. Among the prisoners confined at Niagara there were nearly 100 Virginia riflemen, some of whom, to say the least, feared nothing in this world.

Warner, for a considerable time, worked for a man living near Niagara, as did also Christian Price, a spirited Virginian. In the latter part of the war, several Indians were found dead at different times, early in the morning, but the author of those midnight mysteries, although the prisoners were often accused of them, were never discovered, notwithstanding numbers were sometimes in the secret. Among the victims who were thus sacrificed in revenge of the cruelties and indignities meted to the American prisoners, was a young Indian, sixteen or seventeen years old, known about the fort as William Johnson. He was a half-breed, said to have been a son of Sir Wm. Johnson, after whom he was called, by a squaw. This namesake of the Baronet, was one morning discovered in a barrel of rain water, under the conductor of a house, into which he had unaccountably fallen head first and drowned. Several prisoners were suspected of being accessory to the death of this Indian, but free masonry was then at its zenith. The Tories on one occasion gave a stump to the prisoners to wrestle. Price, who was a muscular, athletic fellow, accepted the challenge and walked into the ring to wrestle with the acknowledged bully. The prisoner, with ease, threw the braggadocio in a very feeling manner, and the sport was soon ended. Warner was retained a prisoner until peace was proclaimed, and with twenty-three others ran away from Niagara one Sunday night. They halted at Oswego, purchased provisions of the British soldiers, and made the best of their way home through the forest. Zimmer returned home a short time before Warner, on parole. Snyder, on arriving in Canada, enlisted into the British service, as his friends have stated, to afford him an opportunity to desert and return home.

If the American prisoners at Niagara usually fared hard, they occasionally had an hour of merriment, as the following anecdote will show :

A Tory Wedding.—Among the tories who removed from Schoharie county to Niagara, in the beginning of the war, was a man named Cockle, who had a pretty daughter called Peggy. On a certain occasion an Irishman named Patrick Tuffts, who worked much in Col. Butler's garden, and who was a dissipated simple fellow, was made the butt of no little pleasantry. The farce was set on foot by a British officer, and the matter principally conducted by him. Tuffts was induced to make love to the charming Peggy, who, agreeably to previous arrangements, reciprocated the sentiment, and at an appointed time, agreed to marry him. Christian Price, previously mentioned, who in features somewhat resembled the fair *toryess*, was in the secret, and on the evening appointed, changed dresses with her, so that, to use the words of a guest, "Peggy was Price and Price was Peggy." At the hour appointed, the guests, who were numerous, for many of the prisoners were invited, assembled at the house of an influential tory. Stephen Secutt, a sergeant, a shrewd fellow, acted the ministerial part. The couple stood up before Secutt, who, with no little sang-froid, performed the marriage ceremony ; at the close of which he received from the happified son of Erin a silver dollar—a rarity in those days—to compensate for his official services.

Ample provision had been made by the officers and soldiers, and when the knot was pronounced tied, wine sparkled in many a cup. After the party had been drinking for sometime, and the groom and bride had received many happy salutations, the tones of a violin greeted the ear, and the party prepared for a dance. The bride, who had been sitting awhile in the lap of Tuffts, who was "half seas over," arose to dance with a guest as partner. In the midst of the dance Mistress Tuffts allowed her partner certain liberties, which the groom, being told by a guest was very improper, arose to resent. Bounding into the figure with a rash oath, he changed it into a reel by knocking down his wife. Mistress Tuffts sprang from the floor and ran out of the room to doff the petticoat and gown, and soon after returned as Christian Price, to bathe a black eye with a glass of wine. Tuffts, poor fellow, was soon to be

seen staggering amid the delighted company, inquiring for his wife. At length he inquired of Warner if he had seen her. "You have no wife," was the answer. "Yes I have—eh," said Tuffts, "I'm lawfully married—eh. Did I not pay a silver dollar to be married—eh?" "Yes, you are married," said Warner, "to Christian Price." This was a poser, and he could not at first credit the story, but after being ridiculed by the whole party, and jeered until nearly sober, he withdrew from the scene of merriment made at his expense, to mourn over the result of his precipitate marriage, which had wedded him to a man, and taken from him his only dollar. Had he ever seen the Latin line so often quoted, he would no doubt have exclaimed, on counting over his beads and retiring to rest, *O Tempora! O Mores!!—George Warner.*

The Second Captivity of George Cough.—The patriotism of some men on the frontiers of New York, was severely tested in the Revolution. They were not only subjected to privations, constant calls to supply garrisons, poor families and often those whose male members were in the ranks of the foe, but they were subjected to repeated invasions of the enemy, sometimes reducing them in an hour from comfortable circumstances to beggary or captivity—if, in fact, their very names were not to be stricken from life by the sharpened hatchet. And yet, like Job, they could meet those crushing calamities with unbending integrity, without faltering in their course, or bowing down to the iron calf royalty would set up. Of this class was George Cough, of Philadelphia Bush, who had removed thither from Philadelphia about nine years before the war began, and when the country around him was a forest. When the national difficulties began all the families in that settlement were comfortably situated.

The farm on which Cough resided in the war, has long been known as the Peter McKinlay farm, in the present town of Mayfield, on the road leading from Johnstown to Fondasbush. Six-mile-tree, on Sir William Johnson's road from Johnstown to Summer House Point, stood a little distance from Cough's dwelling; about half a mile east of which, the road swept off more northerly to the Point, eight miles farther. A road at this period ran from Philadelphia Bush to the river at Tribe's Hill, and the pioneer settlers at Fish House, in going to Sche-

nectada, had to make the circuit of Summer House Point, there being no wagon road before the war, from Fish House to Fondasbush. Several years prior to the war, a log school house was erected at Philadelphia Bush, and its first teacher was a German named Brydaberg, who taught in German, but left the school at the beginning of difficulties. Early in the war, an Englishman became its teacher, but at the end of a few weeks, he became superstitiously alarmed and left it. He remained to write after school, and left the house to go home about sun down, when his attention was arrested and his fears peculiarly excited by the unusual appearance of the sky. He went hastily to Mr. Cough's, and much agitated, called out the family to look at the heavens; which he said seemed as an army with banners marching to battle, and forewarning him to quit the school, which he unceremoniously did. The appearance of a fading sun light on a moving vapor, was indeed a magnificent display of ethereal chemistry, well calculated to awaken the romantic imaginings of a timid mind. Nor was this by any means an isolated case. Superstitious fears were constantly awakened in the war, and few were the communities not disturbed by significant signs—originating in some seeming unaccountable phenomena in nature.

The school house mentioned, if not used in the war for the purpose designed, was not unoccupied. After hostilities began, Capt. Winne, with part of a company of soldiers, used it for a time as a temporary fort, after which it was occupied as a dwelling, first by John Bracken, who removed to Canada, next by one Cadman, a patriot. He had two son-in-laws of his political faith. Samuel Loss and Jacobus De La Martin. The last occupant in the war was Andrew Bowman, after his captivity of 1778.

Recapture of George Cough.—Mr. Cough was surprised a second time, on his farm, on the first Friday (3d) of May, 1782, at which time he was in his 63d year. The family consisted of himself and wife, sons George and Christopher, 13 and 11 years, etc., and three daughters, Christina, Catharine and Mary, all older than the boys. The surprise took place about 1 P. M., at which time Mr. Cough was plowing in peas in a field. In clearing land at that period, it was a common occurrence to girdle some of the largest trees, and leave them standing for

the wind to throw down afterwards. A large maple had thus fallen in the meadow, not far from the pea-field, and the boys were gathering the branches around the trunk so as to be less in the way while cutting hay, and preparatory to burning after harvest. Andrew Bowman was at work for Mr. Cough that day, and was engaged in taking potatoes from a hole, where buried in the fall, not far from where Mr. Cough was at work.

While all were thus engaged, the lads discovered a party of Indians emerging from the adjoining woods. George attempted to escape by flight, but at the end of a few rods he was headed, and with his father and brother became a prisoner. The enemy consisted of 13 young athletic St. Regis Indians, and having left their blankets in the woods so as not to be cumbered by them in running, they were entirely naked except in a breech-clout about the loins, and moccasins; being hideously painted and terribly armed, they presented in their approach a most appalling spectacle to the captors. They were all armed with guns, hatchets and knives except one, who having no gun, was armed with a long spear. In scaling a log fence which skirted the field, it fell under their weight with a crash—hearing which Bowman ran out of the potato hole to learn the cause of the noise, just in time to become a prisoner. In leaping the fence, said my informant,* they appeared to come upon us like flying angels! Had the old worthy said, like telegraphed devils, methinks the trope would have been truer to life.

The four prisoners were hurried into the woods by about half the Indians, to where they had left their clothing, and the rest ran to plunder the dwellings, out of sight of the laborers. Mrs. Bowman and her children were at the Cough dwelling, and soon her own was rifled of its most valuable contents and set on fire. As the enemy approached the Cough dwelling, all its inmates except Mrs. Cough and her daughter Catharine, fled from it and secreted themselves in the forest unharmed. No injury or gross indignity was offered to either of the two ladies in the house, which was quickly sacked, and the Indians joined their companions. For some reason the house was not fired,

* *George Cough, Jr.*, one of the captives named, and now (1881) an intelligent and conscientious citizen of Fulton county. The facts in this connection were noted from his lips June 4, 1850; and on the 6th of February preceding, he was 81 years old.

but the burning school house communicated fire to a fence, which would have done the work for the dwelling, had not the flames been extinguished by the women.

Among the pillage at Cough's was a piece of linen cloth cut from the loom, some 30 ells (20 yds.) in length, which Christina was weaving for Michael Swobe, living toward Johnstown. One of the horses, used by Mr. Cough, was taken by the enemy, and its fellow left before the plow. The stolen horse slipped its bridle fastening at the first halt the enemy made—returned home and was secured the next day.

After the Indians had disappeared, Mrs. Cough started for the field to learn the fate of her husband, at which time Catharine fled to a neighbor's, where she staid all night. Mrs. Cough, not finding her husband or sons, became delirious. The horse yet in the furrow she set at liberty, and obtaining the sheet from which her husband had sown his grain, she wound it about her person, and in a state of frenzy wandered about the field till dark, when spreading the sheet on a stone heap she laid upon it all night. Her daughters Christina and Mary, with Mrs. Bowman and her children, came from the woods at night fall and slept under a barrack, fearing to go to the house. The next morning the members of the Cough family got together and went to the Lodowick Putman place, half way to Johnstown.

The enemy and prisoners started directly for Canada, proceeding over the mountain north of Mayfield. They forded the Sacondaga some ten miles above Northville, the captives all taking hold of a long pole, to enable them to stem the current, except the lad Christopher, who was borne on the back of a stout Indian. Fearing pursuit the journey was continued all night, the prisoners being led by the hand. There still remained some snow on the ground in the woods; and as the captives were clad in summer garments, unused to exposure to night air, and compelled to ford streams, they suffered from the cold; observing which their captives twice essayed to halt. The first time they stopped and sat down beside a fallen hemlock, when with some design unknown they armed the prisoners. They evidently did not consider the place well chosen for a halt, for after a few minutes they again set forward with increased speed, over great inequalities of footing—following a path that would have seemed formidable with daylight.

At the end of a mile or two more the party halted around a dry treetop, which the enemy ignited so quickly as to astonish the prisoners. The crackling limbs soon shed a ray of comfort, and the light to cheer the solitude, when the report of a musket echoed among the mountains, evidently fired not far off. In an instant the Indians were on their feet, and a suppressed murmur of consultation followed. If the prisoners were amazed at the brevity of time in which the fire was kindled, they were equally astonished to see it extinguished and the march resumed. By whom the gun was fired was never known to the prisoners. It may have been a signal of distress from a returning captive; or, what is quite probable, it was discharged by some party on a similar expedition to that of the one alarmed. Apprehensive of pursuit and loss of the profits of the expedition, the captors chose to advance in ignorance of the signal. The party without halting to rest and scarcely to drink, continued their march until near sunset the next day, having traveled, as Bowman told his companions, a distance of 70 miles from home. Possibly it may have been 50. Feeling secure from pursuit, the forward Indian cast down his pack and his companions threw theirs upon it, when a signal was given the prisoners to sit down—a welcome token. Preparations were made for a night's rest, a fire kindled and hemlock boughs cut to sleep on.

While preparations were making for the night, supper included, Bowman told Mr. Cough he meant there to take French leave of his captors, and unobserved by them he took occasion to obtain three handkerchiefs, from a pack of plunder made at his house, two of which he tied about his neck, placing the third in his shirt-bosom. They were the property of his wife. The Indians are guided so much by looks and gestures, that they often divine the workings of the mind, and this enabled them to suspect Bowman's intention. Accordingly, before occupying their hemlock bed, his foes tied his hands behind him, fastening the cord to another one, the end of which was tied to Mr. Cough's coat, while upon the other end several of the party laid down. Being greatly fatigued, the party all slept soundly except, Bowman, who had a furlough from Morpheus for another night. At peep of day it was found he had freed himself and gone. Two armed Indians were soon

upon his trail, but as he had had a start of nearly all night, at the end of a few hours they returned. He had a constitution like an Indian's, ran much of the way back, and before dark reached the settlement.

While the two Indians were looking for Bowman, the rest of the party took breakfast. For some days they all lived upon provisions obtained at the plundered dwellings, and several loaves of bread were thrust through and carried on the spear of the one thus armed. On the second morning Mr. Cough was compelled to bear a small pack, and young George was given a gun found at Bowman's to carry, but as he stumbled with it he was soon relieved of its care. The party now proceeded leisurely, halting at streams to drink, crossing at the larger ones in the manner before described. When water was not conveniently obtained, a warrior would tap a birch tree with his hatchet, insert a piece of bark, and from it all would slake their thirst. If either of the prisoners chanced to lean upon his elbow, his master would quickly inquire: "You sick? If you sick me kill you!" proving sorry comforters to the jaded boys.

At the end of three days and a half from the settlement, the Indians made known to their captives by motions and broken English, that in three days more they would go in canoes. Soon after their stock of provisions was gone, they came to part of a moose the enemy had concealed in going down, and not long after to the carcass of a bear they had slain, from both of which they replenished their larder. Arriving at a body of water, the party crossed in two canoes they had left, one of bark and the other made by straining the skin of a moose over a frame of wood, the pelt was cut loose and taken along. In the afternoon of the third day as forewarned, the party struck a marsh with a mountain upon one side of it. The water was nearly a foot deep in a part of the marsh and very cold, but as it was in their route they traveled it for several hours arriving just at night upon the shore of a lake.

The Indians now began a terrific whooping and firing. They would load their guns with the greatest possible dispatch, compel the prisoners to fire them off, and at each discharge they would indulge a joyous shout that made the forest resound. In a little while two canoes were seen approaching, each man-
aged by a squaw. All entered the canoes, and in the fading

twilight were ferried to an island nearly half a mile distant, where the returning warriors were greeted by one man and half a dozen squaws—several of them cumbered with papooses. There were three huts on the island and the prisoners were taken to separate ones.

The Indians, after giving their friends a narrative of their enterprise, prepared for a feast, and for that purpose killed a dog, *the* repast for an Indian. The captors were allowed to sleep while the delicacy was preparing, but were called up to partake of it. The boys who did not know what the dainty flesh was, partook of it with gusto, but their father having seen the dog slain and its hair burned off preparatory to cooking could not eat. Previous to their going on the war path, the Indians had been engaged in trapping and had secured considerable fur. They remained on the island three days, in which time they constructed five additional bark canoes, each capable to carry seven or eight persons, yet so light as to be transported at carrying places by two men. With traps, furs, border plunder and "Poughkeepsie baggage" in the canoes, they broke up the island encampment and glided from the lake down its outlet.

They kept to the westward of Lakes George and Champlain, probably passing from Hamilton county into St. Lawrence, transporting their canoes and luggage around rapids and from one water course to another, until they came to Racket river, passing down that to the village of the St. Regis Indians, situated on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, about 70 miles above Montreal, where the prisoners arrived three weeks after their surprise. They were not compelled to run the gantlet, there being a British officer there to see that prisoners were not abused. Soon after their arrival, they were treated to liquor by a French trader, who manifested sympathy for their condition. The officer at St. Regis asked Mr. Cough if he had not been there before? Answering that he had been, four years before, he further enquired if he had been abused which caused him then to leave? He replied that he did not wish to live among the Indians. "If your fare is not good," said the officer, "report to me." He did so report, and received an assurance that he should be sent to Montreal within ten days. He and his son Christopher, who had been separated, were sent

thither at the time specified, making the journey by water in one day.

Preparatory to taking their prisoners to Montreal, the Indians painted their heads with grease and Spanish brown, and to set off the lad Christopher to advantage, they shaved the most of his head, tying a tuft of feathers in a remaining lock of hair. He cried at being metamorphosed into an Indian, and to reconcile him he received several presents—all of which were taken from him at Montreal, except a brooch. George did not go down with his father, but went in a canoe containing two Indians and two squaws. At several little taverns along the river, the party landed to get rum, and about two miles from the city the liquor began to operate, one of the Indians fiercely quarreled with his squaw, when the canoe ran ashore and he drew her from it by the hair of her head, inflicting numerous blows upon her—when the other Indian separated them. This was just at dusk, and the captive afraid to tarry with his drunken masters, ran to a dwelling not far off to claim protection. He was not suffered to remain in the house, but was permitted to sleep in a barn. At day-light he hastened to the shore, where he found the Indians awake, much sobered, and just ready to discuss the merits of the bottle of discord; and his return so pleased them, that they treated him for his integrity. The squaws had taken the canoe in the night and gone on to Montreal, and soon after the prisoner joined them, the Indians proceeded thither on foot.

The prisoners were delivered to Col. Campbell, and for their capture the Indians received from the government a half-joe—\$4 each—and some presents to make a further compensation for the enterprise. As the captives needed clothing, Col. C. furnished each with a cloth coat, two pair of pants and a pair of shirts, one each of cotton and linen, and sent them to a prison-house, where they found about a dozen prisoners, some of whom had been retained in Canada several years, suffering great hardships. Mr. Cough's son Henry, who was captured with him in 1778, was confined on Prison island, where he died the next spring. While the Coughs were retained at Montreal, the prisoners obtained bread at a bakers, but meat was dealt out to them in the prison by a woman.

The mother of John Parker, whose arrest and execution I

have elsewhere shown as occurring in the spring of 1782, was at Montreal when Mr. Cough was, and having been a neighbor before the war she went to the prison to see him. She inquired of him, if the rebels had hung her John? Mr. Cough told her he had been tried and sentenced, but had not been executed to his knowledge. A few days after, she was seen approaching the prison accompanied by her only daughter, Nancy, bemoaning terribly. She sought out Mr. Cough, and said to him with great earnestness: "The rebels have hung my John! I have five sons more,* and they shall all go with the Indians to kill the d—rebels! Yes, and I'll go with them and eat my belly full of their flesh, and drink my belly full of their blood! Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo!" She left the prison bewailing her severe loss through the street, threatening vengeance on the friends of liberty. A Lieutenant, who had charge of the prisoners, and had been present at the interview of Mrs. Parker and Cough, inquired of the latter if he knew that woman? And on being assured that he did, the officer added: "Well, she's certainly a very rugged woman." The whole union was rife with affliction when the heel of war was upon it, and few were the domestic altars not bruised by it.

The Parker boys were daily in the habit of saluting the prisoners of their acquaintance whom they chanced to meet in the street, with the harsh epithet of d—rebels! for which low revenge they were often censured by British soldiers, and not unfrequently by other tories.

A man named Frazier, who had been an officer of some rank, then residing several miles from Montreal, though in sight, made an arrangement to have the three Coughs work for him, which they did until fall. They often saw while there some of their former neighbors, among whom were Susannah Wormwood Dunbar, mother, as believed, of two of Sir William Johnson's children; Molly, wife of John Brocken, who removed from the Philadelphia Bush school house early in the war—Susannah was living with Mrs. Brocken; Mrs. John Howell, and John Cough, whose flight to Canada the fall before, is elsewhere shown. They also saw Michael Reid, who was captured when Henry Stoner was killed, as elsewhere stated.

* William, James, Thomas, Isaac and Robert. All that were old enough were in the service of the enemy.

Return of Prisoners.—In the fall of 1782, the prisoners in and around Montreal—200 or 300—were exchanged for their foes held captive in the State, at which time Mr. Cough received \$20 from his late employer. They were liberated the day before their departure, and such as had friends in the city shared their hospitality. Mr. Cough and sons partook the hospitality of the Howell family over night; a family that had gone from their own neighborhood. The liberated captives spent the night in feasting, dancing and merriment. In the morning they crossed the river and found carts ready to carry their baggage to St. Johns, on the River Sorel, where they remained over night. From thence they embarked on two sloops, 12 boats accompanying them up the lake filled with canoes for the southerly end of the journey. The captives were landed at Skenesborough—now White Hall—and being there supplied with provisions, they were left to foot it home in snow six inches deep, as best they could. A German family from Kentucky, consisting of a man, wife and four children, came with the Coughs, parting company near the Gen. Schuyler place at Stillwater. Mr. Cough and sons were welcomed by their friends at home about the first of December, three weeks after leaving Montreal, and about seven months from their captivity. He was agreeably surprised on reaching his home, to find that the good management of his wife and daughter had secured the family from want. They planted corn and potatoes, and assisted by Michael Swobe and Henry Frank—the latter entered the State under Burgoyne—they cut and secured some hay. But what those women did, thousands of others did in that war for liberty; they toiled in-doors and out, sending their daily prayers to Heaven for the protection and success of their captive or war-clad kinsmen—without which coadjutors, the chains of tyranny could not have been riven. The Senr. Cough died in 1802, and his son, my informant, died March 11, 1852.

Burning of the Grist-mill at Little Falls.—The enemy, several hundred strong, entered the Herkimer settlement in the latter part of June, 1782; one of its chief aims being to destroy the grist-mill on the south side of the river at the falls, the only one remaining in the upper Mohawk valley. Col. Stone placed this transaction in 1780, but Mr. Benton gave its true date. Gen. Washington, who visited Schenectada, June

30, 1782, in a letter to Congress quoted a little further along, says this mill was burned just before his visit. Tradition says that when the invaders stole into the settlement, they did so with the preparation and intention of capturing Fort Herkimer ; no doubt posted as to its weakness by the Shoemaker family or some other on the "neutral ground." On that day, several families had taken grain to the Little Falls mill, six miles below, and nearly all of the little garrison at the fort, had gone along as an escort ; a fact which it is supposed the enemy knew. As it chanced on that day, Frederick Smith had been married, and with his bride was at the garrison. Very few armed men were left with the scores of women and children, still inmates of the fort.

The kind of celebrations we now term hornings, were then in vogue in celebrating weddings, and on this occasion it was resolved to have a jolly one. As the curtain of night was falling, such a din of the blowing of tin horns, the thumping of tin pans, brass kettles and the like, was never before heard in the Mohawk valley. Every woman and child had an instrument, while a man named Fulmer played a fiddle in the concert. The enemy approached near enough to hear this wonderful hubbub, and unable to divine its cause unless to celebrate the arrival of fresh troops, they at once abandoned the attack on the fort and moved down to the mill. Never, we believe, did a similar marriage serenade ever result so propitiously. Benton makes the whole number of men at the mill 19, seven of whom were soldiers. Surprised by so large a force, they fled from the mill as best they could, leaving Daniel Petrie, one of the citizens slain. Gershom Skinner and F. Fox, the millers, both gained concealment under the water wheel, where they were concealed from their foes, and protected from falling fire brands. Christian Edick and Frederick Getman, were concealed in the race way, until the light of the burning mill disclosed them and they were made prisoners, with, as supposed, eight or ten others.

Benton says that the enemy invaded the vicinity of Fort Herkimer in July, 1782, an event not before noticed, in great numbers, at which time they pursued from their homes to the fort, the families of Peter Wolever and Augustinus Hess, all escaping but Mr. Hess, who was shot as he was entering the

picket gate. In this invasion, said the writer, Valentine Starling was captured and tortured within hearing of the fort, that his cries might draw out troops to weaken the garrison for his rescue, so that it might be captured. The ruse did not succeed and the prisoner was dispatched. Shots were freely exchanged by the Americans and their invaders, and two soldiers besides the two citizens were killed, and it was supposed the loss of the enemy was still greater. Many dwellings were burned at this time, and not a few cattle and horses were added to the plunder made by the enemy. These destructives, I have no doubt, were the ones which burned the mill at the falls the night preceding the scenes here described; as it is not at all probable that two invasions in such large numbers, took place in the same locality only a few weeks apart, especially so near the close of the war.

The Death of Henry Stoner.—In my *Trappers of New York*, I gave in detail the murder of this brave citizen of the Johnstown settlements, as narrated by his son *Nicholas Stoner*, which should find mention here. After a service in the American army of nearly four years, Henry Stoner went upon the Dr. Quilhot farm in the present town of Amsterdam, in the spring of 1782. Early in June, as believed, a party of seven Indians arrived at the house of Andrew Bowman, east of Johnstown. This Bowman is mentioned as having escaped from the Indians a couple of months before, while a captive with George Cough and sons. At his house this war party learned the exposure of Stoner to their designs, and proceeded thither with Bowman, as believed, a willing prisoner. On their way they captured one Palmatier. Early that morning Stoner, accompanied by Michael Reed, a nephew in his teens, went to a field to hoe corn, the first hoeing and probably about the first of June. Mrs. Stoner had prepared breakfast and blew a horn to call her friends from the field. At the moment of leaving their work, Reed discovered two Indians armed with hatchets approaching them. Mr. Stoner had a loaded gun in his house, and hoped by flight to obtain it, but his foes ran across a field of flax and headed him, and soon had scalped him.

Some of the Indians now ran to the dwelling, which was soon plundered and set on fire. As they approached the house, Mrs. Stoner discovered them near the door, and threw a frock from a back window then open. The enemy staid to see the

house effectually on fire, and withdrew offering no indignity to Mrs. Stoner. Obtaining the dress, the only article saved, she went to the house of John Harman, a neighbor, supposing her husband and Reed were prisoners. Bowman aided the prisoners in carrying their plunder to a hiding place near the Sacondaga, where they had concealed food, etc. Palmatier



Maj. Nicholas Stoner, as seen hunting in the forest.

effected his escape the first night and returned to the joy of his friends, and Bowman, the pretended prisoner, was allowed to return home the night following. From their place of secretion near Northville, the party with their prisoner Reed proceeded to Canada by a northern route, where he became a drummer in Butler's rangers, to the end of the war. Stoner

was found alive by neighbors, but unable to speak. By signs he made known his desire for water, and some was brought him in a hat, but on drinking it he expired. He was buried under a hemlock tree near where he had fallen. When Palmatier made it known that Bowman was a willing prisoner, he was arrested and taken to Johnstown, but a confession could not be extorted from him, and with future warnings he was finally set at liberty.

I here give the reader a brief notice of Nicholas Stoner, whose father's death is noticed above, and whose life is given at length in my *Trappers of New York*. He was the oldest of two sons of Henry Stoner and his wife Catharine Barnes, who was a pioneer settler, and the first to locate at Fondasbush, Fulton county, some few years before the Revolution. As the father who came from Germany, espoused his adopted country's cause, and enlisted into the company of Capt. Robersham for three years, his son Nicholas, then about 15 years old enlisted as a fifer under Capt. Timothy Hughes; and his brother John, a year younger enlisted under Capt. Wright, who a few years before had been a British drum-major. Pleased with his boy recruit, Capt. Wright undertook to perfect him in *flammdiddles*. These companies all belonged to Col. James Livingston's regiment of State troops, so that the parent could daily see and look after his boys. In August, 1777, Livingston's regiment was with the army of Gen. Arnold, on its way up the Mohawk valley to succor Col. Gansevoort at Fort Stanwix. Nicholas Stoner corroborated the statement of Sergeant Williamson, that Arnold's troops could not pass over the Oriskany battle ground, to bury the dead, on account of the dreadful stench, but had to detour and leave the fallen heroes—"alone in their glory" unburied. After accomplishing his mission, Arnold returned to the army of Gates at Saratoga, and in the action of October 7th, Nicholas Stoner was wounded in a novel manner. A cannon ball demolished the head of a soldier of the company near him named Tyrrell, sending its fragments into the young fifer's face, which was covered with brains and fragments of skull. He was found senseless, but was cared for and recovered.

Our hero witnessed the surrender of Burgoyne as also that of Cornwallis, was present at the execution of Maj. Andre, was

with the troops which took possession of New York city on its evacuation, and to use his own words, he was one of the band which "played Washington off," when he bade his troops farewell, at Whitehall. He rendered other important service which is elsewhere mentioned. Here is an anecdote of his integrity, which should be mentioned in this connection. At Yorktown he was in Col. Cortlandt's regiment, which took charge on its return march, of 500 prisoners destined for Fredericksburg. While the troops were crossing a river at a ferry, Stoner saw a French officer drop his purse, and at once restored it to the owner. The officer, grateful for its recovery, rewarded him with a half doubloon (\$8), numerous bows and not a few expressions of his gratitude such as, "You pe a grand poy ! you pe von honest American ! you pe a ver fine soldier, be gar !" The reception of this money from a stranger for his integrity, afforded the young musician, as he assured the writer, more pleasure than could possibly the whole amount the purse contained had he dishonestly kept it. Let every young man on an occasion, imitate this good example. Stoner had many friends while the money lasted, for "come easy, go easy," was then the soldier's motto.

In the war of 1812, he was a fife-major in the regiment of Col. Melancthon Smith, of which John E. Wool was Major. His brother John in this war was also a drum-major, and died at Sacket's Harbor. In 1814, Nicholas Stoner was at Plattsburg, when, in the absence of his senior officers, Major (afterwards General), Wool was in command of the regiment. He was under him with a musket, when on the 6th of September, with 280 men he met and checked the advance of 4,000 British troops advancing on the Beekmantown road to Plattsburg, having a long street fight with the enemy; and with the assistance of other troops keeping him on the north side of the Saranac river. In one of these engagements the gallant young Maj. Wool had a horse shot under him. With the close of this war again ended and finally, the military services of Maj. Stoner, whose bravery at the trying moment was never questioned.

At the end of the Revolution, he married Anna Mason, then the widow of William Scarborough, a young soldier, who, at the Johnstown battle, was made a prisoner and was soon after

murdered in cold blood by order of Capt. Mc Donald, a villainous officer under Maj. Ross. Stoner resided not far from Johnson Hall for many years. Between the wars and subsequent to them, Maj. Stoner became a celebrated hunter and trapper in the wilderness north of Johnstown ; sometimes alone but more frequently with a partner to guard against accident or sickness. Forest hunters were very tenacious of their rights, a priority of occupancy along the water courses giving them an exclusive privilege, as they believed, to secure the game and fur in such territory. Hence they did not scruple to punish intruders—especially if they appropriated game in their traps, even with death. And on two occasions Indian hunters who had plundered his traps, or fur in them, met with sudden death—the trappers' motto being, " Might makes right"—while on several other occasions serious collisions took place.

Indian hunters not unfrequently came down through the forest and around its crystal lakes to Johnstown, where they disposed of their peltries to John Grant, an early merchant there, and where too, they remained, to spend most of their earnings in drunken carousels. One one occasion when Stoner was deputy sheriff, he entered the bar-room of De Fonclaiere's inn, where had previously arrived a party of seven Indian hunters. If they were in a condition to quarrel, Stoner was not entirely free from the maddening influence of reason's foe (everyone then used liquor), and having had some difficulty with and worsted several of the party, he entered the bar-room just as a half drunken Indian before the bar, was boasting of his Revolutionary exploits. He had, no doubt, heard the name of Stoner uttered, for he had drawn his scalping knife to boast to by-standers of the deeds of blood recorded upon its handle. Nine notches indicated the number of American scalps he had secured in the war ; and pointing to one cut deeper than the rest to indicate a soldier, " that," said he, " was the scalp of Old Stoner." As the Indian was cutting the air with the oft bloody blade, Stoner sprang to the fire-place, seized a hot and-iron and hurled it at the head of his father's murderer, with the exclamation : " You never 'll scalp another one." The hottest part of the iron struck the object of its aim with an indellible brand upon his neck, the register of death falling upon the floor beside its owner.

At this stage of the quarrel, the friends of Maj. Stoner got him out of the house. The Indians were boisterous in threats of revenge, but were advised at once to leave town, and did so, hiring Samuel Copeland, a German, to take them in a wagon to Sacondaga, where they had left their squaws, rifles and canoes.



Stoner avenging his father's murder.

It was the opinion of a physician and others, that the burned Indian could not survive, but it was never known in Johnstown whether he lived to reach Canada or not. Fearing this party might return and revenge their injuries upon the settlement if the affair was unnoticed ; on the complaint of the landlord,

Stoner was arrested and lodged in jail. Only a day or two after, when it became known along the Mohawk valley that he was in jail, the men of the period assembled at Johnstown jail and demanded the enlargement of the prisoner. The jailer was unwilling to liberate him without a legal process, and the mob, with a piece of scantling, stove in the door and brought him out. At his period, one Throop, kept a tavern near the centre of the village, where Sheriff Littel was boarding. To this inn the party conducted the liberated hero, where a jollification took place; after which, his liberators compelled the prisoner to go home to his family. He did so, and thus terminated one of the remarkable scenes in this old hero's life; many a young papoos in Canada being taught in consequence of it, to lisp with dread the name of *Nicholas Stoner*. He died November 24, 1853, and was buried at Kingsborough, N. Y.

Gen. Washington Visits Schenectada.—Gen. Washington, while at Albany in the summer of 1782, was invited by the citizens to visit Schenectada. He accepted the invitation, and in company with Gen. Schuyler, rode there in a carriage from Albany on the 30th of June, where he was received with no little formality by the civil and military authorities, and escorted some distance by a numerous procession, in which he walked with his hat under his arm. Abraham Clinch, who came to America as drum-major under Gen. Braddock, then kept a tavern in Schenectada, and at his house a public dinner was given. Having previously heard of his sufferings, one of the first persons Washington enquired after, was Col. Frederick Visscher, who was then residing in the place. He expressed surprise that the Colonel had not been invited to meet him, and agreeable to his request a messenger was sent for him. He was a man of real merit, but modest and retiring in his habits. On this occasion, he was found at work in his barn, which, under the circumstances, he left with reluctance, but was kindly greeted by the illustrious guest, who paid him marked attention.

At the dinner table were assembled a respectable number of gentlemen, among whom were Gen. Schuyler, Colonels Abram Wemple and Frederick Visscher, Majors Abram Switz, Myndert Wemple, and Jelles Fonda, Captains Peter Truax, then the oldest man in the place. Washington assigned the seat next

his own to Col. Visscher.—*Isaac De Graff* and *John J. Schermerhorn*. *Maj. Daniel*, a son of Col. Visscher, assured the writer that he, then a lad, witnessed the Schenectada ovation to Washington. He saw him walk in the long procession, with his hat under his arm.

This was indeed a proud day for "Old Dorp." Some person publicly addressed the visitor on the occasion, and before returning to Albany, he wrote the following reply, which was first published in *History of Schoharie County, etc.*, and was then in possession of Mr. C. V. Van Patten :

"To the Magistrates and Military Officers of the town of Schenectada :

"GENTLEMEN—I request you to accept my warmest thanks for your affectionate address.

"In a cause so just and righteous as ours, we have every reason to hope the Divine Providence will still continue to crown our arms with success, and finally compel our enemies to grant us that peace upon equitable terms, which we so ardently desire.

"May you, and the good people of this town, in the mean time, be protected from every insidious and open foe, and may the complicated blessings of peace soon reward your arduous struggles for the establishment of the freedom and independence of our common country.

"GO. WASHINGTON.

"SCHENECTADA, *June 30th*, 1782."

The following anecdote originated at Schenectada during the visit of Gen. Washington. He was walking a public street in company with Brower Banker, a respectable citizen, and blacksmith by trade, when an old negro passing took off his hat and bowed to him ; the great commander immediately returned the compliment. Banker expressed surprise that his companion thus noticed this descendant of Ismael, observing it was not the custom of the country thus to notice slaves. "I cannot be less civil than a poor negro," was his manly reply, as they proceeded onward.—*Rynier Gardinier*.

From Newburg, July 9, 1782, Washington thus wrote to the "President of Congress :"

"SIR—Having found a moment's leisure to examine, myself,

into the situation of affairs on the frontiers of this State, I have lately made a journey up the Hudson and Mohawk rivers, as far as Saratoga and Schenectada. Just before my arrival there a party of 300 or 400 of the enemy, consisting of British refugees and savages, had made an incursion down the Mohawk, attacked and captured (after a gallant defense) a small guard of Continental troops, who were stationed at the only remaining mill in the upper settlements, which they also destroyed." This was the Little Falls grist-mill. In the same letter he also said, "By a deserter from this party we are informed that the enemy are taking post at Oswego, and are either rebuilding the old, or erecting new fortifications there. Whatever the design of the enemy may be by thus occupying a new post, and extending themselves on the frontier, I consider it my duty to inform Congress thereof, and for that purpose have taken the liberty to forward this by the earliest safe conveyance since my return from the northward."—*Spark's Washington*, Vol. 8, 316.

Washington speaks of going to Saratoga: before leaving the north he visited her mineral springs to test their properties. He went from the springs to Schenectada, and as was his custom on an unknown route, he took especial pains to inquire his way. Making inquiries of an honest countryman, so particular was he to get all his turns and courses correctly noted, that the woodsman got a little out of patience, and after possibly repeating some suggestion for his observance he said: "And after you pass such a point, any d—d fool could find the way." Shortly after, the informant met a neighbor and told him what a send off he had just given a man who was afraid of taking the wrong path, for roads were then only unfenced paths. Do you know who thus particularly inquired of you? asked the neighbor. "No," said he "do you know who it was?" "Yes," was the reply, "it was Gen. George Washington!" As the reader may suppose, he felt that sense of shame which has often mounted the cheek of him who has given a distinguished stranger a rude answer. Young reader always be sure to answer civilly and keep your temper.—*James Scott*, father of Judge George G. Scott, of Ballston.

Prisoners Made in Cobelskill, 1782.—The reader will remember that when Brant desolated the upper part of Cobelskill in 1778, the log house of the elder George Warner was spared

from conflagration, as was then supposed, to afford an opportunity to capture committee man. Feeling too poor to erect a frame dwelling upon the ashes of his former one, he took up his winter residence in his old log dwelling. Seth's Henry, and six other Indians, who had traversed the forest from Niagara to Cobelskill, at that inclement season—a distance, by their route, of at least 300 miles—for the sole purpose of capturing Warner, who was known to be an influential whig, arrived in the vicinity of his dwelling on Sunday, the 11th day of December, 1782. On the same day, Nicholas Warner, his oldest son, went from one of the Schoharie forts to the paternal dwelling in a sleigh, accompanied by Joseph Barner, to get a lumber sleigh owned by the former, for the winter's use of which the latter had agreed to pay him one dollar—a dollar being as valuable then as a dozen would be at the present day. When Warner and Barner were fastening one sled to the other, one of their horses broke loose and ran into the woods, and while they were recovering the animal the enemy arrived. On surprising old Mr. Warner, one or two shots were fired to intimidate him, which, as it snowed very fast, were unheard by his son or companion.

Catching the stray horse, they returned and fastened the team to the sleds. As they drove past the house they discovered the Indians, three of whom attempted to take them. In making a little circuit to avoid the enemy, the horses were driven partly into the top of a fallen tree, when the friends attempted to cut loose the back sleigh. At this time two of the Indians fired upon them, the third reserving his fire. The horses ran partly over a log concealed in the snow, and the hindmost sleigh, not running true, struck a sapling and drew the box off, and Warner under it. Barner, having the reins, was drawn over the box, and remained upon the sleigh bottom. When Warner regained his feet, he observed that the Indian who had reserved his fire, had advanced to within some 20 paces of him, with a steady aim upon his person—and conscious of the danger he must encounter to gain the sleigh, he abandoned the attempt, and told his comrade, holding his restive steeds, to go, and leave him to his fate. He then drove off, and Warner became a prisoner. Soon after, one of the Indians, who knew him, enquired if he could shoot as good as he once could? His reply was, "I can, on a proper occasion."

Mrs. Warner and a daughter who chanced to be at home, were left unharmed. After plundering the house of what they desired, and securing a quantity of meat and flour to afford them subsistence for several days, the Indians, with their prisoners, sometime in the afternoon, set off up the creek, pursuing the direct route to the Susquehanna. The snow was then nearly knee deep, and receiving copious accession ; the party, therefore, could not travel rapidly. They proceeded about six miles and encamped, when they boiled a portion of their meat in a stolen teakettle, for their supper. When cooked, an Indian cut it as nearly as possible into nine equal parts ; then a second Indian turned his back, and a third gave owners to each mess ; as fishermen and hunters often do, by "touching it off", which is done by pointing at a portion, unobserved by another individual, with the familiar demand, who shall have that—whose reply gives it a lawful owner.

When captured, the younger Warner had on "Dutch shoes"—brogans. Observing that the Indian who claimed him as prisoner (who could speak Low Dutch, which he partially understood), he asked him if he would trade a pair of mocasins with him for his shoes—taking them off, and making known by signs what he could not fully communicate in Dutch. Said he to the Indian : "I am your prisoner, and if I freeze my feet and cannot keep up with you, you will kill me ; I now look to you for protection as to a father, and will try to love you as such." The Indian comprehended enough of what his prisoner had said to arrive at his meaning, and made the exchange. Warner then put on the mocasons, which were made with leggins, and and buttoned his breeches over them, when the Indians, to use his own words, "looked wild at one another." He thought they exchanged very significant looks, and fearing they suspected his intention, already conceived, of making his escape, he moved about a little and rubbed his legs, as if the better to adjust his new disguise, and then seated himself before the fire, with his hands clenched upon his knees. Instead of allaying, his last movement had a tendency to increase the suspicion and vigilance of his dusky captors ; observing which, he took off the mocasons, folded them up with care and put them into the bosom of his shirt ; which lulled all suspicion.

Said *Nicholas Warner*, at our interview in 1837 : "To relate

what took place on the night I was a prisoner with the Indians, now makes the cold chills run over me." The party laid down early to sleep, but the younger Warner, intent upon escaping, did not close his eyes; and about midnight, thinking all were slumbering, he arose and ran off, directing his footsteps homeward. He had hardly started, as his father afterwards informed him, when his escape was discovered, and four of the enemy were in pursuit; but as it was still snowing fast, and dark as the rotunda of Gebhard's cavern, they could not catch a glimpse of, much less follow him. He took a circuitous route in his flight, conjecturing that if pursued it would be on the back track, which was in fact the case. The Indians ran but a short distance and abandoned pursuit, fearing they might be troubled to retrace their steps to their own camp. Warner ran several miles with one hand before him, to prevent striking the trees. He crossed the creek six times in his flight, and arrived at Fort Duboise, nine miles from his captor's encampment, just at day-light. There was an old body of snow on the ground which was stiff, and the falling snow being damp readily packed upon it, otherwise he must have worn out his stockings and frozen his feet.

The elder Warner did not attempt to escape, but was watched with vigilance night and day. He must have suffered much from cold, but little from hunger, as one of the party was an expert hunter, and usually supplied plenty of food of somekind. Nimrod was, however, ill a few days, and the party did not fare as well, but when others brought in game, the former took good care to fill his meat basket, and soon recovered. An Englishman prefers going into battle upon a full stomach, and an Indian of being sick upon the same allowance. It was considered an honorable affair to capture an influential whig, besides entitling to a very liberal reward; and as Warner was one of the most noted in the Schoharie settlements, his captors were anxious to deliver him in Canada, and he was treated with greater forbearance and kindness on his way, than was any other captive who went from the Schoharie settlements during the war. The flour taken from Warner's was boiled in the tea-kettle, and usually eaten by the Indians, who gave the prisoner meat; reversing the usual treatment of captives in their anxiety to deliver him safely in Canada. After the escape of his

son, five of the Indians usually kept watch over Warner in the early part of the night and two in the latter part. One of the Indians treated the captive committee man with the kindness of a brother all the way to Niagara. On arriving at the Indian settlements in western New York, this Indian took him by the hand and led him unhurt outside the lines which had been formed for his reception, to the displeasure of those, who had from infancy been taught to delight in tortures and cruelty. A prisoner being led by his captor outside the gantlet lines, was an evidence of protection and exemption from abuse seldom ever violated.

While Mr. Warner was a captive he frequently sung a hymn in German. The young Indians almost invariably would begin to mock him, but if the name of the Deity was introduced, they usually understood it, and if so it never failed to produce their silence; such reverence had those unlettered sons of the forest for the Great Spirit of the universe. Indeed, the Indians of the Six Nations had no words in their dialect by which they could profane the name of Jehovah, and if they did so, it was in the language of their white neighbors.* Soon after his arrival in Canada, Mr. Warner was sent to Rebel island near Montreal, where he was given parole liberty.

After an absence of about eleven months, Mr. Warner was exchanged, and being sworn to secrecy, returned home by the northern route, coming through Hartford, Connecticut; and what was unusual, was better clad on his return than at the time of his capture. Had all the captive Americans been treated with the kindness and forbearance of George Warner, Sr., the horrors of our border wars had been greatly mitigated, and the suffering, which, in the aggregate, was most astounding, rendered comparatively trifling.—Facts from *Nich-*

* A fact communicated by Joseph Brant, to Isaac H. Tiffany in 1806. Here is further testimony on this point:

Do Indians Swear?—Mr. Schoolcraft, the great Indian linguist, says in reply to this often put question: "Many things the Indians may be accused of, but of the practice of swearing they cannot. I have made many inquiries into the state of their vocabulary, and do not, as yet, find any word which is more bitter or reproachful than *matchiannemoash*, which indicates simply, bad dog. Many of their nouns have, however, adjective inflections, by which they are rendered derogative. They have terms to indicate cheat, liar, thief, murderer, coward, fool, lazy man, drunkard, babblers. But I have never heard of an imprecation or oath. The genius of the language does not seem to favor the formation of terms to be used in oaths, or for purposes of profanity. It is the result of the observation of others, as well as my own, to say, that an Indian cannot curse."

olas Warner, in the fall of 1837. He then had a cancer on his mouth, which terminated his life July 27, 1838, in his 92d year.

High Price of Certain Articles.—I may here remark that some of the necessaries of life rose excessively high during the Revolution, besides being extremely difficult to obtain. Individuals went from the westward of Albany to Boston to procure salt. In a letter written by Cornelius Cuyler, of Albany, to Robert Snell, Esq., of Tryon county, dated, "Albany, March 5, 1779," I find the following sentence: "Could you not get wheat from the farmers in exchange for salt, to be delivered at Schenectada on your order? If so, let the farmers deliver the wheat at your mills, and give them a certificate on my brother, John Cuyler, for the quantity they may deliver, and they shall receive salt in proportion of six skipplles of wheat for one of salt. Cheese was sold from seventeen to twenty cents a pound, and nails used in the Highlands, fifty cents per pound.

Anecdote of Murphy.—Some time in the latter part of the Revolution, Timothy Murphy had charge of a small scout which went to reconnoitre in the vicinity of Oquago. While there they took three prisoners, one of whom was a Scotch lad of suspicious character, and soon after started on their return to Schoharie. In the night, the boy escaped, taking along Murphy's rifle—an act not very pleasing to the fearless ranger. Some months after, the boy was retaken by another scout, and with him the stolen fire-lock. When Murphy learned that the boy was taken, and was approaching as a prisoner, his worst passions were aroused, and he declared his intention to kill him, and armed himself with a tomahawk for that purpose. Elerson, and one or two of his companions in arms, reasoned the matter with him. They told him to imagine himself in the boy's situation, and asked him if *he*, similarly situated, would have acted differently from what the boy had? His anger was in a measure appeased; resentment yielded to the force of sober reasoning; and the boy was brought into his presence without receiving any injury. He was afterwards taken to Albany, and sold into servitude for the time being. Murphy, speaking of this affair, after the war, expressed his gratitude that he was prevented by his friends from injuring the lad who had stolen his gun.—*Elerson, Nicholas Warner, Jacob Becker, and Mrs. Van Slyck.*

How Concealed.—A tory named Jacob Salisbury, was concealed in a house in the present town of Bern, Albany county, in the latter part of the war, for several months. A hole had been cut in the floor, and covered with a trap door, and in a small space dug beneath the floor, the tory concealed himself whenever any of his neighbors, not in the secret of his burrow, were at the house. His object, it is believed, was to act the *spy*, but having been discovered, he was arrested and imprisoned.—*Mrs. Eleanor Feeck.*

Not so Easily Caught.—There is a tradition in Schoharie, currently believed by some, that an attempt was made in the latter part of the Revolution, to capture Timothy Murphy by stratagem. It is said that the hero had a cow, on the neck of which he placed a bell, the better to enable him to find her; and that an Indian, to gain an interview, took the bell from the cow's neck and placed it upon his own, when he gingled it about in the woods, where the cow sometimes ran, to afford him and his companions an opportunity either to kill or capture its owner. Murphy knew too well whether a cow or an Indian rattled his bell, and driving her home from another part of the woods, he left the ding-dong warrior to make music for his fellows.—*Mrs. Angelica Vrooman.*

Character of Murphy.—Timothy Murphy, the brave soldier with whom we must soon part company, (whose daring spirit the reader has no doubt been pleased with,) was never wounded in battle, and, I believe, never a prisoner with the enemy. It was his misfortune, like that of many other master spirits of the Revolution, not to have the advantages of an early education, even such as our common schools now afford. In fact, he possessed not the elements of an education: the art of reading and writing. For this reason, he declined accepting a proffered commission, knowing that he would be subjected to much inconvenience, and be liable to be imposed upon by designing men. Had he been an educated man, he might have made another Wayne or Morgan: but the want of the rudiments of an education compelled him to see others less fitted in other respects than himself; occupying stations of profit and honor. At the close of the war, he became a cultivator of the soil on the farm of his father-in-law. He was a citizen much respected in the county. As a father, he was generous and indulgent to

a fault, having been known to bring home, from Albany, for a daughter, some five or six dresses at one time.

Although Murphy could neither read nor write, yet, when mounted upon a stump or some eminence, he could harrangue a public audience with great effect, and for many years exerted a powerful influence in the political ranks of Schoharie county. He was very active in bringing his young friend and neighbor, the Hon. William. C. Bouck, from retirement into public notice—was zealous in obtaining for him the appointment of sheriff—and indirectly contributed not a little to his subsequent distinction.

On the 15th day of March, 1784 the ice lodged in the river near Middleburgh, overflowed the flats in the neighborhood of Murphy's residence, where they seldom if ever had been similarly inundated. Many cattle and sheep were swept off in the freshet and perished. In an attempt to save the family of John Adam Brown, a near neighbor, Murphy waded into the water amidst the ice, and succeeded in bearing to a place of safety his two sons; but Brown, and Lana, his only daughter, then about 12 years old, were unfortunately in the lower part of the house and were drowned. Murphy lost his wife, by whom he had nine children, in 1807, and married Mary Robertson five or six years after, by whom he also had several children. He died of a cancer upon his throat June 27th, 1818, the foundation of which disease was supposed to have been laid, while attempting to rescue the Brown family in 1784. The Rev. John Schermerhorn preached the funeral sermon of Murphy and that of two other individuals, George Mattice and a colored woman, on the same day. Murphy, and his first wife, Margaret Feek, were interred at death on the Feek farm, but within a few years they have been removed to the new Middleburgh cemetery. She died at the age of 44, and he at the age 67 years.

Murphy's Skill as a Marksman.—The following anecdote will show the danger as an enemy, of standing before Murphy's rifle. During the winter of 1781 and 1782, Timothy Murphy killed quite a number of deer on the Schoharie mountains, and dressed their pelts very handsomely. In the spring, to break the monotony of a camp life, he made a shooting match at the Upper Fort, testing the skill of his comrades in arms in the

sale of his deer-skins. He occasionally took a shot himself, and usually won back his property ; but as some objected to his firing, he desisted, as he had been well paid for it, and whoever could bore off the beautiful buff leather. After the skins were all disposed of, now, said Murphy, let us shoot for a gallon of rum. A large white oak tree was blazed near the ground, a line drawn round in the exposed wood, and in the circle a small piece of white paper was fastened with a brass nail. The distance fired was 100 yards. Several close shots had been made, when it became Murphy's turn to fire. He laid down on the ground at full length resting his gun on his hat as Leek, informant and others had done, who had made some close shots ; and after looking over the barrel, he was heard to say : "Sure, and I believe I can see that nail." Again he sighted his piece—it exploded, and the paper fell. An examination showed a centre shot—the ball had driven the nail entirely in.—*Judge Henry Hager.*

In the fall of 1799, four Schoharie riflemen of Revolutionary days and deeds met at the residence of Capt. Jacob Hager, in Blenheim, on their return from either a hunt or a shooting match. Before separating, it was proposed to shoot at a mark. A target was made by pinning a small piece of white paper to a board some two feet long, and the parties repaired to a field a few rods south of the house. They paced off 100 yards from their standing point, to which the target was taken by one of the four, who held it between his knees to receive the bullet of a comrade, who, in turn, held it for another ; thus was it alternately held until all had fired. Each of the first three shots cut the edge of the paper, that of William Leek on the right, that of David Elerson on the left, that of a third, name not remembered, on the bottom. Timothy Murphy made the last shot and the paper fell. On examination it was found that his bullet had driven the pin through the board. This trial of skill was witnessed by my informant, *Daniel Hager.*

He came too Near the Fort.—Sometime in the latter part of the war, possibly when the enemy were in its vicinity, an incident occurred at Fort Duboise, in Cobelskill, which, in its result, was a source of merriment. John King was one night in a sentry box, keeping vigils for the safety of himself and others, when he discovered some object slowly approaching the

place where he was stationed. It was light enough for him to obtain a sight of the object, but not with sufficient distinctness to identify its character ; and supposing it to be a tory or an Indian visitant, he hailed it with the accustomed "Who comes there?" demanding also the countersign. To the interrogatories of the sentinel no reply was given, but the supposed foe continued to advance, and King, already imagining he saw the uplifted tomahawk of a gigantic Indian, leveled his trusty gun and fired. The report echoed among the distant hills, and greatly alarmed the little garrison and several families of citizens, clustered in rude huts within the picketed inclosure for safety. The courageous were quickly armed for an expected onset of a desperate foe. King pointed out, in the uncertain light, to the swollen eyes of his officer and comrades the supposed enemy, evidently weltering in his blood, for his temerity in presuming to approach a post, guarded by so trusty a sentinel. The object soon became still, and the silence of midnight was again restored. The inmates of the fort retired to rest, few to sleep again that night, anxiously to await the return of daylight. The light came, and disclosed to the inmates of the fort, whose curiosity was on tiptoe, that the vigilant watchman had actually killed a large—"bull calf." The heedless animal, ignorant of the police of a camp, had strayed from a neighboring field, and was slowly grazing toward the wary guard, when he received a bullet which killed him outright —*Marcus Brown*.

Birth of a Dauphin of France, How Celebrated.—In a letter to Gen. Greene, said Washington May 22, 1782 : "Within a few days the happy event of a birth of a Dauphin of France, has been formally announced to Congress by the minister of France. Its celebration has been observed in Philadelphia and is directed to be noticed in the army with such demonstrations of joy as are thought proper for the occasion. This will be done here (his headquarters), and I now make the communication to you, that the officers of your army may take an opportunity to participate in the general joy."—*Spark's Washington*, vol. 8, p. 299.

This celebration took place at West Point, at which festival *Capt. Eben Williams* was present, and which, from memory, he thus described to the writer : A large bower was erected

about 80 or 100 rods from the river, covered with evergreens and beautifully festooned at the ends. Many natural flowers, interwoven with flower-de-lis cut from tissue paper, decorated the sides and ends. Long poles for the bower were brought on the shoulders of the soldiers, who, on casting them down, were sometimes heard, the one to exclaim with earnestness, "God bless the Dauphin!" while his comrade at the other end, with equal zeal would add, "God d—n the Dauphin?" An ox roasted whole for the occasion was eaten within the bower, and after his bones had been removed, and a few bumpers of wine drank, Gen. Washington, who appeared in unusually good spirits, said to his officers: "Let us have a dance!" Selecting a partner among the officers, the great commander led the dance, in a "garder hop," or "stag dance," as called in modern times, when no ladies are present, to the favorite old tune, "Soldier's joy," played by a military band. Washington was a very graceful dancer, and presented a fine figure among his officers. The numerous regiments of troops there convened were paraded towards evening along the mountain back of Fort Putman, and upon the high grounds on the east side of the river, to fire a salute. The regiments were under the command of quarter-master sergeants, and the companies commanded by orderly sergeants; not a single commissioned officer holding any command among the thousands thus conspicuously paraded. As may be supposed, the non-commissioned commanders were justly proud of the confidence reposed in their integrity. At a given signal, a running fire began at the south end of a line and extended along the west side of the river to the north end, when the *fue-de-joie* was caught by the troops on the opposite side of the river and carried south. Thus did the rattle of musketry three times make its distant circuit along the Hudson, in honor of an event which gave a prospective heir to the crown of France, then the efficient ally of our republic—after which, the troops, in the twilight of a lovely evening, returned to the Point. On the day of this festival, an extra one day's ration was served to the soldiers, and all seemed equally to enjoy the holiday, which passed off without an accident to mar its pleasantries.

The following is one verse of a song believed to have been written either for or on account of the celebration at West

Point, for which I am indebted to the memory of my friend,
Issac H. Tiffany, Esq.:

“Hark, hark, a *sue-de-joie*—makes trembling ether ring,
Whilst shouting armies hail, a Prince, a future King,
On whom may Heaven with liberal hand
Her choicest gifts bestow:
May peace and wisdom bless his reign,
And laurels deck his brow:
A Dauphin's born, let cannon loud
Bid echo rend the sky.

“CHORUS.—Long life to Gallia's King,
Columbia's great ally.”

Dr. Thacher in his *Military Journal*, he having been there, gives a glowing description of this affair—too lengthy to be given in full, but here is a part of it: “June 1st, yesterday was celebrated the birth of the Dauphin of France, by a magnificent festival. The edifice under which the company assembled and partook of the entertainment, was erected on the plain at West Point. The situation was romantic, and the occasion novel and interesting. Maj. Villefranche, an ingenious French engineer, has been employed with 1,000 men about 10 days in constructing the curious edifice. It is constructed of the simple materials which the common trees in the vicinity afford. It is about 600 feet in length and 30 feet wide, supported by a grand colonnade of 118 pillars, made of the trunks of trees. The covering of the roof consists of boughs, or branches of trees curiously interwoven, and the same materials from the walls, leaving the ends entirely open. On the inside every pillar was encircled with muskets and bayonets bound round in a fanciful manner, and the whole interior was decorated with evergreens, with American and French military colors, emblems, devices, etc.

“The whole army was paraded on the contiguous hills on both sides of the river, forming a circle of several miles in open view of the public edifice, and at the given signal of firing three cannon, the regimental officers all left their commands and repaired to the building to partake of the entertainment which had been prepared by order of the Commander-in-chief. At 5 o'clock, dinner being on the table, his Excellency Gen. Washington, and his lady and suite, the principal officers of the

army and their ladies, Geo. Clinton and his lady, and a number of respectable characters from the States of New York and New Jersey, moved from Maj.-Gen. McDougall's quarters through the line formed by Col. Crain's regiment of artillery, to the arbor, where more than 500 gentlemen and ladies partook of a magnificent festival." A martial band furnished music; 13 toasts were drank, each heralded by the discharge of 13 cannon. The *feu-de-joie* echoed in the mountains like thunder, and it being dark the flashes of fire arms he compared to those of lightning, the whole army at its close giving three rousing cheers for the Dauphin, concluding with fire-works followed by a ball. Mrs. Knox was the first partner of Washington, followed in figure and reel by some 20 other couples.

A Severe Castigation.—In the fall of 1782, when independence had been secured, a party of whigs who had felt the influence of certain tories in the war, resolved to chastise them for their evil deeds, and on some occasion the following citizens of Harpersfield and vicinity, to the number of 10, assembled for that purpose, viz.: Alexander and Archibald Harper, brothers; John Brown, Stephen Judd, Ezra Thorp, William Lamb, Joel Mack and Benjamin Morse. Wilting some beech gads in the fire, the party went to the dwelling of Rose, tied him and gave him nearly 100 lashes, and from thence they proceeded to the house of McIntosh, and gave him about the same chastisement, assigning as a reason for their proceedings, that those men had harbored and fed the enemy on their way to murder their neighbors. The culprits were both admonished to leave the country and never return. McIntosh soon left and as believed, went to Canada and remained there. The family of Rose, except a previously married daughter, went to Albany county for a time, but after a while Gov. George Clinton, who was disposed to bury the hatchet of partizan malevolence, allowed Rose to return to his former possessions, and in federal times he was appointed a Judge of the county courts, associated with Judge Foote, a man of worth. On his getting the appointment of Judge, Col. John Harper told Rose, that if ever he was arraigned before him, he would pin him to the wall with an arrow. Indeed, the people were so indignant at this appointment of Rose, that on his entering his judicial seat one day after dinner, he found a paper effigy where he usually

hung his hat, a tomahawk and scalping knife also adorning the wall. But with time this asperity of feeling wore off, and the once tory element was lifted into the favor and final brotherhood of society. This picture of political rancor will prove a mirror for other frontier localities of this State, at the close of the war.—From *William Harper*, of Harpersfield.

The Captains Huddy and Asgill Affairs.—Capt. Joshua Huddy, an officer who had distinguished himself before for his bravery; March 20, 1782, was in command of a block house at Toms river, N. J., when Lieut. Blanchard with some 120 men landed from whale-boats, and attacked the little fortress just at day light. The fort was an incomplete structure, defended by about 25 American soldiers, and after a gallant defense the works were stormed, and the Captain and his surviving men were made prisoners, taken to New York and incarcerated, the former heavily ironed was placed, at first in the sugar house, and afterward on a guard-ship. From his confinement he was taken April 12, by a party of 16 refugees under Capt. Lippencott, to Gravelly Point, New Jersey, and after a mock trial, in which he was accused of the death of Philip White, a refugee Captain of New Jersey, who was arrested there as a spy, and in attempting to make his escape was killed some days after Huddy was imprisoned. The death of White was made the pretext by the tories for the murder of Capt. Huddy. It is said he was given a mock trial and allowed a few minutes in which to write his will, which was done on a drum head. He was then hung and a paper was pinned upon his breast reading, "Up goes Huddy for Philip White."

A more unprincipled and infamous act was not perpetrated during the war. A prisoner captured in defending a military post, is derisively hung and left hanging until taken down by the Americans, to gratify the revenge of Lippencott and other knaves. When known to Washington, he demanded of Sir Henry Clinton the murderers of Capt. Huddy. This he refused to do, when at this juncture, says one of them present, his Excellency called together at his quarters all of the officers* commanding brigades and regiments, to give their opinion as to what means ought now to be adopted, in consequence of the brutal murder of Huddy. When they were apprised of all the

* Gen. Wm. Heath's *Memoirs*, published in 1796.

circumstances, the three following questions were propounded: Shall there be retribution for the murder of Capt. Huddy? On whom shall it be inflicted? How shall the victim be designated? The officers, forbidden to converse on the questions, were to write and seal their answers addressed to the Commander-in chief. The opinion of the officers was unanimous—That retaliation should take place. That it should be inflicted on an officer of equal rank, a Captain. That he should be designated by lot.

The lot was cast among the 13 Captains of the British army captured at Yorktown the fall before. Nothing, said Capt. Eben Williams, who was with the army of Washington at the time, could have been done more fairly. Thirteen ballots were prepared by Gen. Hazen and placed in a hat, all of which were blank except one, bearing the simple word, unfortunate. The names of the Captains were then placed in another hat and drawn out one at a time, when a ballot was drawn from the other hat to match it. Two small drummers drew out the ballots. When the name of Charles Asgill (the 11th name) was called, the *fatal ballot* was drawn; and soon it was bruited among Asgill's friends, that he was selected in consequence of an insult to Washington, which a portion of unwritten history will explain.

At the surrender of the army of Cornwallis at Yorktown, Capt. Eben Williams assured the writer, that he was the officer of the day, whose duty it became with his command, to strike and collect the camp equipage of the vanquished army. In the early part of the day he was engaged at the Hessian encampment, and at a later hour he visited the English camp. On his arrival at the latter camp he inquired what officer was in command. A genteel, though vain young man stepped forward saying: "I have the honor of commanding here; my name is Asgill. What may be your business, sir?"

"It has become my duty," said Capt W., "to collect this camp equipage, and if there is anything of a private nature it will be left for the owner, and anything of a public character that will be needed in a day or two, I will also leave."

"By whose authority do you act, sir?" inquired the young Captain.

"I believe, sir," said Capt. W., "those are the orders of Gen. Washington!"

"Indeed," said the sprig of royalty, with a sneer, "I know no Washington; I go to Count Rochambeau, sir."

"You do, ah?" said Capt. W., his blood rising to fever heat. "Here, corporal," said he addressing one of his company, "bring a file of men and arrest this man who insults Washington."

And did you really arrest Capt. Asgill? I inquired of Capt. Williams. "O no," he replied laughing, "the proud officer did not wait to be arrested, the thought of being placed under an American corporal was unpalatable in the extreme, and he fled precipitately down a declivity, to where many of the British officers were encamped. Capt. Williams went on and discharged his duties, and on returning to his own camp in the evening he reported to his Colonel the insult to the Commander-in-chief. There was no little commotion for a time, and the matter was at once complained of to Asgill's superior officer, who promised that on the morrow when the Americans were paraded, the pompous Captain should come before them and make an apology for so needless an insult; but as it was with Cornwallis, he feigned sickness and remained in his own camp. This young man, who was about his size, was next to Maj. Andre, called the greatest dandy in the British army. So wide spread was the rumor that Asgill was selected for this silly act, that his friend, Maj. Gordon, a fellow prisoner, was furloughed to go to New York and state the fairness by which his fate had fallen upon him, to Sir Guy Carleton, who had succeeded Clinton. Lippencot was court martialed and acquitted on the plea of executing the commands of his superiors—showing him to be a willing tool to a damning deed. Carleton disbanded the board of loyalists, to prevent any similar occurrence. The matter of this insult, although much talked of at the time it took place, has never before crept into the country's history.

This peculiar fate hung over Asgill for eight months, but he was by Washington shown every reasonable indulgence. Indeed his novel position became the subject of comment in two hemispheres, for the first question asked on the arrival in England or France of a ship from America was: "Has Asgill been hung?" The caustic pen of that great champion of liberty,

Thomas Paine, in the *Crisis*, addressed some scathing questions to Sir Guy Carleton, pressing home this and other dastard acts, to British action and approval. In alluding to the importance of punishing the guilty and saving the innocent victim he said: "The demand, though not complied with, and the melancholly lot (not by selection but by casting lots [here is an allusion to the rumor of his selection for insulting the name of Washington], has fallen upon Capt. Asgill, of the guards, who, as I have already mentioned, is on his way from Lancaster (where the lots were cast), to camp, a martyr to the general wickedness of the cause he engaged in, and the ingratitude of those whom he served (who would not surrender Lippencot and save the doomed prisoner)."

Young Asgill was the son of Sir Charles Asgill, an English nobleman, and was but 19 years old, which may, in some measure, account for his indiscretion. The friends of the young Captain on learning his impending fate, appealed to the King of England to save him, and he gave orders for the surrender of Huddy's murderers, but King George was not obeyed. The war was nearing a close—the object for which Asgill was doomed, which was to put an end to similar atrocious proceedings was in a measure accomplished; and Washington, who could not bring his mind to execute the young man if the necessity could be avoided, was gratified that the turn of events made it a pleasure for him to liberate the prisoner. Lady Asgill, his mother, as a dernier resort to save her son, wrote to the Count de Vergennes, the French minister, whose nation was at war with her own, to intercede in saving her son. This letter of appeal and the one expressing her thanks to the court, are among the printed gems expressive of human feeling, and I take pleasure in giving them to the reader, who will appreciate the mother's delicate position.

Letter from Lady Asgill to Count de Vergennes:

"SIR—If the politeness of the French court will permit a stranger to address it, it cannot be doubted but that she who unites in herself all the more delicate sensations with which an individual can be penetrated, will be received favorably by a nobleman, who reflects honor not only on his nation, but on human nature. The object on which I implore your assistance

is too heart rending to be dwelt upon ; most probably the public report of it has already reached you, this relieves me from so mournful a duty. My son, my only son, dear to me as he is brave, amiable as he is beloved, only 19 years of age, a prisoner of war, in consequence of the capitulation of Yorktown, is at present confined in America as an object of reprisal. Shall the innocent suffer the fate of the guilty ? Figure to yourself, sir, the situation of a family in these circumstances. Surrounded as I am, with objects of distress, bowed down by fear and grief, words are wanting to express what I feel, and to paint such a scene of misery ; my husband, given over by his physicians some hours before the arrival of this news, not in a situation to be informed of it ; my daughter, attacked by fever accompanied by delirium, speaking of her brother in tones of distress, and without an interval of reason unless it be to listen to some circumstance which may console her heart. Let your sensibility, sir, paint to you my profound, my inexpressible misery, and plead in my favor ; a word from you, like a voice from heaven, would liberate us from desolation, from the last degree of misfortune. I know how far Gen. Washington reveres your character. Tell him only that you wish my son restored to liberty, and he will restore him to his desponding family ; he will restore him to happiness. The virtue and courage of my son will justify this act of clemency. His honor, sir, led him to America ; he was born in abundance, to independence, and to the happiest prospects. Permit me once more to intreat the interference of your high influence in favor of innocence, and the cause of justice and humanity. Dispatch, sir, a letter from France to Gen. Washington, and favor me with a copy of it that it may be transmitted from hence. I feel the whole weight of the liberty taken in presenting this request. But I feel confident, whether granted or not, that you will pity the distress by which it is suggested ; your humanity will drop a tear upon my fault and blot it out forever.

“May that heaven which I implore, grant that you may never need the consolation which you have it in your power to bestow on

“THERESA ASGILL.”

Noble woman! Angelic mother! It was to this appeal more than to all other influences no doubt, that her son escaped the terrible fate which so long hung over him; while awaiting British justice at the hands of unworthy officials. The count submitted Lady Asgill's appeal to the King and Queen of France; who sympathizing deeply with the mother, instructed the minister to write to Gen. Washington, if it were possible, to set the prisoner free. Washington sent copies of the French letters with his own to Congress, which body directed him to set Capt. Asgill at liberty, a duty pleasing to the great commander. He at once transmitted to the captive a copy of the resolution of Congress, dated November 7, 1782, with a passport to go to New York, and a letter which closed as follows: "I cannot take leave of you, sir, without assuring you, that in whatever light my agency in this unpleasant affair may be viewed, I was never influenced through the whole of it, by sanguinary motives, but by what I conceive to be a sense of my duty, which loudly called on me to take measures, however disagreeable, to prevent a repetition of those enormities which have been the subject of discussion. And that this important end is likely to be answered without the effusion of the blood of an innocent person, is not a greater relief to you, than it is,

"Sir, to your most obedient, humble servant,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

The tribute of a grateful heart is charmingly expressed, of this romantic and very exciting event of the war, in the—

Second Letter of Lady Asgill to the Count de Vergennes:

"SIR—Exhausted by long suffering, overpowered by an excess of unexpected happiness, confined to my bed with weakness and languor, bent to the earth by what I have undergone, my sensibility alone could supply me with strength sufficient to address you.

"Condescend, sir, to accept this feeble effort of my gratitude. It has been laid at the feet of the Almighty, and believe me, it has been presented with the same sincerity to you, sir, and to your illustrious sovereigns; by their august and salutary intervention, as by your own, a son is restored to me, to whom my own life was attached. I have the sweet assurance, that my

vows for my protectors are heard in heaven, to whom they are ardently offered : yes, sir, they will produce their effect before the dreadful and last tribunal, where I indulge in the hope, that we shall both appear together ; you to receive the recompense of your virtues, myself that of my sufferings. I will raise my voice before that imposing tribunal, I will call for those sacred registers, in which your humanity will be found recorded. I will pray that blessings may be showered on your head, on him who, availing himself of the noblest privilege received from God, a privilege no other than divine, has changed misery into happiness, has withdrawn the sword from the innocent head, and restored the worthiest of sons, to the most tender and unfortunate of mothers.

“Condescend, sir, to accept this last tribute of gratitude due to your virtuous sentiments. Preserve this tribute, and may it go down to posterity as a testimony of your sublime and exemplary beneficence to a stranger, whose nation was at war with your own ; but these tender affections have not been destroyed by war. May this tribute bear testimony to my gratitude long after the hand that expresses it, with the heart which at this moment only vibrates with the vivacity of grateful sentiments, shall be reduced to dust ; even to the last day of my existence, it shall beat but to offer all the respect and all the gratitude, with which it is penetrated.

“THERESA ASGILL.”

PRINCIPAL EVENTS OF 1783.

An Abortive Attempt of Col. Willett to Capture Fort Oswego.
—Said *Moses Nelson*, an American prisoner there in the spring of 1782, when the enemy set about rebuilding Fort Oswego, three officers, Capt. Nellis, Lieut. James Hare, and Ensign Robert Nellis, a son of the Captain, all of the forester service, had charge of the Indians there employed. Nelson and two other lads, also prisoners, accompanied this party, which was conveyed in a sloop, as waiters. About 100 persons were employed in rebuilding this fortress, which occupied most of the season. The winter following, Nelson remained at this fort, and was in it when Col. Willett advanced with a body of troops February 9, 1783, with the intention of taking it by surprise.

The enterprise is said to have proved abortive in consequence of Col. Willett's guide, who was an Oneida Indian, having lost his way in the night when within only a few miles of the fort. The men were illy provided for their return—certain victory having been anticipated—and their sufferings were, in consequence, very severe. This enterprise was undertaken agreeably to the orders of Gen. Washington ; but it certainly added no laurels to the chaplet of the brave Willett.

After the above was first published, I learned from John Roof, who was a private soldier in that enterprise under Willett, that so certain did the latter feel of success, that a scant quantity of provisions were taken along. While on the way out, several dogs with the army were killed to prevent betraying their position, which the famished troops were glad on their homeward march to dig out of the snow and eat.

Col. Willett, possibly, may not have known, as well as Washington did, that Fort Oswego had been so strongly fitted up the preceding year, and consequently the difficulties he had to encounter before its capture—be that as it may, the probability is, that had the attack been made, the impossibility of scaling the walls would have frustrated the design, with the loss of many brave men. The fort was surrounded by a deep moat, in which were planted heavy pickets. From the lower part of the walls projected downward and outward another row of pickets. A draw-bridge enabled the inmates to pass out and in, which was drawn up and secured to the wall every night, and the corners were built out so that mounted cannon commanded the trenches. Two of Willett's men, badly frozen, entered the fort in the morning, surrendering themselves prisoners, from whom the garrison learned the object of the enterprise. The ladders prepared by Willett to scale the walls were left on his return, and a party of British soldiers went and brought them in. The longest of them," said Nelson, "when placed against the walls inside the pickets, reached only about two-thirds of the way to the top." The post was strongly garrisoned, and it was the opinion of Mr. N. that the accident or treachery which misled the troops was most providential, tending to save Col. Willett from defeat, and most of his men from certain death.

Gen. Washington reported the failure of this enterprise to the President of Congress, February 25, 1783, as follows :

"SIR—I am sorry to acquaint your Excellency—for the information of Congress—that a project which I had formed for attacking the enemy's fort at Oswego—as soon as the sleighing should be good, and the ice of the Oneida lake should have acquired sufficient thickness to admit the passage of a detachment—has miscarried. The report of Col. Willett, to whom I had entrusted the command of the party, consisting of a part of the Rhode Island regiment and the State troops of New York—in all about 500 men—will assign reasons for the disappointment."

He added that, although the expedition had failed, "I am certain nothing depended upon Col. Willett to give efficiency to it, was wanting."—*Sparks' Life of Washington*, vol. 8, p. 385.

How the Forerunner of Peace, a Notice of the Cessation of Hostilities Between Great Britain and the United States, was sent from Fort Plain to Fort Oswego.—In July, 1880, Rev. Dr. Denis Wortman placed in my hands a journal of Capt. Alexander Thompson,* an officer in the American artillery service, which journal now belongs to the family of Thomas T. Buckley, Esq., of Brooklyn, N. Y.—Mrs. B. being a sister of Rev. Dr. Alex. R. Thompson, the third of the name—the second, Col. A. R. Thompson, having been killed in the Florida war. The journal, which consists of 50—five and a half by seven and a half—well written pages, has the following heading :

"JOURNAL of a tour from the AMERICAN GARRISON at Fort Rensselaer, in Canajoharie, on the Mohawk River, to the BRITISH GARRISON of OSWEGO, as a Flag, to announce a cessation of hostilities on the frontiers of New York, commenced Friday, April 18, 1783."

On the first of January of this year, Capt. Thompson, as his journal shows, was appointed to the artillery command of several posts of the Mohawk valley, which he names as follows : Fort Rensselaer, Fort Plank, Fort Herkimer

* A native of East Windsor, Ct. He with William Burns, of Coventry, and Charles Brown, all of Connecticut, are said to have been the first three of the forlorn-hope, to enter the enemy's works at Stony Point, under the impetuous Gen. Wayne.

and Fort Dayton. Fort Rensselaer*—another name for Fort Plain—being, as he says, the headquarters of the river forts, he thought proper to have his own quarters near those of the commanding officer, so as to furnish from his own company detachments, as circumstances required. On the 17th of April—only a little over two months after Col. Willett's attempt to surprise Fort Oswego—an express arrived at Fort Plain from Washington's headquarters, to have an officer sent from thence with a flag to Oswego, to announce to that garrison—from whence many of the Indian depredators came—a general cessation of hostilities, and an impending peace.

Maj. Andrew Finck, then in command at Fort Plain, committed this important and hazardous mission to Capt. Thompson. His companions in the enterprise were to be four, a bombardier of his own company, a sergeant of Willett's levies, and a Stockbridge Indian, and his guide and interpreter was to join him at Fort Herkimer. We regret that he did not give the names of his attendants. All things were to be ready for an early start on the morning of the 18th, but when the nature of his mission became known along the valley—and such news as he was bearer of sped on fleet horses—many having lost friends whose fate was unknown, desired a chance to send letters by the flag-bearer, and his start was thus delayed until 11 o'clock, at which hour numerous small packets and letters were collected to be sent to friends in Canada. To some inquiries, he said on his return, his mission proved one of joy, but to others one of sadness; as the veil of mysteries had not been lifted. A flag of truce having been made by securing a white cloth to the head of a spoutoon, to be borne by the sergeant, he left the fort with the flag-man in front of him, and the artillery-man and Indian in his rear. He started with a pack-horse, which he discreetly left at Fort Herkimer. The novelty of his mission drew a great crowd together, and he was accompanied several miles by a cavalcade of officers, soldiers and citizens. He went up the

* It is much to be deprecated that Gen. Van Rensselaer, in pursuit of Sir John Johnson in the fall of 1780, after this fort had been known on the frontier by no other name than that of Fort Plain for four years, should have taken the liberty to change its name to his own. This is worse than calling Fort Stanwix Fort Schuyler, because that was, though very unwisely, so done at the beginning of the war. Col. Willett, although in command of Fort Plain when its name was purloined, we thought could not have advised so unwise a measure, but he connived at it. Would any one expect a Patrol, to have presumed on such an act?

river road on the south side of the Mohawk, and spoke of passing Fort Windecker (now Mindenville), and the Canajoharie, or Upper Mohawk castle (now Danube where the Mohawk's church still stands), arriving at Mr. Schuyler's house at the foot of Fall Hill, about 3 o'clock P. M., where he and his party were presented with an excellent dinner. This halt was but a little distance from the Gen. Herkimer house, which is still standing. I suppose this Schuyler to have been keeping a public house where Warner Dygert was residing, when killed by the Indians several years before. Leaving Schuyler's at 4 P. M., he passed over Fall Hill and arrived at Fort Herkimer after sunset.

At this garrison Capt. Thompson found David Schuyler, a brother of the man he had dined with, who became his guide and interpreter. Eight days rations were put into knapsacks, and one short musket was concealed in a blanket, with which to kill game, if by any means their provisions failed. On Saturday morning, April 19, in a snow storm, this party of five set out on their wilderness journey, still on the south side of the Mohawk. They met several hunting parties, and made their first halt opposite "Thompson's place above New Germantown," now in the town of Schuyler. A few miles above he fell in with a party of 10 families of Indians on a hunting excursion, and learned how forest children lived, and after passing through a swampy defile, he encamped on solid ground for the night. Here his men instructed by the Indian soon erected an Indian wigwam for the night, in the following manner: Two stakes, with crotches at the upper end, were set upright about 10 feet apart, upon which they placed a pole. They then covered the sides with bark resting the top against the pole with the bottom on the ground, so as to leave a space about 12 feet wide. The gables were also covered with bark; a fire was made in the middle of the structure, and a small hole left in the top for smoke to pass out, and when some hemlock boughs had been cut for their beds, the tabernacle was completed. Such a structure the Indians would construct in an incredible space of time, where bark was handily obtained. In such rude huts, many a hunter or weary traveler has found a good night's rest.

The next morning the journey was resumed on the Fort

Stanwix road, and at 10 o'clock he passed the ruins of old Fort Schuyler, of the French war, now Utica. On Capt. Thompson's arrival at the "Seekaquate" creek—Sadaquada or Saquoit creek which enters the Mohawk at Whitestown—he found the bridge gone. Soon after passing this stream he said he ascended "Ariska (Oriskany) Hill," which he observed "was usually allowed to be the highest piece of ground from Schenectada to Fort Stanwix." Says the journal: "I went over the ground where Gen. Herkimer fought Sir John Johnson, this is allowed to be one of the most desperate engagements that has ever been fought by the militia. I saw a vast number of human skulls and bones scattered through the woods;" this was nearly five and a half years after the battle. He halted to view the ruins of Fort Stanwix, and those of St. Ledger's works while besieging the fort, and passing the sight of Fort Bull on Wood creek, at the end of a mile and a half he encamped for the night, erecting the usual Indian wigwam. The night was one of terror, as the howling of wolves and other animals prevented much sleep, but keeping up their fires the beasts were kept at bay. Monday morning, on arriving at Canada creek, a tributary to Wood creek, two trees were felled to bridge the stream. A mile and a half below he left the creek and ascended Pine ridge, where he discovered in his path a human foot-print made by a shoe, which indicated a white wearer. On arriving at Fish creek he halted to fish, but with poor success.

He had purposed to cross the creek and pursue his way to Oswego on the north side of Oneida lake, striking Oswego river near the falls, but learning from his Indian, who had recently been on a scout to the Three Rivers, that he had seen three flat bottomed boats with oars, as the ice had but recently left the lakes and thinking they might still be there, he changed his course for Wood creek, and striking it at a well known place called the "*Scow*," he had a raft made and sent the Indian and sergeant to search for the boats in Oneida creek, and to return the same evening. The three remaining at the Scow were soon searching for material for a cabin, but neither bark or hemlock could be found, and as it was fast growing dark, they collected what logs and wood they could to keep up a good fire, which was started. At 8 o'clock it began to rain terribly, and in two or three hours, their fire was put out. As the boat seekers did

not come back that night, it became one of great anxiety and discontent. The men returned after day-light, and reported a serviceable boat without oars, which they had launched and towed round the edge of the lake and left at the Royal Block House, known as Fort Royal, at the mouth of Wood creek. No time was lost in reaching the boat, which was found to leak badly. They caulked it as best they could with an old rope. From a board oars were soon made, a pole raised and blankets substituted for a sail with bark halliards; and, having everything on board, they moved into Oneida lake—20 miles long—with a favorable but light wind. It was deemed prudent with their craft to run across the lake to Nine Mile Point, on the north shore, but before reaching it, two men were kept constantly bailing. The boat was again repaired and put afloat, sailing from point to point. As night approached, the crew landed about half way down the lake, where they improvised a cabin, with a good fire to dry their clothes. The night was pleasant, but the howling of wild beasts was again terrific.

On Wednesday, the 23d, a beautiful day, the party were early on the move, and from the middle of the lake Capt. Thompson said he could see both ends of it, and enjoyed one of the most delightful views imaginable. There were several islands on the western side of the lake covered with lofty timber, while back of the Oneida castles, he said, the elevated grounds made a very beautiful prospect. After about eight miles sail, he heard a gun, evidently fired by an enemy; but, to avoid observation, he sailed along the shore until he was opposite the *Six Mile Islands*—as the two largest islands in the lake, lying side by side, are called—when he went ashore, where a fire was kindled and a good dinner enjoyed; after which he again dropped down the lake, passed Fort Brewerton, at the east end of the lake, and entered the Oneida river. Here he found a rapid current in his favor, and the river the most serpentine of any stream he had ever been on, abounding, at that season, with immense quantities of wild fowl, especially of ducks in many varieties. He saw many flocks of geese, but he would not allow the old musket to be fired, lest a lurking scout might be attracted to his position. He continued his course down the river, sometimes on the Onondaga side, and at others on the Oswego side.

A Change in the Programme.—About two miles from Three Rivers—nearly 20 miles from Oneida lake—he discovered a party of Indians in three canoes, coming up the river on the same shore. On seeing his boat they gave a yell, and paddled to the opposite shore. His white flag was planted on the bow of the boat, but they did not at first distinguish it, and, supposing the boat contained a hostile party, they landed, drew their canoes out of the water, ascended the bank and took to trees. When the flag was opposite, they hailed in Indian and in English, which last was answered. When assured that the Captain had a flag of truce, the Canadians asked him to come ashore. Four Indians then came out from behind trees, and beckoned to him to land: he did so, and was conducted into the woods. His men also landed, and the Indians drew his boat well on shore. He was conducted to the presence of two white men and an old Indian, who were seated on the ground. One of them told Capt. Thompson his name was Hare, a Lieutenant of Butler's rangers, and had just started on an enterprise to the neighborhood of Fort Plain. He assured the Lieutenant that all hostilities had ceased on the war path, and that his mission was to convey such intelligence to the commanding officer of Fort Oswego. Lieut. Hare seemed much surprised, and said no such news had been received there. When assured the American scouts had all been called in, after several consultations the war party—consisting of one other white man and eight Indians, all being painted alike—concluded to take him to the fort, saying if the measure proved a *finesse*, they had him sure. He was conducted back to his boat to the great relief of his friends, who were exercised by thoughts of treachery; and with a canoe on each side of the boat, and one behind it, the flotilla passed down the river, the Lieutenant taking a seat with Captain T. in his boat. The party glided down past the Three Rivers—Three Rivers point is formed by the junction of the Oneida and Seneca rivers, forming the third on Oswego river—about six miles below which they landed and encamped for the night, constructing two cabins, one of which Lieut. Hare, Capt. Thompson and two Indians occupied, the remainder of both parties using the other. The Oswego river is 24 miles long.

Early on Thursday morning, Lieut. Hare sent one of his

canoes to Oswego, to inform the commander of the approaching flag ; and soon after sunrise they all embarked down the rapids, which increased as they approached the *Falls*. On arriving there they drew the boat around the carrying place, and safely passing the rifts below, they stopped within a mile of Lake Ontario, where they were hailed by a sentinel on shore, to await orders from the commandant of the fort. At the end of an hour, Lieut. McLane, of the eighth regiment received him, to whom he presented his instructions, which pointedly required his delivery of them to the commanding officer of the garrison. McLane wanted to send the dispatches by another officer ; to this the Captain would not consent, and he had to wait further instructions. In a short time Mr. Frazier, Lieutenant and Adjutant of the garrison, arrived with Maj. Ross's compliments to conduct him to the fort, which he did blind folded ; and taking Frazier's arm he thus entered the fortress. He heard the draw-bridge over the trench let down—the chains of which made a remarkable clattering. He was conducted up a flight of steps and into a room where the handkerchief was removed from his eyes, and he was presented by the Adjutant to Maj. Ross, the commanding officer, who received him very courteously, and to whom he delivered his instructions and dispatches ; and who told him to be seated and partake of provided refreshments, such as cold ham, fowl, wine, etc., while he perused the papers. That the traveler did justice to the collation we cannot doubt.

Maj. Ross told his guest he had brought very different intelligence from that which he had received recently from Gov. Haldimand, and added that 14 days before he had received orders from Quebec, to prepare his post with every exertion for its defense against an expected invasion of the Americans at the beginning of May, and that he would be obliged to continue the working parties, and forward the dispatches to Gen. McLane, at Niagara—pledging his honor that all his own scouts should at once be called home. He ordered the Sloop Caldwell, mounting 14 guns and then lying near the fort, to sail immediately to that garrison with the dispatches.

Before his arrival and the nature of the Captain's mission was known, curtains were put to the windows looking out upon the lake, but they were now removed, and Maj. Ross asked his

guest to look out and see the Caldwell take her departure for Fort Niagara. The view from the window in the sun-light upon the wide waters of the lake was a delightful one. Maj. Ross took occasion to inform the Captain in a delicate and polite manner; that although he had brought the first news of approaching peace, but that his garrison consisted of different corps of troops, on which account he was not at liberty to show him the situation of Oswego with its improved fortifications, for which he hoped full allowance would be made. In a letter subsequently sent the Captain at Fort Rensselaer—Fort Plain—the Major further explained why he could not be as complaisant and communicative to him when at Fort Oswego, as his inclination or better nature prompted.

After Maj. Ross had expressed his delicate situation to his guest, the latter presented him the letters and descriptions of prisoners made in Central New York, which he agreed should be promptly attended to. He said it was impossible for any officer to control the savages when on excursions, and he really believed that many cruel depredations had been committed by them on our frontiers, known only to themselves. He said he had exerted himself to prevent the murdering of any prisoners, "but the utmost effort," said he, "could not prevent them from taking the scalps of the killed." He must have known that the Indian's desire to obtain scalps, was to receive for them the proffered bounty offered by the government which he served. The Major took occasion to say that he was very happy that such an unnatural war was at an end: saying, however, that war created the *Soldier's Harvest*. Maj. Ross was one of the most successful, as well as humane invaders of Central New York.

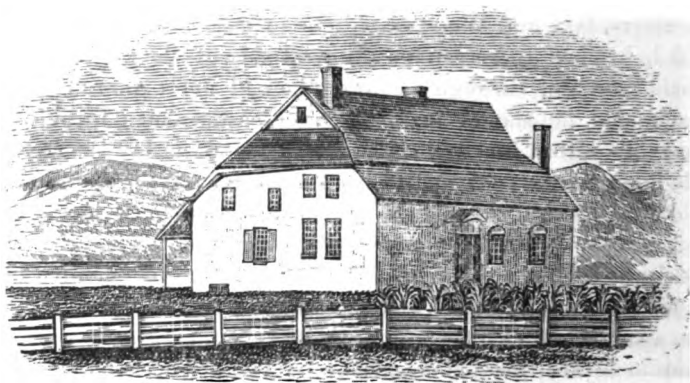
Nothing, said Capt. Thompson, seemed to affect Maj. Ross so much as did the published articles of peace by both nations, naming the boundaries of the United States. He got out maps and began to traverse the lines, only to find that the posts of Oswego, Niagara and Detroit, had all been ceded to the United States; and still more was he mortified to learn that they were all to be surrendered in their present condition. But he controlled his feelings as best he could. He introduced a number of officers to the Captain, who, said the latter were all civil except Capt. Crawford, who had joined the British standard,

when the enemy took New York city in 1776, and who now belonged to Sir John Johnson's *Greens*. "This person," said the Captain, "comes under that despicable character of a loyal subject. He appeared to be really ignorant of the cause he was fighting for, and had the wickedness to observe that he had made more money in the British service in the war, than he would have made in the American service in a hundred years. Capt. T. gave him to understand that American officers were engaged in the service from *principle*, and not for money. Maj. Ross and the other officers were disposed to treat the flag bearer courteously, and Crawford was obliged to choke down his politics, and offer a lame apology. The Captain took as little notice of this violent partizan as possible, during the rest of his stay.

Maj. Ross invited Capt. Thompson to remain a few days longer, and said that he would send his own barge with him up the rivers, lake and Wood creek ; he expressed his thanks and said he wished to return on the west side of the river, as that would take him through a country he had not explored. The Major said he should manifest his pleasure, but he would be happy to afford him any assistance. On Saturday the Major told him that the Indians had been clamorous, some one having told them that all their lands were to be taken from them, and they were to be driven to where the sun went down. He had also learned from some source that they had threatened his life on his return, and said it was necessary he should know it : he also assured him that he would take every measure to prevent insult or injury, for which purpose he would send a detachment of troops to protect him as near his own garrison as he might think proper.

Capt. Thompson suggested leaving the next morning, and Maj. Ross required Adj't Ferguson to make a list of the persons he presented the names of, that he might report whether they were still alive or not. This list was given him in the evening. He then learned that a lad 14 years old was there a prisoner, who had been captured near Fort Dayton, and at the Captain's request, the boy, who was incapable of bearing arms—was allowed to return with him to his anxious parents. It is a pity the boy's name was not mentioned. He was a feeling lad, and was very grateful for the intercession of

the Captain in his behalf. Thanking Maj. Ross for his kind entertainment, he was again blind folded, and taking the arms of Adj't Ferguson and Lieut. Hare, he was conducted without the fort and to his attendants in the mission at his boat at 11 o'clock P. M., on Sunday the 27th. The journal here ends abruptly, and the presumption is, that the balance of his memoranda was put into another small book—which may or may not be yet extant. As Maj. Ross agreed to have an escort ready to protect him on the journey back from savage insult, he no doubt sent a detachment of troops with him for some distance, perhaps under one of the officers named. In due time he again safely reached Fort Plain. Thus have we been able to present, at the end of nearly a century, the first published account of this important event in the annals of border-warfare.



Washington's Newburgh Headquarters.

Washington in the Mohawk Valley.—In the spring of 1783, an order for the cessation of hostilities between Great Britain and the United States, was published in the camp of the latter just eight years after the battle of Lexington, but an army organization was kept up until fall. As the initiatory step to his contemplated tour of observation in Central New York, Gen. Washington wrote to Gen. Philip Schuyler, from his Newburgh Headquarters, July 13, 1783, as follows :

“DEAR SIR—I have always entertained a great desire to see the northern part of this State, before I returned Southward.

The present irksome interval, while we are waiting for the definitive treaty, affords an opportunity of gratifying this inclination. I have therefore concerted with Geo. Clinton to make a tour to reconnoitre those places, where the most remarkable posts were established, and the ground which became famous by being the theatre of action in 1777. On our return from thence, we propose to pass across the Mohawk river, in order to have a view of that tract of country, which is so much celebrated for the fertility of its soil and the beauty of its situation. We shall set out by water on Friday the 18th, if nothing shall intervene to prevent our journey.

"Mr. Dimler, assistant quartermaster-general, who will have the honor of delivering this letter, precedes us to make arrangements, and particularly to have some light boats provided and transported to Lake George, that we may not be delayed on arrival there.

"I pray you, my dear sir, to be so good as to advise Mr. Dimler in what manner to proceed in this business, to excuse the trouble I am about to give you, and to be persuaded that your kind information and direction to the bearer will greatly increase the obligations, with which I have the honor to be, etc."—*Sparks Life*, 8, 425.

July 18th Washington wrote to the President of Congress as follows :

"Finding myself in most disagreeable circumstances here, and likely to be, so long as Congress are pleased to continue me in this awkward situation, anxiously expecting the definitive treaty ; without command, and with little else to do, than to be teased with troublesome applications and fruitless demands, which I have neither the means nor the power of satisfaction : in this distressing tedium I have resolved to wear away a little time in performing a tour to the northward, as far as Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and perhaps as far up the Mohawk river as Fort Schuyler. I shall leave this place (Newburgh) on Friday next, and shall probably be gone about two weeks, unless my tour should be interrupted by some special recall. One gentleman of my family will be left here to receive any letters or commands that shall be necessary."—*Sparks*.

Washington got back to his headquarters, August 5th, and the next day he wrote to the President of Congress. After

speaking of his return, which was by water from Albany to Newburgh, he says : " My tour having been extended as far northward as Crown Point, and westward to Fort Schuyler (Stanwix) and its district, and my movements having been pretty rapid, my horses, which are not yet arrived, will be so much fatigued, that they will need some days to recruit, etc." In another letter of the same date he renews the subject, and says : " I was the more particularly induced by two considerations to make the tour, which in my letter of the 16th ultimo, I informed Congress I had in contemplation, and from which I returned last evening. The one was an inclination to see the northern and western posts of this State, with those places which have been the theatre of important military transactions ; the other a desire to facilitate, as far in my power, the operations, which will be necessary for occupying the posts which are ceded by the treaty of peace, as soon as they shall be evacuated by the British troops." He had his eye upon Detroit as a point to be looked after, and wanted some of the well affected citizens of that place to preserve the fortifications and public buildings there, " until such time as a garrison could be sent with provisions and stores sufficient to take and hold possession of them. The propriety of this measure has appeared in a more forcible point of light, since I have been up the Mohawk river, and taken a view of the situation of things in that quarter, etc." Elsewhere he adds : " I engaged at Fort Rensselaer,* a gentleman whose name is Cassaty, formerly a resident at Detroit, and who is well recommended, to proceed without loss of time, find out the disposition of the inhabitants, and make every previous inquiry, which might be necessary for the information of the Baron on his arrival, that he should be able to make such final arrangements, as the circumstances might appear to justify. This seemed to be the best alternative on failure of furnishing a garrison of our own troops, which, for many reasons would be infinitely the most eligible mode, if the season and your means would possibly admit."

I have at the same time endeavored to take the best preparatory steps in my power for supplying the garrisons on the west-

* As Fort Rensselaer, of Canajoharie, was only a picketed dwelling, he no doubt had reference to Fort Plain, and thus unwittingly adopted Gen. Van Rensselaer's new name for the principal post in the neighborhood.

ern waters by the provision contract. I can only form my magazine at Fort Herkimer, on the German Flats, which is 32 miles by land and almost 50 by water from the carrying place between the Mohawk river and Wood creek (owing to the many curves). The route by the former is impracticable in its present state for carriages, and the other extremely difficult for bateaux, as the river is much obstructed with fallen and floating trees, from the long disuse of the navigation. That nothing, however, which depends upon me might be left undone, I have directed 10 months provisions for 500 men to be laid up at Fort Herkimer, and have ordered Col. Willett, an active officer commanding the troops of the State (he evidently meant State troops in that locality), to repair the roads, remove the obstructions in the river, and, as far as can be effected by the labors of the soldiers, build houses for the reception of the provisions and stores at the carrying place (Fort Stanwix), in order that the whole may be in perfect readiness to move forward, so soon as the arrangement shall be made with Gen. Haldimand. I shall have such ordnance and stores forwarded to Albany, as in the present view of matters may be judged necessary for the western posts, and I will also write to the Quartermaster-General, by this conveyance, on the subject of bateaux and the other articles, which may be required from his department. However, as I before observed, without money to provide some boats, and to pay the expense of transportation, it will be next to impossible to get these things even to Niagara."—*Sparks*.

From Princeton, New Jersey, October 12, 1783, Washington wrote to the Chevalier Chastelleux, as follows: "I have lately made a tour through the Lakes George and Champlain as far as Crown Point. Thence returning to Schenectada, I proceeded up the Mohawk river to Fort Schuyler (formerly Fort Stanwix), and crossed over to Wood creek, which empties into the Oneida lake, and affords the water communication with Ontario. I then traversed the country to the eastern branch of the Susquehanna, and viewed the Lake Otsego, and the portage between that lake and the Mohawk river at Canajoharie. Prompted by these actual observations, I could not help taking a more extensive view of the vast inland navigation of these United States, from maps and the information of others, and could not but be struck with the immense extent and importance of

it, and with the goodness of that Providence, which has dealt its favors to us with so profuse a hand. Would to God we may have wisdom enough to improve them. I shall not rest contented, till I have explored the western country, and traversed those lines or a great portion of them, which have given bounds to a new empire. But when it may, if it ever shall happen, I dare not say, as my first attention must be given to the deranged situation of my private concerns, which are not a little injured by almost nine years absence and total disregard of them, etc., etc."

The reader will observe by Washington's correspondence, that he made the northern trip by water to Crown Point, but from Schenectada to Fort Stanwix, or rather its site, on horseback. The tour of inspection as shadowed in his letters, is devoid of all incident, and whether or, not he halted at Fort Plain on his way up is uncertain; but as he speaks last of going to Otsego Lake, it is presumed he made no halt at the river forts going up, nor is there any mention of his visiting Johnstown in his tour, but it is reasonable to conclude that he did. He did not mention Fort Plain, but it is well known that he was there, giving it another name. Arriving in its vicinity, said the late Cornelius Mabee, who was thus informed by his mother, he tarried over night with Peter Wormuth, in Palatine, on the late Reuben Lipe farm, the former having had an only son killed, as elsewhere shown, near Cherry Valley. It was no doubt known to many that he had passed up the valley, who were on the *quiver* to see him on his return, and good tradition says that in the morning many people had assembled at Wormuth's to see the world's model man, and to satisfy their curiosity, he walked back and forth in front of the house, which fronted toward the river. This old stone dwelling in ruins, was totally demolished about the year 1865.

We have seen that Washington found Col. Willett in command at Fort Herkimer on his visit, at which time Col. Clyde was in command of Fort Plain. Just how many accompanied his Excellency through the Mohawk valley, is not satisfactorily known. His correspondence only names Gov. George Clinton. Campbell, in his *Annals*, says he was accompanied by Gov. Clinton, Gen. Hand, and many other officers of the New York line. But his retinue was not a large one. The officers mak-

ing the escort were no doubt attended by their aids and servants. Whether any other officer remained with Washington at Wormuth's over night is unknown. It is presumed, however, the house being small and the fort only a mile off, that his attendants all went thither, crossing at Walrath's Ferry, opposite the fort, some of whom returned in the morning to escort the Commander-in-chief over the river. A pretty incident awaited his arrival on the eminence near the fort. Beside the road Rev. Mrs. Gros had paraded a bevy of small boys, her nephew *Lawrence Gros* (from whom this fact was derived) being of the number, to make their obeisance. At a signal they took off and swung their hats, huzzaed a welcome and made their best bow to Washington, when the illustrious guest gracefully lifted his chapeau, returned their respectful salutation with a cheerful, "Good morning, boys!"* Immediately after, he rode up to the fort where he received a military salute from the garrison.

I suppose Washington to have been welcomed within the large block-house, and on introducing the guest to its commandant, Gov. Clinton took occasion to say to him: "Gen. Washington, this is Col. Clyde, a true whig and a brave officer who has made great sacrifices for his country." The guest responded with warmth: "Then, sir, you should remember him in your appointments." From this hint Gov. Clinton afterwards appointed him sheriff of Montgomery county. The distinguished guest dined with Col. Clyde,† after which,

* In 1860, I was assured by the venerable *Jabez Tappan*, then residing near Fort Plain, that when a boy he lived at Morristown, N. J. When Washington was on his way to New York, to be inaugurated as president, in April, 1789, his uncle Stephen Ogden, his mother's brother, stood beside the road with three sons, Charles, Ephraim and Jacob, and informant, and as Washington neared the little platoon powdered and ruffled, they doffed their hats and holding them against their left breast with their right hands, they made their best bow to the illustrious traveler. The hero touched his beaver gracefully, and with a gesture of the hand he said, "Good morning, sirs." He was escorted from Morristown to Trenton by a body of cavalry. Ogden was a soldier under Washington at Monmouth, where he was terribly wounded, and where he was personally noticed by Washington, as he lay upon the ground, with a bullet through the hips.

† Since the above was written, I have learned the following facts, in the history of Col. James Clyde. He was born in Windham, Rockingham county, N. H., April 11, 1733: his mother's maiden name being *Esther Rankin*. He worked his father's farm, to the age of 20, when he went to Cape Breton and worked as a ship-carpenter, from whence he went to Halifax and labored on a dock for the English navy. In 1757, he went to New Hampshire and raised a company of bateau-men and rangers, of which he was appointed Captain, by Gen. James Abercromby, said company being under

escorted by Maj. Thornton, they proceeded to Cherry Valley, where they became the guests, over night, of Col. Campbell, who had returned not long before and erected a log house. Judge Campbell in his *Annals*, erroneously dates this visit in 1784 instead of 1783. Burnt out as the Campbell's had been, their accommodations were limited for so many guests, but they were all soldiers and had often been on short allowance of "bed and board," and could rough it if necessary. Besides, it is possible other families had returned to discover their hospitality for the night. They found themselves very agreeably entertained, however. Mrs. Campbell and her children had been prisoners to Canada.

In the morning Gov. Clinton, seeing several of her boys, told Mrs. Campbell, "they would make good soldiers in time." She replied, "she hoped their services would never be thus needed." "I hope so, too, madam," said Washington, "for I have seen enough of war." One of those boys, the late Judge James S. Campbell, was captured so young and kept so long among the Indians, that he could only speak their language when exchanged. After breakfast the party were early in the saddle to visit the outlet of Otsego Lake, and see where Gen. James Clinton dammed the lake just above its outlet, to float his boats down the Susquehanna, to join in Sullivan's expedition. We saw several of the posts of that dam, still in the water, about the year 1845. The party returned the same evening to Fort Plain, *via* the portage road, opened by Clinton to Springfield from Canajoharie, and the next day, as believed,

the command of Lieut.-Col. John Bradstreet. This commission was dated at Albany, May 25, 1758. He marched his company to Albany, and was soon after on his way to Lake George. He was in the battle of Ticonderoga, in which Gen. Howe was slain, and the British defeated. He was afterwards at the capture of Fort Frontenac, and returning from the campaign to Schenectada, in 1761, he there married Catharine Waason, a niece of Matthew Thornton, a signer of the declaration of Independence.* In 1762, he became a permanent settler of Cherry Valley. About the year 1770, Capt. Clyde erected a small church, for the Indians, at Oneida castle, which was graced with an English bell, at the first ringing of which the Indians manifested unbounded joy.

* Said Judge Hammond, in *Stuart's Magazine*, in 1852, "Mrs. Clyde, whom he had the pleasure of knowing, was a woman of uncommon talents both natural and acquired, and of great fortitude. She read much and kept up with the literature of the day. Her style in conversing was peculiarly elegant, and at the same time easy and unaffected. Her manner was dignified, graceful and attractive. Her conversation with young men during the Revolutionary war, tended greatly to raise their drooping spirits, and confirm their resolution to stand by their country to the last." Not a few noble women on the frontiers thus made their influence felt in the hour of need.

they dropped down the valley.—*Judge George Clyde*, and *Judge W. W. Campbell*.

At the beginning of national difficulties, a company of volunteers was raised in Cherry Valley and New Town Martin for home protection, of which James Clyde was commissioned its Captain, by the 40 men he was to command, of which John Campbell, Jr., was chosen Lieutenant, and James Cannon, Ensign. Among the names of the volunteers voting for these officers, appears that of James Campbell, afterwards Colonel. This commission was dated July 13, 1775. October 28, following the State Prov. Congress commissioned him as a Captain and Adjutant of the First Regiment of Tryon county militia. September 5, 1776, he was commissioned as Second-Major of the fourth regiment, commanded by Col. Cox. Here is an error in the number of the regiment, as Cox commanded the First from the promotion of Gen. Herkimer. June 25, 1778, Maj. Clyde was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment, of which James Campbell was then Colonel, the commission as such passing the secretary's office with the signature of Gov. George Clinton, March 17, 1781. He must have had some evidence of his appointment long before. We have not seen his commission as Colonel of this regiment which he attained to.

That Clyde was the acting Colonel of this regiment long before the date of his commission as Lieutenant-Colonel, here is positive evidence. A company of Levies was being raised in Tryon county, and under date of May 3, 1780, Stephen Lush, upon consulting with Gen. Ten Broeck and Col. Van Schaick, wrote to the Colonels of the valley regiments, to write names in commissions inclosed, for a Captain and a Lieutenant of said company. This letter was thus superscribed: "Public Service—George Clinton—Colonels Klock, Fisher, Clyde and Bellingier—any three or two of them—Tryon county." Those were the acting Colonels of the Tryon county militia at that date, as recognized in Albany. Col. Clyde seems to have been on duty every summer in the bounds of his regiment, until the close of the war.

On the organization of the State government in 1777, he was a member of the Legislature. March 8, 1785, he was commissioned as sheriff of Montgomery county, by George Clinton, March 8, 1785; the duties of which office he discharged with

conscientious fidelity.—*Clyde Manuscripts*, and *Hon. J. D. Hammond's Sketch* published in 1852. And I here mention with deep regret, that *Isaac De Graff*, his compatriot and friend, stated to me in 1844 (then at the age 87), while speaking of the virtues and goodness of Col Clyde, that owing to his unbounded generosity he became involved, and was confined in the Otsego county jail for debt, where he soon after died. This fact is not mentioned as a stigma upon his character for it was not—as many a good man at that period was thus incarcerated for lenity and assistance rendered to others—but to show how the most deserving, were at times affected by that cruel law, which imprisoned a virtuous man for his own or someone's else debts.

After the destruction of Cherry Valley, Col. Campbell is said to have made his home at Niskayuna, and is not remembered as taking an active part in military affairs after that event in 1778. Whether or not he retained his commission as Colonel of the regiment while Clyde was discharging its duties, is unknown to the writer; but the late date of Clyde's commission as Lieutenant-Colonel, would seem to imply such a state of things. Certainly Gov. Clinton must have known who the acting Colonel of the regiment in question was, after 1778 to the close of the war.

Incidents Attending the Evacuation of New York City by the British Army, November 25, 1783.—When the British army evacuated New York, and the triumphant Americans, led by Gen. Knox, entered the city, there stood upon the battery a flag-staff 70 feet high, upon which the enemy's ensign had floated for more than seven years. The British shipping had not left the bay, when the republican army, accompanied by Gen. Washington and Gov. Clinton, brought up on the battery; and determined to see their flag at the top of this staff while they remained, the enemy drew it up removing the halliards by which it could be lowered, and to make it stay in this enviable position the more certain, they slushed the pole with grease and soft soap, twenty feet upward from the ground.

Climbing the Flag-staff.—On gaining the battery, the officers were anxious to see their own flag occupying the place of the foeman's, and offered to reward liberally any individual, who would climb the staff and adjust thereon, in place of the British

flag, the banner of liberty. About a dozen sprightly young men tried to perform the feat, but the pole was so foul they gave it up in despair, carrying away upon their clothes much of the slush.

At this moment when the officers had become impatient at the delay, Thomas Johnson, then in his 18th year, who had seen so many make the fruitless attempt, walked to the staff and took hold of it. Gen. Washington standing near said to him in a friendly manner, "My lad, have you a notion to try it?"

"I dont know, sir," replied Johnson, "it feels pretty greasy."

"If you think you can possibly climb it," said Washington in a winning way, "make the attempt, you shall be well paid if you succeed."

Divesting himself of all his clothing except his shirt and pantaloons, Johnson mounted the pole amid the anxious gaze of thousands, and ascended above the slush and higher than any of his predecessors had gone, and stopped to take breath. Fearing he was about to abandon the enterprise, Washington shouted: "Keep up good courage my lad! Courage wins half the battle, I know, for I have tried it! Go on, you will soon be at the top!"

He did go on and in a few minutes was at the summit, tore down the emblem of royalty, adjusted the halliards anew for the stripes and stars, and soon after was in safety upon the ground, to receive the thanks of the multitude. Said an officer as he was putting on his clothes, "Now go round with your hat to all the officers!"

"No, my lad," said Washington advancing toward him, "Stand still, they will all come to you!" Setting them an example he thrust his hand into his pocket, drew out a handful of silver coin, and without looking at it, cast it into the hat. Many others came up and contributed liberally for the times, and when he retired to count his reward, he had about twenty dollars.

Thus was struck the last British standard in our contest for liberty. Is that banner yet in existence?

Johnson was a native of New York city. His father was in the American army, and when the city fell into the possession of the enemy, the rest of the family removed to Fishkill. They

returned to the city at the close of the war, and the son was on the battery to find his father among the soldiery, when he performed the feat mentioned. In pictures representing the evacuation of the city, Johnson is figured as climbing upon cleats nailed across the flag-staff, but he declared there was not a single cleat upon it, and his statement to me was corroborated by Maj. Nicholas Stoner, who witnessed the feat, and who was present at our interview, Johnson is now living, 1850, at Pleasant Valley, Fulton county, N. Y.*

The British were determined on leaving their last stronghold, that their ears should not be saluted by the cannon they were obliged to leave behind, and rendered them unfit for use, either by spiking or driving down cold shot. This was a trick Gen. Knox anticipated, and he declared, with an oath, before entering the city, that they should have thunder. Accordingly he took with him four brass 12-pounders, which, as freedom's flag spread its graceful folds to the breeze, opened their noisy mouths and boomed forth a national salute on the battery, that was responded to by the British shipping still in sight and laden with tory families bound for Nova Scotia, by many a bitter curse.

It was either required or suggested by Gov. Clinton near the time of its evacuation, that the friends of liberty in the city should wear a knot of green ribbon half an inch wide, tied in three button holes of the vest. As several days longer were

* The completion of a plank-road from Fonda to the head of the Garoga lakes, a distance of 18 miles, was celebrated at the latter place on the 4th of July, 1849, at which time the writer met Mr. Johnson, and had from his lips the particulars here given. While Johnson was relating his feat, one of a similar though less difficult nature was being performed scarcely 200 feet from us. A liberty pole 80 feet high with one splice, was standing on a knoll in front of the public house of Abram Seeber, at Newkirk's Mills, near where the celebration took place, and the halliards became entangled in the pulley at the top of the pole, so that the flag could only be raised to half-mast. A young German named Jacob Fisher, ascended the pole to the top, in a very short time, and adjusted the cord. The feat was a pretty one, and the more interesting to the writer, as he was noting down a similar event. Fisher had on boots with iron creepers upon his ankles, which he struck into the pole to aid him in his ascent.

At the celebration here alluded to, the late Stephen Sammons, Esq., delivered an oration to a very large assemblage, and to add interest to the occasion, Stoner and Johnson were both upon the stage, to whose services, while upon Revolutionary scenes, he happily alluded.

N. B. Maj. Nicholas Stoner died at the age of nearly 91 years, on Thursday November 24, 1836, and was buried at Kingborough, beside his first wife.

Thomas Johnson died in January, 1854, in the 89th year of his age.

granted the British than had been contemplated, the tories determined not to see the significant emblem, and about 70 patriots who would not doff the (to them) hateful badge, were imprisoned. This treatment of his friends came to the knowledge of Gov. Clinton on entering the city, and after the brass war-dogs had ended their barking, the Governor conferred with Gen. Knox ; when the republican prisoners were set at liberty, and the places they had occupied were filled by a greater number of loyalists, who had been instrumental to their durance.—Facts from *Elisha Bache*, of the Continental artillery, which entered New York under Gen. Knox. Mr. Bache also saw Johnson climb the flag staff, and first mentioned the circumstance to the writer, at which time he was a Canajoharie pensioner.

They Paid for the Bread.—Soon after the war, probably in 1784, Adam Hartman returned home from his labor, when his wife informed him that several Indians had been there, and had taken her baking of bread from the oven and carried it off. His blood was soon up to fever heat, and armed with his rifle, he was soon on their trail. Coming up with them he managed to secure their guns, when he accused them of their theft, and threatened to shoot them if they did not pay for the bread, which they were then eating. They were in funds and were very willing to cancel the debt ; and ever after they gave his oven a wide berth. He was often heard to say that he was not afraid of any dozen Indians.—*Lodowick Moyer*.

Some notice of individuals and matters connected with the war not elsewhere given. The active operations of the enemy closed with the year 1782, preliminaries for a peace having been agreed upon in November of that year, which was not finally ratified until September 30th following. As shown, the British troops evacuated New York November 25th, soon after which, Washington repaired to Annapolis, Maryland, when Congress was then in session, and on the 20th day of December he resigned to that august body his military command, prefaced by a brief and appropriate address, which was handsomely responded to by its president, Gen. Mifflin. Once more a private citizen, Washington repaired to his seat at Mount Vernon, followed by the prayers and admiration of every lover of civil liberty upon the habitable globe.

Oothout Van Rensselaer, Esq., of Albany, is said to have been commissioner for disposing of confiscated property in the Schoharie settlements. The title of farms (in New York) in the possession of royalists, which had been purchased of patriotic Americans, and not paid for, reverting to the private owner—while those of active royalists, who held a free title, were confiscated to the government. Nearly all the property sequestered in the present county of Schoharie, was owned in Breakabeen, Rhinebeck, and New Dorlach, more than 1,000 acres of which were in the latter settlement.

Vengeance.—After the war not a few tories came back to Schoharie, some of whom even boasted of their evil deeds, and if they were not treated like Beacraft, they were looked upon with great suspicion for at least one generation.

A number of Schoharie Indians, who had escaped the bullets of the rangers, claiming the same privilege as the tories with whom they had acted, also returned to the scenes of their former cruelties. Among them was Seth's Henry, as previously mentioned, Abram, his sister's son, and a few others of notoriety. The former had not been long in Vrooman's Land before he became suspicious of the republicans, and whenever he entered a house he preferred a position where he could look from an open door or window, and anticipate any ominous movement. From this place he started to go to the Charlotte river, was followed by Timothy Murphy, who had kept vigils of his footsteps in the valley, and, as he never reached the place for which he set out, it was currently believed, though not generally known, that his bones were left to bleach in the intervening forest. The writer has, no doubt, from the information he has received from *Lawrence Mattice*, *David Elerson* and others, that a bullet from the rifle which sent Gen. Fraser to his long home, also ended the career of this crafty chief, who was one of the most blood thirsty and successful warriors of the Revolution.

The Schoharie Indian, Abram, who returned with Seth's Henry, was followed by Peter C. Vrooman (familiarily known as Hoarse Pete), armed with an axe, into the kitchen of Samuel Vrooman's house, in Vroomans' Land, where he inflicted two blows upon his head, and would, no doubt, have slain him as he lay upon the floor, had not a slave belonging to the house seized

the arm of the assailant, and afforded the Indian an opportunity to effect his escape. The Indian had provoked Vrooman's vengeance by boasting of his former deeds, and would, no doubt, have been killed by the first blow struck at him, had not the missile hit the floor over head, and broke its fall. He was a long time in recovering, and is said to have been less saucy afterwards.—*Mrs. Van Slyck and J. W. Bouck.*

This same Indian, if report is true, tarried about Schoharie for a year or two, and suddenly disappeared. He was at a bee, as a gathering of neighbors is called, when they are assembled to husk corn, draw wood, or manure, etc., as is often witnessed in the interior of New York—the sequel of which usually is, a good warm supper, got up in the best possible style—on some occasions followed by a dance. Such bees are common in the Schoharie and Mohawk valleys now, and have been from the time of their earliest white settlements. Indeed, they are not confined to the males either; quilting bees, spinning bees, apple paring bees, and the like, are common among the females, and fortunate, indeed, is that young man's lot who has notice to be present and help "shake the quilt," or remove the rejected parts of the apple, as he sometimes has most delectable kissing when the quilt is folded, the apples cut, and the happifying "come Phylanders," and many other nectar originators are fairly begun. Pardon this digression, kind reader; I was going to say, that the Indian, Abram, was at a bee of some sort at the house of a farmer on Foxescreek, and was not a little intoxicated. "Schoharie John" was there also, and probably not sober enough to "walk a crack," unless it was a curved one. They quarrelled; after passionate words had escaped them, the Indian left the house, and was followed in a short time by "Schoharie John." This Indian was never seen again in the settlement, and as a large pile of drift wood upon the bank of the creek not far distant, was seen on fire the following morning, it was conjectured by some, that possibly Abram's bones might be found in the ashes; but whether they were or not, or whether suspicion slandered the old soldier who followed him from the house, the writer knows not.—*Doct. P. S. Swart, J. M. Swart, and others.*

Most of the Indians who returned to Schoharie after the war, remained about the settlement until fall, when several of their

number disappeared in a very unaccountable manner. The fact was, several of them had been met in by-places by citizen hunters, and were mistaken for *bears*. A few disappeared, and the rest took the hint and left the country.—*Lawrence Lawyer.*

Drinks.—The most common beverages drank by the soldiery in the Revolution, were *flip* and *kill-devil*. The former was made of beer brewed from malt and hops, to which was added sugar and liquor—the whole heated with a hot iron. The latter was made like flip, except that cider was substituted for beer. The price of each was one York shilling for a quart mug ; half a mug usually served two persons.

Some Notice of Capt. Williams.—Among the survivors of the Revolution, with whom the author has spent many agreeable hours, was Capt. Eben Williams, a son of Jonathan Williams, of Lebanon, Connecticut. He entered the army under Col. Patterson, of Berkshire county, Massachusetts, in 1775, from which time to the end of the war, he was in constant and varied service. He was on duty in 11 of the 13 States and the Canadas. He witnessed the battle of Bunker Hill, but was with the troops at their camp on the main land, where an attack was expected. He also witnessed the surrender of the armies of Burgoyne and Cornwallis.

On the 20th day of May, 1876, he was in the battle of the Cedars, 37 miles from Montreal, on which occasion he became a prisoner to the Indians, by whom he was robbed of his clothing. He was kept in confinement 10 days, and then exchanged. He was commissioned as Second-Lieutenant of infantry, in September, 1776. In February, 1777, Col. Patterson was promoted to Brigadier-General, and Joseph Vose became the Colonel of his regiment, which formed a part of the army of Gen. Gates in the fall campaign of that year. Col. Vose, who made a prudent, good officer, had been educated a butcher. While marching at the head of his regiment, in the vicinity of Burgoyne's army, to execute a command, a party of Hessians brought two field-pieces to bear upon them, and a shot killed the Colonel's horse under him, but without halting his men he proceeded on foot, ordering a drummer to bring along his pistols.*

* The *sang froid* manifested by Col. Vose, while under Gen. Gates, reminds me of another anecdote of the same campaign. Col. Scammel was distinguished for his

In the fall of 1777, the brigade of Gen. Glover, to which Williams, then a Lieutenant of infantry, was attached, proceeded from Bemis's Heights to Valley Forge for winter quarters. On arriving near the residence of Gen. Richard Montgomery which was then pleasantly situated near the Hudson, about midway between Red Hook and Rhinebeck, Col. Shephard, at that time in temporary command of the troops, as a compliment to the widow of so conspicuous a martyr in the cause, dispatched Lieut. Williams, in the capacity of Adjutant, with Major-General's guard, and the compliments of the commander, tendering the service of the guard for the night. A Major-General's guard consisted of a subaltern officer and 20 men, and a Brigadier-General's guard, of a sergeant and 12 men. As Williams rode up to the door, Mrs. Montgomery (Miss Jennet Livingston before marriage) made her appearance. She possessed a genteel form, with a small sparkling eye, and was neatly clad in black. She performed her part of the ceremony very politely, accepting the guard and quartering them for the night. Lieut. Emery, the officer of the guard, a gallant young soldier under Capt. Pillsbury, was highly pleased with the duty and executed it handsomely. He was enthusiastic, on joining his regiment in the morning, in describing the very hospitable manner in which himself and men were entertained.*

courage and activity in the battle of Saratoga, and in the heat of it his cue was nearly shot off by a ball from the enemy. Pulling it off, he threw it down in the direction of the foe, exclaiming with emphasis, "D—n you, take it all!" Col. Scammel led the van of Washington's army on their march to Yorktown, early in the siege of which place he fell, covered with glory. He was prompted to Adjutant-General just before his death.—*James Williamson.*

* A cenotaph to the memory of Gen. Montgomery stands in the front wall of St. Paul's church in New York city. At the time of his death December 31, 1775, Congress voted to erect a monument to his memory. In 1818, the Legislature of New York, DeWitt Clinton being then Governor, in accordance with the Congressional resolve made 43 years before; ordered the remains of this brave warrior to be removed from Quebec to New York. They reached Albany July 4th, and remained in that city over Sunday, and on Wednesday following they were deposited with funeral honors in their final resting place at St. Paul's. Gov. Clinton had informed Mrs. Montgomery, when the steamer Richmond with the body of her husband, would pass her mansion on the North river. At her request she stood alone on the portico at the moment that the boat passed. It was over 40 years since she had parted from her husband, they had been married two years, but she remained faithful to his memory as if alive. Indeed, it is said by old people, that she never ceased in her life-time to wear black. The steam boat halted opposite her mansion, the band played the Dead March, a salute was fired, and the ashes of the departed husband passed on as the boat resumed its course. The attendants of the spartan widow found on approaching her, that the excitement had been to great a strain upon her nerves, and she had swooned and fallen upon the floor.—Letter in the *Albany Argus*, November 30, 1870.

In the summer of 1778, Lieut. Williams was on duty in New Jersey, and was at the battle of Monmouth. In August following that battle, Gen. Glover's brigade, consisting of four Massachusetts regiments, commanded by Colonels Shephard, Wigglesworth, Bigelow, and Vose, proceeded to Rhode Island to strengthen the army of Gen. Sullivan.

In June, 1779, Jeremiah Miller, his captain, was appointed paymaster of the regiment, and Lieut. Williams took the command of the company; from which time until the war closed, he almost constantly performed the duty of Captain. In July, his regiment marched to Westchester county, New York, and the following winter (known as the cold winter), Gen. Glover's brigade was cantoned at a place called Budd's Huts, situated three miles east of West Point, on the road leading from Fishkill to Peekskill. The snow was deep while the huts were building, and the water did not drop from the eaves of those rude dwellings for 40 successive days. Part of the army wintered the same season three miles back of West Point, in what were called the York huts. The logs for Budd's huts were brought together by the soldiers with drag-ropes.

In the summer of 1780, Capt. Williams was on duty on the borders of New York and New Jersey, and in the summer of 1781, in the vicinity of King's Ferry, until September, when he marched with the army of Gen. Washington to Yorktown.

Dueling.—In December, 1781, Capt. Williams returned to Westchester county, where he wintered and continued in service in that vicinity a good part of the year, 1782. On his return from Yorktown, Capt. Hitchcock, of the light infantry, had some difficulty with Lieut. Stone, of his own company. The quarrel ended in a duel and the Captain was killed; soon after which Williams was transferred to the command of his company.* It is worthy of remark that but little dueling took place in the American army in the Revolution, the moral part of the community sternly rebuking the practice. A quarrel between Gen. Poor and Brigade Major Porter, which origi-

* In 1783, Williams was on guard at Washington's quarters more than once, and on those occasions he usually dined with his Excellency. It was his custom to seat the commissioned officers of his army at his table by turns; and it is believed that few officers were near his person during the war, who were not thus honored. This course not only served to make the officers respect themselves, but it tended in a great degree to make him the better known to his troops, and to increase their respect for him.

nated, it is believed, in a reproof of the former to the latter for his rakish conduct, resulted in a duel, which took place in 1780, at Paramus, New Jersey, in which the General, a fine officer, was killed.

In the army arrangement of the Revolution, the Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Major of each regiment of State troops, retained the command of a company in the same *called theirs*, to which no Captain was assigned. The immediate command of those companies usually devolved on subaltern officers; that of the Colonel on a Captain or Lieutenant, that of Lieutenant-Colonel on the First-Lieutenant, and that of Major on a Second-Lieutenant.

Capt. Williams continued in the army of Washington near the Hudson until the British evacuated New York, on the 25th of November, 1783, at which time he accompanied the victorious army in its entree to that city, and was present at Francis' Tavern, or "Black Sam's," as familiarly called, when Gen. Washington took leave of his officers on the 4th of December. On leaving the disbanded army Capt. Williams could say—what few others could—he was never mustered during the whole war, sick or absent, when duty required his presence. At the close of the war he became a member of the Massachusetts Cincinnatti. Those associations composed chiefly of military officers, were formed in the several States with a general society of the United States, of which Gen. Washington was president. About the year 1808, Capt. Williams removed from Massachusetts to Onondaga county, New York. For several years before his death he resided in the town of Schoharie, and in his 96th year, few young men read more than he did. He from choice cut his own fire wood, worked his own garden, etc., and the fall he was 90 years old, he revived the trade of his youth by framing two good sized buildings. He was ever a firm supporter of that government he helped to establish. He had long been an exemplary Christian—and imbibing in childhood the moral principles of a New England mother, he proved himself a worthy, honest and respected citizen. He still wrote a legible hand at the age of 96, without glasses. His answer to the question—Were you a young man with the knowledge you now have, would you enter the army if a war should break out?—

was, "Yes, I think I should. Yes, I am pretty sure I should." He died in the summer of 1847, aged about 98 years.

Brief Mention of Col. Tallmadge.—I have made several quotations from the military journal of Major, afterwards Col. Benjamin Tallmadge, an active and efficient officer of the Revolution. This private journal, which was prepared after the war at the request of his children to exhibit his military life, contains memoranda of an interesting character, and from it I glean the following additional facts :*

Col. Tallmadge was the second of five sons of the Rev. Benjamin Tallmadge, a settled minister at Brookhaven, L. I.

He graduated at Yale College with literary honors in 1773, soon after which he was called to the charge of a high school in Weathersfield, Ct. Capt. Chester, of Weathersfield, having been appointed a Colonel of State troops, and tendering young Tallmadge a Lieutenant's commission, with the appointment of Adjutant of his regiment, the student laid aside his books, and the contemplated study of the law, and entered the service of his country. He was commissioned a Lieutenant by Gov. Trumbull, June 20th, 1776, and received a warrant as Adjutant, bearing the same date. He marched with the army of Washington to New York, was engaged in the disastrous battle of Long Island, and in several skirmishes above New York, in one of which Brigade-Maj. Wyllis was made prisoner, and he was given his station. At the battle of White Plains, he was with a division of the army under Gen. Spencer, who engaged the Hessian troops under Gen. Rahl, when the Americans, pressed by overpowering numbers, were obliged to fall back to Chad-derton's Hill, then occupied by Gen. McDougall. As the Adjutant was about to enter the Bronx with the rear of the army, the Rev. Dr. Trumbull, their chaplain, sprang upon his horse behind him, with an impetus that carried them both headlong, with saddle and accoutrements, into the river. Regaining their feet, they, however, forded the stream in time to make good their retreat. Long poles, with iron pikes, supplied the want of bayonets, at this time, in the American camp. Near the close of the year, a new organization of the army took place,

* For the loan of this journal, in 1844, the author would here acknowledge his indebtedness to the Hon. John F. Cushman, of Troy, a son-in-law of Col. Tallmadge.

when Lieut. Tallmadge received the command of a company of dragoons, under Col. Elisha Sheldon.

Early in the spring of 1777, a squadron of four companies of Sheldon's corps, under the command of Tallmadge, the senior Captain, joined the army of Washington, near Middlebrook, N. J. His own troop was mounted entirely on dapple grey horses, of which, under black mountings, he acknowledged he felt proud. On the 25th June, 1777, he was engaged in the battle of Short Hills, between the Americans, under Lord Sterling, and the enemy, under Lord Cornwallis, in which the former lost four field pieces a second time. About this period Capt. Tallmadge was promoted to Major of cavalry. In 1778, while actively employed with the army in New Jersey, Maj. Tallmadge opened a private correspondence with some persons in New York, for Gen. Washington, which lasted through the war.

About the first of July, 1779, when the dragoons of Col. Sheldon were stationed below North Castle, a large body of the enemy's light horse and infantry, under Lord Rawdon, attacked them in the night. The onset was impetuous, and the Americans, borne down by superior numbers, and flanked by infantry, found it necessary to retreat—doing which the servant of Maj. Tallmadge was wounded and captured by the enemy, and with him his master's horse and valise, the latter containing 20 guineas. In the summer of 1780, Gen. Washington honored Maj. Tallmadge with a separate command, consisting of a body of horse and two companies of infantry, formed from dismounted dragoons. He took a station soon after at North Stamford, Conn., and while there Gen. Parsons proposed a joint enterprise of their forces against the enemy's garrison at Lloyd's Neck, on Long Island, which was abandoned, owing to the treachery of the agent employed by the general to gain the requisite information.

"On the fifth of September, 1779" (says the journal), "I undertook an expedition against the enemy on Lloyd's Neck, L. I. At this place, and on a promontory or elevated piece of ground next to the sound, between Huntington Harbor and Oyster Bay, the enemy had established a strongly fortified post, where they kept a body of about 500 troops. In the rear of this garrison a large band of marauders encamped, who, having

boats at command, continually infested the sound and our shores. Having a great desire to break up the banditti of freebooters, on the evening named I embarked my detachment, amounting in the whole to about 130, at Shipand Point, near Stamford, at eight o'clock in the evening, and by 10 we landed on Lloyd's Neck. Having made my arrangements we proceeded in different divisions to beat up their quarters. Our attack was so sudden and unexpected that we succeeded in capturing almost the whole party, a few only escaping into the bushes, from whence they commenced firing on my detachment, which gave the alarm to the garrison. This prevented our attempting any attack upon the outposts and guards of the fort, and after destroying all the boats we could find, as well as the huts of these refugees, we returned with our prisoners to our boats, and embarked for Connecticut, where we landed in safety before sunrise the next morning, and without the loss of a single man."

In the fall of 1780 Maj. Tallmadge revived his project of an expedition to Long Island. Through agents he obtained accurate returns of a fortification in Suffolk county, called Fort St. George. It was constructed "at a point which projects into the South Bay on Smith's Manor, being the enemy's easternmost defense." It is thus described in the Journal :

"I found it to be a triangular inclosure of several acres of ground, at two angles of which was a strongly barricaded house, and at the third, a fort, with a deep ditch and wall encircled by an *abattis* of sharpened pickets, projecting at an angle of 45 degrees. The fort and houses were entirely connected with a strong stockade, 12 feet high, every piece sharpened and fastened to each other by a traverse rail strongly bolted to each. The work was nearly finished."

Having obtained the necessary information he proposed to the Commander-in-chief to destroy the works, who concluded the expedition too dangerous to warrant its undertaking. Not willing to abandon his project, Maj. Tallmadge visited the island in person about the 1st of November, to ascertain the then state of the works. He learned "that the fortress was completed, and was the depository of stores, dry-goods, groceries, and arms, from whence Suffolk county could be supplied." Provided with an accurate draft of the fort, and

apprised that a large quantity of forage was collected at Coram, from the east end of the island, he again importuned Gen. Washington to sanction a contemplated visit, who, on the 11th day of November, signified his assent by letter. The expedition is thus entered in the journal :

"All preparations necessary being made, on the 21st of November, at about four o'clock P. M., I embarked my detachment composed of two companies of dismounted dragoons (and in all short of 100 selected men), at Fairfield, and the same evening at nine o'clock, we landed at a place on Long Island called the *Old Man's*. I was obliged to go so far east to avoid a large body of the enemy which laid at Huntington and its vicinity, partly in our direct route from Stamford. Soon after we landed, say by 10 o'clock, I put the troops in motion to cross Long Island. We had not gone far, say four or five miles, before the wind began to blow from the southeast, and the rain soon followed. I faced the troops about, returned to our boats, which were drawn up and concealed in the bushes. There we remained through the night and the next day, and at evening the rain abated, and I again ordered the troops to march for our destined place on the south side of Long Island. At four o'clock next morning I found we were within two miles of Fort St. George, when we halted a short time to take refreshment. Having made my arrangements for the plan of attack, I placed two small detachments under the command of subaltern officers of high spirit, at different positions from the fort, with orders to keep concealed until the enemy should fire on my column. Just as the day began to dawn, I put my detachment in motion. The pioneers who preceded my column had reached within 40 yards of the stockade before they were discovered by the enemy. At this moment, the sentinel in advance of the stockade, halted his march, looked attentively at our column, demanded "who comes there!" and fired. Before the smoke from his gun had cleared his vision, my sergeant, who marched by my side, reached him with his bayonet, and prostrated him. This was the signal for the other troops to move forward, when all seemed to vie with each other to enter the fort. So resolute were the men, that a breach was soon made in the stockade, where the rear platoon halted to prevent the prisoners from escaping. I led the

column directly through the grand parade against the main fort, which we carried with the bayonet in less than 10 minutes, *not a musket being loaded*. At the same instant that I entered one side of the fort, the officers commanding the smaller detachments mounted the ramparts on the other sides, and the watchword, *Washington and Glory!* was repeated from three sides of the fort at the same time. While we were standing, elated with victory, in the centre of the fort, a volley of musketry was discharged from the windows of one of the large houses, which induced me to order my whole detachment to load and fire. I soon found it necessary to lead the column directly to the house, which being strongly barricaded required the aid of the pioneers with their axes. As soon as the troops could enter, the confusion and conflict was great. A considerable portion of those who had fired after the fort was taken and the colors had been struck, were thrown headlong from the second story to the ground. Having forfeited their lives by the usages of war, all would have been killed had I not ordered the slaughter to cease. The prisoners, being secured, it was soon discovered that the shipping, which laid near the fort, loaded with stores, etc., were getting under weigh. The guns of the fort were brought to bear on them, and they were soon secured. All things were now safe and quiet, and I had never seen the sun rise more pleasantly. It became necessary to demolish the enemy's works, as far as possible, which was done: an immense quantity of stores of various kinds, English, etc., were destroyed. The shipping and their stores were also burned up. Some valuable articles of dry goods were made up in bundles, placed on the prisoners' shoulders, who were pinioned two and two, and thus carried across the island to our boats. The work of capturing and destroying this fortress being effected, at eight o'clock A. M., I put the troops under march to recross the island to our boats. Having given the command of the detachment to Capt. Edgar, with orders to halt at a given point near the middle of the island, I selected 10 or 12 men, and mounted them on horses taken at the fort, with which I intended to destroy the King's magazine of forage at Coram. This place was nearly half way to a place where a large body of British troops were encamped, east of Hunting-ton. I reached the place in about an hour and a half, made a

vigorous charge upon the guard placed to protect it, set it on fire (some 300 tons of hay), and in about an hour and a half more reached the place where I had ordered the troops to halt, having rode some 15 or 16 miles. As I arrived at the spot, I was gratified to see the head of the detachment, under Capt. Edgar, advancing with the prisoners. As none of us had halted since we parted, we sat down for nearly an hour and refreshed. After this we took up our line of march, by four o'clock reached our boats, and before sunset we were all afloat on the sound; by midnight, or one o'clock next morning, every boat arrived on Fairfield beach, although we had entirely lost sight of each other in the darkness of the night. This service was executed entirely without the loss of one man from my detachment and one only was badly wounded, and him we brought off. The enemy's loss was seven killed and wounded, most of them mortally. We took one Lieutenant-Colonel commandant, one Captain, one Lieutenant, one Surgeon, and 50 rank and file, with a host of others in the garrison."

On reporting the result of his expedition to the Commander-in-chief, Maj. Tallmadge requested permission to give his troops the spoils they had borne from the captured fortress, to which he received the following reply :

"MORRISTOWN, 28th November, 1780.

"DEAR SIR—Both your letters of the 25th came to my hands this day. I received with much pleasure the report of your successful enterprise upon Fort St. George, and the vessel with stores in the harbor, and was particularly well pleased with the destruction of the hay, which must, I should conceive, be severely felt by the enemy at this time.

"I beg of you to accept my thanks for your judicious planning, and spirited execution of the business, and that you will offer them to the Officers and Men who shared the honor of the Enterprise with you.

"The gallant behavior of Mr. Murison gives him a fair claim to an appointment in the second Regt. of Dragoons, or any other of the State to which he belongs, where there is a vacancy, and I have no doubt of his meeting with it accordingly, if you will make known his merits, with these sentiments in his favor.

"You have my free consent to reward your gallant party

with the little booty they were able to bring from the Enemy's works.

"With much esteem and regard, I am, Dear Sir,

"Your most obed't Serv't,

"GO. WASHINGTON."

The following honorable notice of Maj. Tallmadge's success over the enemy on Long Island, is found on the journal of Congress for 1780, under date of December sixth, that body having been apprised of the affair some days before by Gen. Washington,

"While Congress are sensible of the patriotism, courage and perseverance of the officers and privates of their regular forces, as well as the militia throughout these United States, and of the military conduct of the principal commanders in both, it gives them pleasure to be so frequently called upon to confer marks of distinction and applause for enterprises which do honor to the profession of arms, and claim a high rank among military achievements. In this light they view the enterprise against Fort George, on Long Island, planned, and conducted with wisdom and great gallantry by Maj. Tallmadge, of the light dragoons, and executed with intrepidity and complete success by the officers and soldiers of his detachment.

"Ordered, therefore, That Maj. Tallmadge's report to the Commander-in-Chief be published, with the preceding minute, as a tribute to distinguished merit, and in testimony of the sense Congress entertain of this brilliant service."

"No person but a military man," says the journal of Col. Tallmadge "knows how to appreciate the honor bestowed, when the Commander-in-Chief and the Congress of the United States return their thanks for a military achievement."

Contemplating an expedition against a British garrison of 800 men at Lloyd's Neck, and that of Fort Slongo, eight miles eastward of it, guarded by 150 men, Maj. Tallmadge again visited Long Island, April 22, 1781, to obtain accurate information. Submitting his plan of intended operations to Gen. Washington for the capture of these posts, and clearing the sound of the enemy's small craft, with the aid of more troops, and the co-operation of the French frigates, it was favorably received, and he was furnished with a flattering letter of intro-

duction to Count Rochambeau, then at Rhode Island, for the naval force. The absence of the vessels of the size wanted, prevented the prosecution of the enterprise. In the fall of this year, Maj. Tallmadge renewed his project of annoying the enemy on Long Island.

"The fortress at Treadwell's Neck, called Fort Slongo (says the journal), seemed to demand attention, and on the first of October I moved my detachment of light infantry into the neighborhood of Norwalk; at the same time I directed a suitable number of boats to be assembled at the mouth of Saugatuck river, east of the town of Norwalk. On the evening of October 2, 1781, at nine o'clock, I embarked a part of my detachment, and placed Maj. Prescott at the head of it, with orders to assail the fort on a particular point. The troops landed on Long Island by four o'clock, and at the dawn of day the attack was made and the fortress subdued. The block house, and other combustible materials, were burned, and the troops and prisoners returned in safety, bringing off one piece of handsome brass field artillery."*

When the campaign of 1782 was opened, many felt as though the independence of the country had already been secured by the capture of Cornwallis and his army, but Gen. Washington, whatever may have been his private opinion, "inculcated upon his troops the necessity of strict discipline, that they might be prepared for any emergency." Many supernumary officers were permitted to retire from the army early this season, the most efficient being retained in service. As this year was one of comparative inactivity, the soldier's life became irksome, and he sighed for employment.

Toward the close of the year 1782, Major Tallmadge having been informed that 600 of the enemy had encamped at Huntington, Long Island, conceived the plan of "beating up their quarters." He disclosed his project in person to Gen. Washington, in the latter part of November, and obtained his permission to undertake it, the General claiming to name the time. The 5th of December was the day fixed upon, when the Com-

* Maj. Prescott's force on this occasion numbered 100 men, and the surprise of the enemy was complete. He made two captains, one Lieutenant and 18 rank and file prisoners; two of the enemy were also killed and two wounded. Of his command, only one man was wounded.—*Thacher's Journal*.

mander intended to execute an enterprise on the Hudson—which was, to throw a large detachment of his troops below Fort Washington, while he moved down with the main body to Fort Independence and Kingsbridge, thus bringing the enemy between two fires. On the evening of the day named, Maj. Tallmadge assembled his troops at *Shipand Point*, where his boats had been ordered. His forces—some 700 men—consisting of four companies of infantry, a party of dismounted dragoons, to mount the captured horses, and a body of Connecticut levies, began to embark at sunset ; but the half had not left the shore, when, a western storm arising, they were called back, the boats drawn on shore and turned up for shelter. The Sound was agitated the next day, and at night became quiet, and the troops were beginning a second time to embark, but another gale arising, the troops were sheltered as on the previous night. Apprised, on the morning of the 7th, that three of the enemy's boats from Long Island had taken refuge and were wind-bound on the Norwalk islands, a few miles east of the point, Maj. Tallmadge despatched six sail boats under Capt. Brewster, to give some account of them. Two were captured, after a spirited contest, in crossing the Sound—there about twelve miles wide—and the third escaped to land. Capt. Brewster received a bullet in the breast, which passed through the body, but recovered of the wound. The wind again rising on the third night, the expedition to the island was abandoned. The contemplated movement of Gen. Washington, on the evening of the 5th, was prevented by several British vessels having moved up that day, and anchored above Fort-Washington.

In the winter of 1782 and '83, considerable illicit intercourse was carried on by traders along the Sound with the merchants of New York, and boats thus employed often fell into the hands of the vigilant Americans. Informed that a public armed vessel, in the employ of the government, was actively employed in the traffic "technically called the *London trade*," Maj. Tallmadge proposed to punish the offenders. The craft was a large sloop called the *Sheeldhum*, Capt. Hoyt. Furnished with a copy of her invoice of goods, and notified of her expected arrival at Norwalk, Maj. T. repaired to that place with a party of dragoons, and had the satisfaction of seeing her approach the harbor. She anchored near the *Old Wells*, soon after which he

went on board with a warrant, and constable to serve it. Making known his errand, the captain flew into a passion, and threatened to throw him overboard. While the intrepid Major was endeavoring to reason with the dealer in contraband wares, the latter weighed anchor, hoisted sails, and stood out into the Sound, with a breeze from the northwest. When ordered to put back, he not only refused, but swore he would throw his guest overboard. The rest of the farce is thus noted in the journal :

“My Captain continued his course towards Lloyd’s Neck, where the enemy’s fleet lay, until we reached the middle of the Sound. I inquired of him where he was going, when he informed me, with an oath, he would carry me over to the enemy. I informed him that for such an offense, by our martial law, he exposed himself to be punished with death. He professed to care nothing for the consequences. I maintained my former course, and sternly ordered him to put about his vessel and return to Norwalk, assuring him that if he executed his threat I would have him hanged as high as Haman hung, if ever I returned, as I did not doubt I should. The time now became very critical, for we were rapidly approaching the enemy, when I again commanded him to put about his ship and return. He began to hesitate, and in a few minutes ordered his men to put about ; and then steered directly back into Norwalk harbor. As soon as he came to anchor down at the *Old Wells*, the Captain went ashore in his boat, and I never saw him again. I now found myself in the peaceable possession of the vessel and its cargo. On taking up the scuttle in the cabin, I found an assortment of English goods corresponding with my invoice, which I had duly libeled and condemned. Thus ended my hazardous contest with the captain of the *Sheeldham*, a man void of principle, and unworthy the commission he held.”

One of the enemy’s sloops of war having been seen repeatedly to cross the Sound and anchor under Stratford Point, Conn., where she went to barter merchandise for produce, measures were taken to capture her. At Bridgeport, Major Tallmadge met Captain Amos Hubbel, who had a suitable vessel, and readily engaged in the enterprise. The Captain agreed to bring his craft along side the hostile ship, if indemnified against her loss in case of capture

by the enemy, to which proposition Maj. Tallmadge readily assented. On the 20th of February, 1783, when the English sloop was at the point, the Major placed 45 men of his detachment, under the immediate command of Lieutenants Rhea and Hawley, with Capt. Brewster's boat's crew of continental troops, on board of Capt. Hubbel's vessel, the whole to be commanded by Capt. Brewster. Capt. Hubbel, taking the helm in person, sailed at two o'clock P. M., and at four was within hail of the foe. The American troops were kept concealed until the vessels were brought in contact. As they neared, the enemy opened a broadside, which crippled their antagonist considerably in the mast and rigging, but Capt. Hubbel, with great presence of mind, brought her up gallantly to the work. The troops, at a given signal, appeared on deck, discharged a volley of balls, and under Capt. Brewster boarded and carried the enemy at the point of the bayonet, "as in a moment," nearly every man on board being either killed or wounded. Not one of Brewster's men were harmed, nor was the vessel materially injured. In a few hours both vessels were moored in safety at Black Rock harbor. The affair being duly reported to Gen. Washington, he expressed his thanks to Maj. Tallmadge by letter, ordered the condemnation of the prize, and the avails thereof to be distributed among the troops who captured it.

In the summer of 1783, after preliminary articles of peace had been announced, Maj. Tallmadge, with the approbation of Gen. Washington, proceeded to New York, under the sanction of a flag, to grant that protection the times demanded, to such persons as had transmitted intelligence of the enemy's doings from time to time during the war, to Maj. Tallmadge and others employed by the Commander-in-chief to procure it. Private emissaries, in other words secret spies, employed for years in the American service were thus protected against the insults of their countrymen, who, on entering the city, might otherwise have treated them with indignity, instead of merited respect. Several Enoch Crosbys were secretly engaged in the Revolution in transmitting to Gen. Washington, as best they could, important information of the enemy's movements in and around New York.

Maj. Tallmadge was with the troops under Gen. Washington, which entered New York on the day it was evacuated by the

enemy. On this occasion, Gen. Knox, at the head of a select corps, led the van of the American army. "The Commander-in-chief, accompanied by Gov. Clinton, and their respective suites, made their public entry into the city on horseback, followed by the Lieutenant Governor and members of the council, the officers of the army, eight abreast, and citizens on horseback, eight abreast, accompanied by the speaker of the Assembly, and citizens, on foot, eight abreast. So perfect was the order of march, that entire tranquility prevailed, and nothing occurred to mar the general joy." Gov. Clinton gave a public dinner on the occasion, at which Gen Washington and numerous other guests were present. On the Tuesday evening following, a most splendid display of fire-works took place near the Bowling Green, at the foot of Broadway. Maj. Tallmadge was also present, at Francis' tavern in Pearl street, when Gen. Washington took leave of his officers. They assembled at 12 o'clock M., soon after which General Washington appeared. After partaking of a little refreshment, in almost breathless silence, his Excellency filled his glass with wine, and turning to his companions in arms, thus addressed them: "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." The officers drank a glass of wine with him, after which he added: "I cannot come to each of you, but shall feel obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand." Gen. Knox, being nearest, grasped his hand, and they embraced each other in silence. This was no doubt one of the most affecting interviews of the kind ever known. Each officer, in turn, imitating the example of Gen. Knox, embraced their Commander, and saluted him with a kiss, while their tears mingled profusely with his own. Waving his hand to his comrades, he left the room, and passing through a corps of light infantry paraded to receive him, he walked in silence to Whitehall, where a barge waited his arrival. His officers followed to the wharf, where a large multitude had assembled to see his departure, and there witness his last salutation, which was the waving of his hat above the boat.

On the return of peace, Maj. Tallmadge again visited his native place, where the patriotic citizens got up a festival, roasted an ox whole, and made the Major master of ceremonies.

On the 16th of March, 1784, Maj. Tallmadge led to Hymen's altar, the eldest daughter of the Hon. William Floyd, of Mastick, L. I., after which he commenced the mercantile business in Litchfield, Conn. He was much respected for his talents, and represented the district in which he resided in the councils of the nation.

Fortune Telling in the Revolution.—The work has never been without its quidnuncs, and occasionally they are found very serviceable in perilous times. At some period of the war when an article had mysteriously disappeared in a company of Connecticut troops, Uncle Tim. Adams, a pensioner, who, when a boy, the writer well remembers as an old fox hunter, etc., having the name of being a divinator in his company, was called upon to "conjure and fortune-tell the rogue." He said over some *hocus pocus*, and then told the complainant that he had divined who had the stolen property. Said he, very gravely, "It may be found in the knapsack of Ben. Shaw." Adams and Shaw were both from the town of Canterbury, Conn. The commanding officer being notified of the theft and prognostication, went with complainant and ordered the accused to open his pack; he did so, when lo! the lost property was found. Such offenses were usually very severely punished; but Shaw got off with a mild reprimand. The reader wonders why he escaped a public flogging. The truth is, Ben. was so good a commissariat, to supply not only his own wants but those of his friends and even officers with a dainty morsel, when money would not buy poultry and other desirable things in the country, that it would hardly do to *whip him*, for by so doing *needed supplies would be cut off*. In relating this event, after the war, "Uncle Tim." was asked how he could tell who had the stolen property. He said he could not tell who had it, but he felt quite sure there was no man in the company that would be so likely to have it as Ben. Shaw—hence his accusation. Like many a true fortune-teller, he prognosticated from impending circumstances.—*From the Memory of the Writer's Brother, E. F. S.*

Why Hartman Kills an Indian.—Among the patriotic men who dwelt on the rich German Flats, which he aided in defending in the Revolution, as already shown, was Adam Hartman, a descendant of an early German settler. In a skirmish in that war he received from an Indian a severe bullet wound in his

right shoulder, which troubled him through life. After the war now and then a Mohawk hunter came back to the land of his childhood—hunting grounds of his youth, and the places where in riper years he had engaged in scenes of blood and carnage. At the close of the war, when traces of the tomahawk and scalping knife were abundant, an Indian halted at nightfall, probably in 1784, at a little tavern in the eastern part of the present town of Frankfort, kept, as believed, by a Bellinger, some say a Myers. At this little inn—which, I suppose, was one story high and painted red—with accommodations ample for the wants of then Western New York, a few neighbors were congregated in the evening, as was their custom, to have a smoke, drink a glass of grog and talk over *the news*—subjects of present or past occurrence—something deeply interesting, making the eyes of little boys in the chimney corner glisten.

On such an occasion did the lone chieftain, whom some one has called a Mohawk known as "Saucy Nick," enter the bar-room of mine host, by far the most important room in the house. Disencumbered of his treasures, a rifle and a pack, having oiled his tongue at the bar, he, too, joined in the conversation. Among the guests, and principal speakers, was Adam Hartman. There was nothing peculiar in his person or dress, save that he had on a *green coat*, evident to all but the Indian, had been a trophy of war, and had once been worn by one of "Johnson's Greens." Determination was a marked feature of his countenance. Knowing that the Tories associated with him had worn such coats, the Indian, a large, muscular fellow, took Hartman to be one of that class, and directed most of his conversation to him. As the evening wore away, and the bar patronage increased, Revolutionary scenes became the absorbing topic, fraught with blood and murder; when the Indian, divested of his usual caution, began to boast, in broken English, of his own deeds of cruelty. Among his acts of exultation, he had killed a *white infant* and skinned a portion of its person. He then exhibited a tobacco pouch and said, "*Him skin pale-faced papoose.*" The sight of this trophy, which, says a correspondent, somewhat resembled a greasy glove, operated electrically upon Hartman's worst passions, and some threatening expressions passed his lips, the import of which, spoken in German, was mistaken by the Indian for praise. Soon after the red

warrior produced the novel evidence of his prowess, the company dispersed; but Hartman learned before he left that the traveler would go early in the morning toward Oneida Castle.

Betimes, the next morning, Hartman might have been seen in the vicinity of a small swamp a little west of Frankfort. Soon after, an Indian is traveling westward, who recognized the former by his green coat. As the two were going the same way, Hartman very kindly offered to carry his companion's rifle: and as his lost cow, for which he pretended to be seeking, might possibly have strayed into the swamp beside the road, he tried to persuade his dusky companion to go through it with him in search of her, but no entreaty could prevail on the Mohawk to enter the thicket, and they proceeded beside it. In a desired spot the white man looked this way and that—as Moses did over the sands of Egypt, and saw not a third person. Threading his way unconscious of danger, the stout warrior's eye was glancing over the landscape, once more to rest on some known object of by-gone days—some tree had given him shelter, or some hill rising above its fellows had proven a landmark to guide the hunter when young to his wigwam. Revenge, the master passion of the red man, for once had found a place in the white man's breast, and suddenly a rifle's shrill note rang out on the morning air, claiming response to the requiem of a departing spirit.

In the path before Hartman, lay quivering in death with a bullet hole through his heart, a victim of passion, slain without unexceptionable claim to a justifiable cause: for if it was morally wrong for the Indian to kill a white child in time of war, it was no less so for a white man to kill in time of peace a fellow being. Two wrongs cannot make a moral right, and Christian teaching requires the exercise of charity. Scarcely had his victim ceased to breathe, when Hartman drew his body into the swamp near the bank of the river and stamped it into the mud, as also his rifle and pack. A year or two later, when this Indian's visit was nearly forgotten, his deeds of exultation were mentioned—possibly in the same bar-room, when Hartman, who was present, casually remarked: "That Indian never got far from here!" The expression caused great surprise, for when he thus spoke everyone knew there was meaning in his words. Interrogated as to the Indian's fate he replied: "In

the little swamp above, his carcass may possibly be found, and with it his beautiful tobacco pouch ! ”

At the place indicated, some person had the curiosity to search, when lo ! the skeleton of a man and a rusty rifle were found.* They were near the site of the late Judge Dygert's dwelling. Herkimer county had not then been organized, when some one of tory proclivities, got Hartman indicted at Johnstown for the murder of this Indian, and was there for trial. Abram Van Vechten, Esq., was present to defend him, who picked a flaw in the indictment, and the old patriot went home to his family, and was not again molested.—*Facts from the late Hon. John B. Dygert, and Frederick Petrie* ; the latter had the story from Hartman's own lips.

How and where Van Camp Killed an Indian.—Garret Walrath, a disciple of Vulcan, carried on business in Palatine, about half a mile to the westward of the Fort Plain railroad depot. The incident here given transpired directly after the war, and probably in the fall of 1784. An old two-story dwelling now stands on the premises. Moses Van Camp, who had been a brave soldier in the war, was at work one day at the anvil, when his boss came in and remarked, in no pleasant humor : “ See them d—d Indians on the flats, stealing my potatoes.” “ Well,” said Van Camp, “ I'll go down and tell them to be off.” “ Don't go near them,” said Walrath, “ for like as not they'll kill you.” “ I'm not afraid of the o—d redskins,” said he, and, retaining a two-pound hammer under his apron, he left the shop and approached the nearest of three Indians, two of whom were several rods from their fellow, who stood in a dug-out canoe moored at the shore, where was a ferry rope, not far from which all had deposited their guns. It was not that the citizens begrudged the Indians a few potatoes, but because they would impudently help themselves, wasting more than they took. It was their custom to pull up vines, at times destroying the further growth of a dozen hills to get a few of the larger ones attaching to the vines. As the young blacksmith came upon the bank of the river, the Indian, who, with a knife, was scraping a piece of raw pork designed for their dinner—they having a camp-kettle in which to cook it—he began to remon-

* Said *D. Hawkins, Esq.*, of Newport, N. Y., in 1850, Col. Matthew Myers, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was then the owner of this identical rifle.

strate with him for getting potatoes without permission, when the Indian, who was large and saucy, rose up in anger, raised the knife, and exclaimed in broken English: "*Be off, or me give you dis!*" Quick as a flash that hammer came from its concealment, and fell heavily upon the head of his adversary, who was killed by the blow, and fell backward into the river.

His friends in the potatoe patch witnessed the transaction at the boat, and with terrific yells ran for their weapons, Van Camp fleeing up the river and into the woods for dear life. They fired at and then pursued him for some distance, but being fleet as an antelope he escaped.—*From Isaac Maxfield, a relative of Van Camp, corroborated by George Countryman and his wife (a sister of Maj. Jost Spraker), Lawrence Gros, and George Wagner.*

How he Escaped Vengeance at Another Time.—At a little later period, believed in the spring of 1785 or '86, Moses Van Camp accompanied a brother to Fort Stanwix, now Rome, in a sleigh, from some place a few miles distant. They had been in a store trading, and among their purchases was a keg of rum, and from the store they went into the bar-room of a small tavern, where they had left their team. While they were in the store, a small party of Indian hunters had entered this bar-room. Hardly were they in the room, when one of the warriors stepped up to Moses and asked him if his name was Van Camp? He replied in the affirmative, when instantly his interrogator, with flashing eye and threatening mien, exclaimed, "You killed my brozer with hammer." "No," said Van Camp, who saw his danger, "that was a brother of mine; he was a bad fellow; you and I are friends, and we'll drink together." So saying he took the plug from the keg, and taking a swig himself he handed it to his accuser to drink and pass it to his companions. While they were thus disposing of the liquor, Van Camp's brother took the hint, drove the team to the door and Moses sprang in, leaving the liquor with the Indians; and giving the lash to the horses they threw themselves down in the bottom of the sleigh just in time to avoid a tomahawk hurled, as supposed, by the brother of the slain Indian, which passed over their heads and stuck in the fore-end of the sleigh; becoming a valuable memento of his escape from the revenge of a savage. This event is said to have occurred in the evening, which favored their flight. The

hatchet exchanged for the rum was a very neat one, having a copper head in which was a pipe. After his marriage, Van Camp, knowing that he was identified and marked, never dared to remain long in a place, moving often to avoid another interview with his accuser. The late Geo. Wagner assured the writer that he went once or twice some distance with this Van Camp to look for a desirable farm. He finally removed to Pennsylvania, where he died.—*Mr. and Mrs. George Countryman, at whose house Van Camp often found a home.*

Indian Hunters Come Back to the Johnstown Settlements.—Soon after the war, the Indian hunters of Northern New York, began to visit the Fish House settlement, and go from there to Johnstown to sell fur. On one occasion two Indian hunters hired Godfrey Shew to take them to Johnstown in a wagon, and on their way they stopped at the house of George Cough. The reader will remember he had twice gone to Canada as a prisoner, and judge his surprise at seeing in the person of one of the Indians, a former tyrannic master. "What, Shew!" said the old gentleman starting with surprise, with his passions kindling, "and do you bring this cursed Indian here? He took me prisoner the last time I went to Canada?"

"Ah! we friends now!" said the Indian extending his hand for a shake, which Cough finally received, and acting on the Christian principle of rendering good for evil, the former foe was shown some kindness by the family. The Indian told the sons playfully, that they had got to be men from having been under his care.* On arriving at Johnstown, the hunters sold their fur to Gen. Dodge,† and paid Mr. Shew liberally for taking them there.—*Jacob Shew, a son of Godfrey Shew.*

Jacob Shew, who was greatly respected for his integrity and moral worth, was a Captain of Militia after the war. I have somewhere remarked that he was a member of Assembly, in 1818. While he was there the following event occurred: At a dinner party given by Gov. Dewitt Clinton, to the members of the Legislature, at which Mr. Shew was a guest, Gen. Erastus Root, of Delaware county, carved a round of venison.

* A fact stated to the writer by *George Cough*, one of those sons, in 1850.

† A soldier during the war, and a General of militia after its close. The following inscription is from a stone in the old Johnstown grave-yard: "Maj.-Gen. Richard Dodge, a soldier in the Revolution, died Sept. 2, 1832, aged 70 years."

After serving all who would be helped, he took a liberal slice himself. "Now," said he still standing and running his eye along the table, "all who will vote for a bounty on wolves" (a bill for which was then pending), "can eat venison, but those who intend to vote against it, must not eat any. As for myself," he added with emphasis, "I intend to eat a large slice." This little speech gained him several votes for the protection of deer in the destruction of wolves.— *Shew.*

EVENTS AFTER THE WAR.

Anecdote of Gen. La Fayette.—When the great and good La Fayette last visited the United States, he received in all parts of the republic the gratitude and welcome of a prosperous people, his own arm and purse had aided in making free. At that time he landed in the United States August 15, 1824, and again sailed for France in September, 1825. Cities and towns vied with each other in commendable zeal, to render their illustrious guest happy. Not a few companions in arms now grown old, met, recognized and shed a few tears with the old patriot ; in his journey through the union. The following incident is one of not a few of an interesting nature attendant on the visit of this kind hearted man.

At the termination of his visit at Schenectada, he was escorted from thence by a body of troops under the command of Gen. Schomerhorn, to the half-way house between that city and Albany ; at which place a military corps from the latter city under Gen. Matthew Trotter, awaited his arrival. After the ceremonies of an introduction, Trotter asked the distinguished guest if he recognized him ? He replied that he did not. Said Trotter : "Do you not remember that a drummer boy tied his neck handkerchief about your leg, when you were wounded at Brandywine ?" "I do indeed remember," said La Fayette, "that my boot was drawn from my wounded limb, and an American drummer drew from his neck a handkerchief and tied it firmly around it." "I was that drummer !" said Trotter, and the next instant the old veterans were locked in each others arms, blending tears of a hallowed nature. The scene, as may be supposed, was an affecting one to the by-stander : the duplicate of which transpired when they were both young. After the war, Trotter was promoted in the military service to the

office of General, on account of Revolutionary merits as a soldier. When the Albanians wanted a marshal to receive and conduct La Fayette to the threshold of their hospitality, they very wisely designated Gen. Trotter to discharge that pleasing duty.—*From Isaac V. Morris, who witnessed the interview.*

The Trick of a Soldier.—Col. Gozen or Goshen Van Schaick, was one of the bravest and most efficient officers of the Revolution. He had seen no little service as an officer in the northern campaigns of the French war under Sir William Johnson, and in 1776, he was given the command of a regiment of New York State troops : and being a rigid disciplinarian, it became proverbially known as one of the best drilled battalions in the American army. While he was on duty in Albany, he found it extremely difficult to prevent his men from obtaining liquor ; indeed, Washington found the use of liquor among the troops when in camp, a source of very great annoyance. Col. Van-Schaick was constantly on the *qui vive* to protect his men from using alcohol, and his espionage was so marked, that some of his men resolved to play a trick upon him. Jack Wells, a well known wag was designated for the pun, and observing the Colonel on some occasion *spooking* about the Dutch church—which then stood in State street near its junction with Broadway—he quickly filled a canteen with urine, sallied out and concealing it under his coat, he attempted to pass the Colonel as if by accident ; but the latter had observed his movements, and thought to catch him with the tabooed beverage. “Halloo Jack !” he exclaimed, “what have you got there ?” “Vinegar !” whined Jack, endeavoring by his voice and manner to imply surprise at being detected. “Let me see,” said the Colonel, pulling the vessel from under Jack’s coat. Drawing the stopple he applied his mouth to the nozzle, to be sure of the guilt of his victim. Jack, who stood looking very penitent, tarried just long enough to see what a wry face the officer made, and then sought his own quarters, leaving the canteen with the detective. The Colonel, who always liked a good practical joke, hit whom it might, finding he had caught a Tartar, said no more about it.

At another time when Col. Van Schaick met Jack Wells in a vein of good humor he said to him : “Jack, what was the strangest thing you have ever seen ?” “Well,” he replied, “to be honest with you, Colonel, the strangest thing I have ever

seen was a *goose* with *boots* and *spurs* on." Goshen was often spoken and written "goose" by the Dutch.

A Fatal Sleigh Ride.—Speaking of the old Dutch Church of Albany, I am reminded of a tradition I heard many years ago. The soldiers in their long winter encampments, sought by various means to break the ennui of their monotonous life ; and at a time of good sleighing, some of the soldiers quartered in Albany rode down State street on sleds, starting from near the site of the Capitol. On a large sled or sleigh, one of them rode down to show what he could do ; and from his long passage, and the smoothness of the hill, his sled gained a wonderfully rapid motion. Whether he would have chosen to pass the old church at the foot of the hill, or not, is unknown, but he did not ; and, flying with the speed of an arrow, his sled suddenly brought up against the wall of the building with so much force that he was sent headlong against it and instantly killed.—*Joseph Hillebrandt.*

Historical Matters Connected with Schoharie County, etc.—Here are some facts of its history, that were given in detail in our *History of that county* in 1845. The county—taken from Albany county—was organized in 1795, and its first attorneys were George Tiffany and Jacob Gebhard. The county is about 39 miles long by 20 wide, and presents every variety of surface from river flats to mountain elevation, yielding bountifully all crops produced in the climate. Its principal water-course is the Schoharie creek, which rises in Greene county and runs through Schoharie county in a northerly course. Much of the northern part of the county is underlaid with limestone, and, as it abounds in fossils, it affords a fine study for the practical geologist.

Caverns.—It also has several caverns of notoriety, which afford rich spar. Ball's—or Gebhard's cavern, has yielded some of the purest white specimens ever found in any cavern, and, although the formations from Howe's, or Otsgaragee cavern, are not as white or its aragonite so handsomely crystalized, yet their characteristics make a most interesting study. There are also other caverns of greater or less extent in the county, some of which have yielded fine specimens. Howe's Cave is easy of access, having become a station on the Susquehanna railroad. For some years this cave, which has some spacious rooms and

much to interest the visitor, has become noted as a pleasure resort for students in nature. Water is heard in some part of this cave seeking a lower level, which fact gave rise to the penning of the following lines, found some years ago in *Ballou's Pictorial*:

APOSTROPHE TO THE SUBTERRANEAN RIVER, OTSGARAGEE CAVE, SCHOHARIE.

BY IRENE MONTAGUE.

Roll on, thou dark mysterious tide, roll on !
 Thy thunders only reach us from that shore
 From whence thou pealest up thy endless song,
 From whence thou'rt heard—but seen, ah, nevermore.

Thy wavelets gush, we hear their cordial plash :
 Thy urn is emptied into depths profound :
 Thy triplets murmur, and we list the dash
 Of thy mysterious cataract underground.

Roll on, thou tide of endless song, roll on !
 Thou swell'st a pean in a lofty dome :
 Thou fill'st old nature's organ with thy song :
 Thou peal'st an anthem through the darkened tomb.

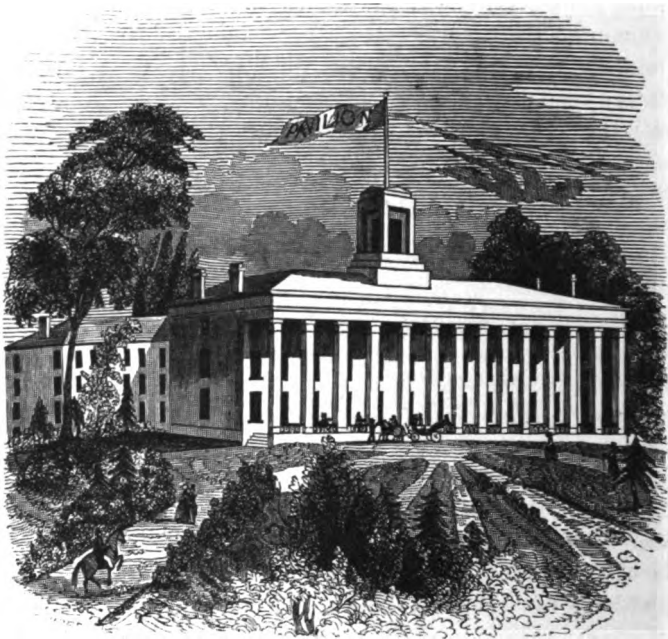
But whence thou com'st and whither goest—in vain
 For us to ask thy subterranean wall,
 Earth's mighty dome reverberates back again,
 And only echo answers when we call.

Mineral Waters.—The county also has its celebrated mineral waters, known as the Sharon Springs, so called after the town in which situated. They are denominated *Sulphur Springs*, and have for years been the resort of multitudes of health and pleasure seeking visitors. As a summer resort this retreat, where are several well kept hotels besides the Pavilion, owing to its salubrious and bracing atmosphere, is visited every season by the fashionable and *elite* of many sea-board towns, and is now approached within a mile by cars from Albany *via*. Cobleskill to Cherry Valley.

How a Poor Soldier got a Carriage.—One of the first settlers in the interior of the town of Broome, N. Y., was David Elerson, who located in 1793. Previous to the Revolution he was engaged in the Indian wars of Virginia, in which he received a bullet through his left shoulder. Several Indians having secreted

themselves behind a fallen tree, were doing fearful execution in the ranks of the colonial troops, and Elerson determined, at the peril of his life, to punish them. While crawling towards a covert for that purpose, he received the ball as described, but soon had the satisfaction, by one or two effective shots, of driving the enemy from their position.

He was in the Monmouth battle, under Col. Morgan, and escaped unhurt. Col. Morgan hung upon the rear of the British



Sharon Springs Pavilion, erected in 1836.

army some distance in their retreat. Arriving near Middletown, Elerson, Murphy, Wilbur, and Tuffts (all of whom were afterwards on duty in Schoharie), obtained permission to leave the ranks, with the caution of extreme vigilance from their commander, and pursue the enemy towards Raritan bay. Having separated from his companions, Elerson found himself in sight of his foes. The army had embarked at Gravelly Point, and effected a landing on Staten Island by the boats of the enemy's

fleet, then in the bay to cover their retreat. Nothing remained on the Middletown shore except 40 or 50 horses, several baggage wagons and a phaeton, supposed to belong to Sir Henry Clinton. This property he perceived was guarded by only two sentinels, one of whom stood on the beach near the water. Arriving unperceived within a few yards of the two soldiers, one of whom was a mounted trooper, he leveled his rifle and shouted to them to surrender themselves prisoners. The man on foot was so surprised that he let his gun fall into the water, wetting its powder. The dragoon rode into the water, with the intention of swimming his horse to the island, but the tide compelled him to return. In the meantime, Elerson ordered the other man to harness a span of good horses before the carriage, and compelled, with leveled rifle, his immediate compliance. Returning to the beach, the trooper was evidently intent on getting a pistol shot at Elerson, when the latter ordered him to leave his presence or surrender himself a prisoner. Elerson did not wish to fire, as the British army and fleet were in sight, and would doubtless turn their artillery upon him; but the sentinel, drawing a pistol, did not heed his threats, and he sent a ball through his heart. The rifle's report had hardly ceased its echoes, when a cannon shot plowed up the sand near his feet; and just as the second ball lodged in the loose soil near him, having reloaded his piece and observed that his carriage was ready, he bounded into it, and, with his prisoner for driver, soon left the Middletown hills, and rode in safety to the American camp. This daring hero, as he assured the author, sold his carriage and horses for \$187.50, and sent the money to his poor father in Virginia. As was the case with many other brave spirits of the Revolution, Elerson could neither read or write. He died in 1838 or '39.

David Williams, one of the captors of Maj. Andre, removed from South Salem, Westchester county, 1805, to this town, and settled on the farm recently owned by Gen. Daniel Shays,* near

* This Gen. Shays was the man who headed an insurrection against the government of Massachusetts in 1786; the malcontents were dispersed in 1787, by State troops under Gens. Shephard and Lincoln. This transaction has since been called *Shays' Rebellion*. Not long after becoming thus celebrated he removed to Schoharie county, from whence, after a residence of some 15 years, he went to reside at Cayuga, N. Y., where he died in 1831. He drew a pension of \$240 a year; a captain's pay for services in the Revolution. Shays was a man of noble and commanding figure, fine martial appearance, and pleased with the title of General, with which he was usually saluted.—*Judge W. W. Murphy.*

Livingstonville,* where he resided to the time of his death. A sketch of his life, the capture and execution of Andre, etc., are given elsewhere.

Bouck's Falls.—Of the beautiful scenery in Schoharie county, this cascade, in the town of Fulton, is among its most romantic. The falls are on Panther creek, a mill stream which runs into the Schoharie, just above Panther mountain, a mile or two from the Gov. Bouck mansion, the present residence of his son, Charles Bouck, Esq. At my first visit to this waterfall (in Oct., 1837), I named it after Col. J. W. Bouck, also a son of the governor, who accompanied me to it. The stream dashes down a precipice in a little distance, at least 100 feet, into a deep pool its action has worn at the base. The bold cliffs tower upwards on either side about 200 feet, while the trees—standing upon the summit like sentinels on the walls of a castle—present a picture romantic and enchanting. In its descent, the water is concealed by projecting rocks, except in two places, the one near the bottom, and the other 50 or 60 feet above, at which latter place it dashes down with thundering, deafening roar. The opening cut in a mountain gorge by this cataract, is from 200 to 300 feet across at the bottom and much less at the summit, so that, could the hill tops unite, a *cavern* would thus be formed several hundred feet in depth, with a vaulted ceiling nearly a hundred feet high. The rock is *sandstone*, similar to the prevailing formation of Otsego and Madison counties, characterised at this point by the *inoceramus* and several other varieties of fossil shells, and farther upward by the *trilobite De Kayii*.

As if to add interest to the scene, at the time of the visit named, there stood *Dick Bouck*, then a gray-headed old negro, who, as before stated, was the little captive slave taken with William Bouck and part of his family in 1780. Dick had been fishing for trout until they would no longer bite, and was then *hooking* them up. He recounted the story of his captivity—

* A war path in the Revolution led from Kingston to Schoharie. Following up the Catskill, through the towns of Durham and Rensselaerville, it proceeded onward through Broome to Middleburgh. At Livingstonville, in Broome, directly on this path, lived Derick Van Dyck, who settled there before the war; and often did Timothy Murphy partake of the hospitality of this pioneer when on his secret expeditions into that neighborhood, and regale himself with a good draught of buttermilk; a beverage of which it is possible the Indian also partook in the absence of his destroyer.—*Judge Murphy*.



Bouck's Falls.

but could not resist the temptation, as a good sized fish came within reach, to attempt its capture, thus often losing the thread

of his tale, to the great amusement of his auditors. He several times raised his hooks from the water for the purpose of finishing his narrative, but the line would as often sink unconsciously into it, to capture a good sized trout. Poor Dick, he sleeps with his fathers; but long will the author remember the story of his captivity, and the novel manner in which he related it.

A Brief Mention of Gov. Bouck.—The late Gov. William C. Bouck, denominated the farmer Governor of New York, was a native of Fulton, Schoharie county, N. Y., and was born January 7, 1786. His early education was mostly obtained at a common school; but, the better to fit him for usefulness, he was given a course of study in the law office of George Tiffany, Esq. At an early age he held several town and county offices, including that of sheriff; and in 1814, '15 and '17 he was in the State Legislature, and in 1819 he was chosen a State Senator, about which time he was Colonel of the Eighteenth Regiment of New York infantry. While in the Senate in 1821, where he was respected for his practical knowledge, he was chosen—irrespective of political bias, by the unanimous vote of both houses of the Legislature—a member of the Canal Board, and was appointed to superintend an important part of the Erie canal then being constructed. He was retained as Canal Commissioner for 19 years. In 1840 he was the Democratic candidate for Governor; in 1842, at his second nomination, he was elected by a large majority.* He was member of the Constitutional Convention in 1846, and was treasurer of the New York customs from 1846 to 1849, when he resumed the life of a farmer. He died April 15, 1859, aged 73 years.

I may also remark that the late Gen. William Mann assured the writer, when speaking of Gov. Bouck as a military man, under whom it was his pleasure to do duty, that, had he been going into actual service, he would have chosen to do so under Col. Bouck rather than under any officer he had ever known, believing he would have been a prudent and sagacious commander.

* Many a word spoken in jest becomes prophetic. About the year 1821, an honest farmer living on Foxescreek, held a conversation with a friend of ours, in which Mr. Bouck was mentioned. Of the latter gentleman the former thus remarked: "Depend upon it, that man will yet be Governor of this State; for instead of going round a hill as other men do to see what is on the opposite side he looks right through it." This casual remark was made at a time when his Excellency's intimate friends did not anticipate for him a seat in the gubernatorial chair of State.

Execution of Andre and Treason of Arnold.—Among the most important events of the war, was the treason of Gen. Benedict Arnold, and execution of Maj. John Andre. David Williams, one of the captors of Andre, settled in Schoharie county after the war, and having from his personal friends his life and character, as also his narrative of the arrest of Andre, the matter is here brought together. It was the writer's good fortune to converse, years ago, with R. W. Murphy, Esq., a nephew of David Williams, who was brought up in his family, and Isaac Hall Tiffany, Esq., who took down from the lips of Williams the particulars of the surprise and capture of Andre, at his residence in Broome, February 13, 1817. He was a son of After and Phebe Williams, who emigrated from Holland in early life. They were poor but reputable; he died near the close of the Revolution, and the widow died at the residence of her son David, in 1795. The following biography of David Williams appeared in the *Albany Advertiser*, in January, 1817, and is said to have been dictated by himself:

"I was born in Tarrytown, then called Philips' Manor, Westchester county, New York, October 21, 1754. I entered the army in 1775, at the age of 21, and was under Gen. Montgomery at the siege of Fort St. Johns, and afterwards on board the flat bottomed boats to carry provisions, etc.; served out my time which was six months. I then went, enlisted again in the spring of 1776, and continued in the service by different enlistments as a New York militiaman until 1779.

In 1778, when in Capt. Acker's company of New York militia at Tarrytown, I asked his permission to take a walk in company with William Van Wart, a boy 16 or 17 years old. I proceeded to the cross-roads on Tompkins, ridge, stood looking a few minutes, saw five men coming, they had arms; we jumped over a stone fence, and concealed ourselves in a corner of it; observed that they were armed with two muskets and three pistols. They came so nigh that we recognized two of them, viz.: William Underhill and William Mosher, who were tories, and known to be of De Lancey's corps. When they came within proper distance, I said to my companion, 'Billy, neck or no joint!' I then said aloud, as if speaking to a number, with the view of intimidating them, 'men *make ready!*' They stopped immediately; I told them to ground their arms,

which they did ; I then said, 'march away ;' they did so ; I then jumped over the fence, secured their arms, and made them march before us to our quarters. I continued in the service until a week or ten days before the year 1780. In December, 1779, Captain Daniel Williams, who was commander of our company, mounted us on horses and we went to Morrisiana, Westchester county. We swept all Morrisiana clear ; took probably \$5,000 worth of property, returned to Tarrytown, and quartered at Young's house. My feet being frozen, my uncle Martinus Van Wart took me to his house. I told Capt. Williams that the enemy would soon be at Young's, and that if he remained there he would be on his way to Morrisiana before morning. He paid no attention to my remarks—he did not believe me ; but in the course of the night a woman came to my uncle's crying 'Uncle Martinus ! Uncle Martinus !' The truth was the British had surrounded Young's house, made prisoners of all the company except two, and burnt the barn.

"Having got rid of my frozen feet, on the third of June, 1780, we all drove from Tarrytown to the upper part of Westchester county, in the town of Salem. We belonged to no organized company at all, were under no command, and worked for our board or *johnnycake*. Isaac Van Wart, who was a cousin of mine (the father of Williams and mother of Van-Wart were brother and sister), Nicholas Storms and myself went to Tarrytown on a visit, we carried our muskets with us, and on our way took a Quaker who said he was going to New York after salt and other things. The Quaker was taken before the American authority and acquitted

"In July or August a number of persons of whom I was one, went on a visit to our friends in Tarrytown, and while on the way took 10 head of cattle which some refugees were driving to New York, and on examination before the authority, the cattle were restored to their right owners, as they pleaded innocence saying they were stolen from them. I then returned to Salem and worked with a Mr. Benedict, for my board until the 22d of September. It was about one o'clock P. M., as I was standing in the door with Mr. Benedict's daughter (who was afterwards my wife), when I saw six men coming ; she remarked 'they have got guns.' I jumped over a board fence and met them. 'Boys,' said I, 'where are you going ?' They answered

'we are going to Tarrytown.' I then said 'if you will wait until I get my gun I will go with you.' The names of the six persons were Isaac Van Wart, John Paulding, William Williams, John Yerks and James Romer ; the name of the sixth I have forgotten. We proceeded about 15 miles that night, and slept in a hay barrack. In the morning we crossed Buttermilk hill, when John Paulding proposed to go to Isaac Reeds and get a pack of cards to divert ourselves with. After procuring them we went out to Davis' hill, where we separated ; leaving four on the hill, and three, viz : Van Wart, Paulding and myself proceeded on the Tarrytown road, and commenced playing cards three handed, that is each one for himself. We had not been playing more than an hour, when we heard a horse galloping across a bridge but a few rods from us ; which of us spoke I do not remember, but one of us said, 'there comes a trader going to New York, we'll fix him.'

Here is the statement noted by Judge Tiffany, at the home of Williams, in Broome, N. Y., February 13, 1817, which differs in nothing material from the one given in the *Advertiser*, connected with the sketch quoted. Williams was aged 22, and his comrades were younger. On gaining the road, they saw a gentleman approaching, seated on a large brown horse marked on the near shoulder, "U. S. A." The rider was a light, trim-built man about five feet eight inches in height, with a determined countenance, dark eyes, and dressed in a round hat, surtout, crimson coat (a coat borrowed of Smith, such as was worn by English and American gentlemen), with pantaloons and vest of buff nankeen. As he neared them, they cocked their muskets, and as they leveled them at the rider, he checked his horse, drew up before them and the following conversation followed :

Andre—"Gentlemen, I hope you belong to our party !"

Paulding—"What party ?"

Andre—"The lower party."

Paulding—"We do" (this answer threw him off his guard).

Andre—"I am a British officer ; I have been up in the country on particular business, and do not wish to be detained a single moment."

"He thereupon pulled out a gold watch and exhibited it as an evidence that he was a gentleman, and returned it to its fob. Paulding thereupon remarked : "We are Americans !"

Andre—"God bless my soul! a man must do anything to get along—I am a continental officer, going down to Dobb's Ferry to get information from below."

Andre then drew out and presented a pass from Gen. Arnold, in which was the assumed name of John Anderson. Seizing the bridle reins of his horse, they ordered him to dismount. Andre exclaimed: "You'll bring yourselves into trouble." One of them replied: "We do not care for that." They then took him down 10 or 15 rods from the road beside a run of water, and Williams proceeded to search his hat (a civilian's hat), coat, vest, shirt and pantaloons, in which they found \$80 in continental money; and at last ordered him to take off his boots. At this he changed color (and not inclining to do it), Williams drew off the boot (finding nothing in it), and Paulding seizing the foot exclaimed (excitedly), my God! here it is! They pulled off the stocking and found in it a package containing three half sheets of written paper marked on wrapper, 'Contents West Point.' Paulding (excited), again exclaimed: "My God! he is a spy!" On pulling off the other boot and stocking, a similar package was found." The words in parenthesis show explanations made by Judge Tiffany.

"Andre was now allowed to dress, when the trio marched him across the road and into the field about 20 rods. The young men then winked to each other to make further discoveries, and inquired from whom he got the papers? "Of a man at Pine's Bridge, but I did not know the man," replied Andre. He then offered them for his liberty, his horse, browsing a few rods off, and equipage, watch and 100 guineas. They said they would not let him go unless he told them who he had the papers from. He refused to tell, but offered them his horse, equipage and 1,000 guineas. They were firm in their denial unless he would tell them who he had the papers of. He then increased his offer to 10,000 guineas, and as many dry goods as they wished, which should be deposited in any place desired, that they might keep him and send some one to New York, 28 miles distant, with his order, so that they could obtain the goods and money unmolested. To this they replied "that it did not signify for him to make any more offers, for he should not go." (At the trial of Joshua H. Smith, a few days after, for complicity in this affair, Paulding testified that when

Andre made his last offer he replied : "No, by G—, if you would give us 10,000 guineas, you should not stir a step, we are Americans above corruption, and with us you must go.") The captors at once proceeded to North castle, the nearest military station, about 12 miles distant, with their prisoner, whom they delivered to the custody of Col. Jamieson, who enjoined secrecy, supposing others were in the conspiracy. Maj. Tallmadge, who commanded the guard, received the prisoner in charge. On their way to this post, Andre gave his watch to his captors, telling them it was a prize. Maj. Tallmadge with about 20 men, conducted Andre to the quarters of Col. Shelen, at Salem, and the captors after proceeding part of the way, left them and returned to their homes. At Comyn Hill, on his route, Tallmadge caused the prisoner to be tied, but he was not bound by his captors.

As this is a matter of deep interest to the American reader, I feel it a duty to give more of its attending circumstances. The father of David Williams, was a farmer, in Tarrytown, at the beginning of the war, who, being too poor to purchase a farm, worked land upon shares. When the British and tories began to commit acts of cruelty in the vicinity, Williams removed with his family to South Salem. He lived on lands belonging to Joseph Benedict, Esq., near the village of Cross River. The Americans having possession of the country in the vicinity of West Point, and the British that above New York, tories about the neutral ground were not only despoilers of whig property, committing acts of cruelty, such as murder, theft, rapine and the like ; but, coming in the night, they drove off cattle, horses and swine to the British posts, where they were liberally paid for them. For such acts they came to be called cow-boys, a term then implying the lowest calling in life. De Lancey's corps, which became a terror to well doers, was generally mounted on horseback, and consisted mainly of cow-boys.

On the removal of the Williams family to Cross River, David hired out to Mr. Benedict to work on his farm, and became so much of a favorite with the family, that, whenever he was not engaged in military service, he made the house of his employer his welcome home. Mr. Benedict had a fair daughter named Nancy, and Cupid had so interwoven the

affections of the young couple, that David found his time pass agreeably at her father's. The whigs who encountered the cow-boys in their excursions, were generally in the militia service on short enlistments, and as they had been obliged in many instances to change their residences, they acquired the name of *refugees*, a title sometimes given the tories. The cow-boys were often overtaken, and the plunder they had made taken from them by the refugees, almost within sight of the British camp. Not unfrequently the aggressor's life was forfeited on these occasions, and now and then a conflict ensued, when the life-blood of friend and foe mingled together.

In the fall of 1780, at a time when Williams was at the house of Mr. Benedict, enjoying a *tete-a-tete* with his Nancy, she pointed to a small company of armed men approaching their village. They entered an inn near by, and the lover, having recognized them, hastened to join them. The names of the party are given in the preceding statement of Williams. The night before, a party of cow-boys had been into the adjoining town of Poundridge, led by one Smith, a noted tory, and besides stealing much property, they had killed a neighbor to some of the whigs then convened, by the name of Pelham, who had run out in his night-clothes to save his horses. To reclaim the stolen property and return it to the widow, or avenge the death of her husband, was the especial object this scout of American militia had in view, when they set out for Tarrytown.

The movement of these friends, up to the arrest of Andre, is already before the reader. Meeting the three armed men below the American pickets, he took them to be cow-boys, and being thrown off his guard, his manner excited suspicion in his captors, and he was strictly searched. His pass from Arnold, which had protected "John Anderson" thus far, would protect John Andre no farther. While in the act of exhibiting his pass, he stated that he "was going below on an express from the headquarters of the American army at West Point, and here," he added, "is a pass from Gen. Arnold, who commands in the absence of Gen. Washington." The pass, which was dated "Headquarters, Robinson House, Sept. 22, 1780," required all persons to assist John Anderson, who was going to New York on business highly important to the American army, forbidding any

person to stop or molest him at their peril. Knowing that Washington had gone to Hartford on business, after the pass from Arnold was produced, his captors had nearly allowed him to proceed, and he was reining his horse into the road, when Paulding, in an undertone, observed, "D—n him, I do not like his looks." It is stated in the "Life of Gen. Greene," who was president of the board which tried Andre, that when he first became visible to his captors he was engaged in examining a sketch of the route, to determine which of the several roads he ought to pursue.

At the expression of Paulding, that he did not like his looks, he was again ordered to stop. One of the party inquired what he had done with the paper he had in his hands when he first appeared in sight. The question produced a momentary hesitation, and his embarrassment being noticed by the party, he was then told that the circumstances of his first avowing himself to belong to the lower party—in connection with Arnold's pass—required their searching his person, to which he remonstrated, threatening them with the vengeance of Arnold for detaining him. But his threats were of no avail; his manner increased their suspicions; the love of liberty fired the patriotic heart, and leading his horse aside into a field partially covered with underwood, he was examined. His person was strictly searched—his hat, coat, vest, shirt and breeches—even his hair, which was done up in a cue, the fashion of the day, was untied without creating any unusual anxiety in the prisoner, until he was ordered to take off his boots, when he changed color and manifested fear. As he did not remove them, Williams, who had been selected by his companions to search him, while they retained their arms, drew them off, and inside his stockings the treasonable papers were found; in one boot was also discovered the sketch of the route. Finding his true character disclosed, and being told that he was considered as a spy, Andre saw at once the danger of his situation, and attempted to regain his liberty by the offer of bribes, such as required Roman firmness—I should say American firmness, for Roman history exhibits no parallel—to resist. But the attempt was futile, evincing in his captors a love of liberty stronger than love of riches and virtue that kings might envy.

Some writer has said that these young men would have taken

the reward offered by Andre, for his ransom, had they not expected a greater one for retaining him. I hope such people do not use as their standard the strength and stability of their own virtue. These men were old enough to know that a country so impoverished as ours then was, could hardly be expected to reward them in a manner at all commensurate with the liberality of the proffered bribe. The truth is, *love of country did prevail* on this occasion. God, who favored the cause of suffering humanity, sustained those young men, and impelled their action in this emergency for good.

While they were searching Andre, his horse had strayed some distance, grazing among the underbrush; when the search was completed, one of them led up the horse and he was permitted to mount and ride between his captors, to the military post of Col. Jamieson. At the examination of Andre at Tappan, and also at his trial at the same place, the captors were present. Indeed, they were also within the ring when Andre was executed, and Mr. Williams made the following statement to Mr. Tiffany: When the officer informed the prisoner that his time had nearly expired, and asked him if he had anything to say, he answered: "Nothing but for them to witness to the world that I die like a brave man." The hangman, who was painted black, then offered to put the noose about his neck. "Keep off your black hands," said he, putting it on himself. He then tied a handkerchief over his eyes, drawing it up with a smile. Until blindfolded, he bowed and smiled to such acquaintances as he recognized, and thus seemingly resigned he died.

While at West Point, the magnanimous Washington took the three intrepid soldiers into the arsenal, and presented each of them a sword and brace of pistols, telling them to go constantly armed—"that they would be hunted like partridges upon the mountains"—offering, at the same time, that if they chose to remain in the army, he would give to each of them a Captain's commission. They all declined promotion, and returned to their friends; and, as Williams was, I have no doubt they all were narrowly watched by the tories.

On one occasion, while at his father's, Williams came near being taken. The house was surrounded in the night by a party of cow-boys, but their cowardice in making the attack was probably the only circumstance to which he owed his life. At

another time Williams, having spent the evening with his intended, while returning home in the night, was waylaid in a by-place, and a man, stepping from his concealment, exclaimed, "*Stand, you d—d rebel!*" Williams drew a pistol and fired upon his intruder, who vacated the path and retreated. The next day the course of his assailant could be traced some distance by blood. Thus one of the pistols presented by Washington prevented his falling into the hands of his enemies, if it did not in fact save his life.

The following singular coincidence is related at the particular request of the widow of David Williams, and may be relied upon as strictly true. The father of David, a short time before the capture of Andre, had the following singular dream: He saw a crow alight in his path, having in its beak a folded paper. He was extremely anxious to obtain the paper, and see what it contained. For some time he followed after the bird, which would fly up and again alight in his path. His anxiety to obtain the paper increasing, he threw his hat at the bird, which then dropped it. He snatched it up, and, eagerly unfolding, found it a blank sheet of paper, containing in one end a piece of gold, and in the other a piece of silver. A few days after, he heard of Andre's arrest, and that his son was one of the captors. Diviners of dreams are at liberty to make out of this what they please. They can, if they choose, liken the bird to the dark spirit which was besetting the path of Andre; the paper to the pass of Arnold; the gold to the bribe offered by the prisoner for his release; and the silver to the reward granted the captors by act of Congress.

The following extract of a letter from Gen. Washington to the president of Congress, dated "Robinson's house, in the Highlands, September 26, 1780," will show the manner in which that body was apprised of Arnold's treason and Andre's arrest:

"I do not know the party that took Maj. Andre, but it is said that it consisted only of a few militia, who acted in such a manner upon the occasion as does them the highest honor, and proves them to be men of great virtue. As soon as I know their names I shall take pleasure in transmitting them to Congress."

Washington communicated to the president of Congress the names of Andre's captors, as the following extract of a letter, dated "Paramus, October 7, 1780," will show:

"I have now the pleasure to communicate the names of three persons who captured Maj. Andre, and who refused to release him, notwithstanding the most earnest importunities, and assurance of a liberal reward, on his part. The names are John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wart." (They were presented to Gen. Washington by Col. Hamilton.)

The following is a resolution of Congress, adopted November 3, 1780 :

"Whereas, Congress has received information that John Paulding, David Williams and Isaac Van Wart, three young volunteer militiamen of the State of New York, did, on the 23d day of September last, intercept Maj. John Andre, Adjutant-General of the British army, on his return from the American lines in the character of a spy ; and notwithstanding the large bribes offered them for his release, nobly disdaining to sacrifice their country for the sake of gold, secured and conveyed him to the Commanding officer of the district, whereby the dangerous and traitorous conspiracy of Benedict Arnold was brought to light, the insidious designs of the enemy baffled, and the United States secured from impending danger : *Resolved*, That Congress have a high sense of the virtuous and patriotic conduct of the said John Paulding, David Williams and Isaac Van Wart : In testimony whereof, *Ordered*, That each of them receive annually, out of the Public Treasury, *Two Hundred Dollars* in specie, or an equivalent in current money, of these States, during life, and that the board of war procure for each of them a silver medal, on one side of which shall be a shield with this inscription, "Fidelity"—and on the other the following motto, "Vincit Amor Patriæ"—and forward them to the Commander-in-Chief, who is requested to present the same, with a copy of this resolution, and the thanks of Congress for their Fidelity, and the eminent service they have rendered their country."

In addition to the medal and yearly annuity, Congress granted to each of the captors the privilege of locating any confiscated lands in the county of Westchester, to the value of \$1,250, or of receiving the said sum in cash, to be expended as they chose. About this time, Williams married Miss Benedict, who was several years younger than himself, and with the \$1,250 granted by Congress, bought a part of the farm owned by his father-in-law and settled upon it, erecting a log cabin to live in.

He was liberal even to a fault, and the sin of selfishness was one of the least of which he had to render a final account. He was most esteemed and respected by those who knew him best, which is ever the surest test of merit. Naturally honest and confiding, he believed others to be so, and therefore was liable to be plundered by the knavish. He was by habit an early riser, and very industrious. His early education, like that of many others who fought under the star of liberty, was limited; but being fond of reading, he acquired before his death a good fund of general information. He collected some valuable books which he repeatedly read through, and not only took a newspaper and paid for it, but he read its contents. In principle, he was a Jeffersonian; liberal in his religious views, he never was heard extolling one denomination and denouncing another; and although he made no public profession of religion, he regularly attended divine worship when held in his neighborhood, frequently opening his own house for that purpose. In the latter part of his life, he often read the scriptures aloud in his family, and not unfrequently he was seen or overheard engaged in secret devotion.

In the fall of 1830, the corporation of the city of New York sent an invitation, by a special messenger, to Mr. Williams, to be present as a guest at the celebration of the French Revolution. He was, with Enoch Crosby, another hero of '76, and two others, drawn in an elegant carriage at the head of the procession, attracting much attention, as the writer well remembers. While in the city, he visited with the mayor and other distinguished citizens, theatres, public schools, the navy yard, etc., at all of which he was a welcome guest. At one of the schools a silver cup was presented to him, and at another a silver headed cane, the stem of which was made from a part of a *chevaux-de-frise*, used near West Point in the Revolution. He was also presented while on this visit, with an elegant horse, carriage and harness by the mayor of New York.

Mr. Williams returned from New York in December, and soon after began to decline, and died August 2, 1831, at the age of nearly 77. He was buried with military honors, on which occasion Robert McClellan, Esq., delivered a befitting oration, and R. W. Murphy, Esq., addressed the assemblage, reviewing the life of his kinsman. Ten years after his death, Mrs. Williams

obtained his pension—stopped at his death—receiving \$2,000 at one time. The Legislature of 1876, having appropriated \$2,000 for a monument to the memory of David Williams, on the 23d of September of that year—the anniversary of Andre's capture—the ceremony of laying its foundation was celebrated at the old R. D. church in Schoharie, a stone edifice used as a fort in the Revolution, when addresses were delivered by Grenville Tremain, Esq.,* and Dr. Daniel Knower, and a poem by Alfred B. Street was written for the occasion. A large audience was present to take part in the interesting event. Dr. Knower, one of the commissioners for prosecuting the enterprise, spared no pains to secure the site of the monument, and the completion of the noble work. Indeed, his zeal in the undertaking makes the structure, a very nice one for its cost, a perpetual monument to his own memory.

Something to be Regretted.—In 1817, when Maj. Tallmadge was in Congress from Connecticut, a petition was presented in that body to increase the pension of Paulding, one of Maj. Andre's captors. It seems a pity that Maj. Tallmadge, in whose custody Andre mainly was after his arrest, should have so sympathized with the prisoner, as to have led him into an indiscretion in congressional debate, for I can give it no milder term. Andre chose to consider his captors as belonging to a class of reprobates then on the neutral ground in the British service, denominated cow-boys—literally thieves and murderers—and expressed his opinion that his detention was not owing to the virtue of his captors, but a desire to plunder his person; and that could he have given them a generous reward in hand he would have escaped. At that period it was hoped the matter was set at rest by the statements of the captors, and the affidavits of 17 respectable aged witnesses to their character as reputable citizens. Now, at the end of another half century, this sympathetic testimony of Maj. Tallmadge is paraded in an attempt to belittle the patriotic virtue of Andre's captors. In Maj. Tallmadge's "Military Journal," from which I have several times quoted, I remember no sentence that cast a stain upon

* A young man of much promise, who died not long after the event. His address, with the proceedings of the day, may be found in the volume entitled *Centennial Celebrations of New York*, ordered printed by the State, and handsomely issued by Allen C. Beach, Esq., Secretary of State in 1879.

the fair fame of Andre's captors; and it is believed that hereafter no true American will ever be found attempting to impeach the character and motives of the three heroes named, or to blot out one of the fairest pages of American history.

Matters Connected With the Arrest and Execution of Maj. Andre.—I have already shown the arrest of Maj. Andre, and the statement of David Williams, one of his captors, regarding it. Here is a further account of the affair, with important matters attending it implicating others :

When the British evacuated Philadelphia in 1778, Gen. Benedict Arnold was given command of that station. His extravagance and dissipation, while a resident of that city, subjected him to a court martial, and a reprimand from the Commander-in-chief. From that moment the star that had guided his footsteps in the path of glory and honor was extinguished, and more evil spirits took possession of his soul, than haunted a certain woman of olden time. In 1780, Arnold sought and obtained from Gen. Washington, the command of the forts at West Point. He soon after, by letter, signified to Sir Henry Clinton, the British Commander-in-chief, then at New York, by a correspondence carried on for a while between Maj. Andre and Mrs. Arnold, and afterwards by himself, under the assumed name of Gustavus, while Andre assumed that of John Anderson, his intention of surrendering that fortress, the Gibraltar of the Union, to the British. Andre was selected by Clinton to complete the diabolical design, and he, for that purpose, landed from the sloop of war Vulture, which had ascended the Hudson, on Thursday night, September 21, 1780, and held an interview with Mons. Gustavus. Joshua H. Smith, with two brothers, Samuel and Joseph Cahoon, as oarsmen, visited the Vulture about midnight, with oars muffled with sheep-skins, agreeable to the orders of Gen. Arnold, and receiving Andre on board their boat, landed with him at the Long Clove, on the west margin of the river, three and one-fourth miles below Smith's residence at Haverstraw, (which residence was distant from Stony Point two and three-fourths miles,) and nearly 20 miles below West Point. To the place of meeting, Arnold had ridden from Smith's house. The boatmen refused to return that night to the ship, and after a protracted conference, Arnold and Andre proceeded on horseback to the

dwelling of Smith, who went with the boatmen to Crom's Island, in Haverstraw creek, where the boat was left, and then returned with them to his home, arriving about daylight. Andre was clad in full uniform, but over it he wore a blue traveling coat. The positive orders from Clinton to Andre were, "not to change his dress, go within the American lines, or receive any papers," all of which circumstances impelled him to do.

Morning dawned ere the hellish plot was consummated, and his return to the sloop deferred until the next night. Early in the morning a heavy gun was brought to bear on the Vulture, by a party of Americans on shore, and several shots planted between wind and water compelled her to drop down the stream, where her men stole some plank on the bank of the river, and stopped her leaks. The night following, two men deserted from the Vulture in a boat. It was very dark, but the darkness being lit up at intervals by vivid lightning, the fugitives escaped to the shore, although they were pursued some distance by a boat's crew.—*Jude Watson, a sentinel in the Highlands at the time.*

Finding his return to the vessel cut off, Andre was compelled to set out for New York by land. Laying aside his regimentals, he put on a plain suit of clothes belonging to Smith, and having received a pass from Arnold, he started on horseback, under his assumed name, on Friday evening, September 22d, accompanied by Smith and a black servant of the latter. About sundown they crossed the Hudson at King's Ferry, from Stony Point on the west, to Verplank's Point on the east side. They met with but little interruption until they arrived near Crom pond, between eight and nine o'clock, when they were hailed by a sentinel under Capt. Ebenezer Boyd. That officer examined the pass of Arnold to Smith, and advised the party to put up at one Andreas Miller's over night, which advice was followed. He also advised Smith to take the road by North Castle church and Wright's mills, as being less likely to meet with cow-boys on that than on the Tarrytown road: the latter advice was, however, not regarded, for obvious reasons. Two miles beyond Pine's bridge they ate a breakfast of hasty pudding, or supawn and milk, at the house of a Dutch woman. Smith soon after took leave of Andre, and

with his servant returned to Peekskill, where his wife had been previously sent. Andre succeeded in passing all the American guards and posts on the road without suspicion, and was proceeding to New York in perfect security, when, on Saturday morning, between nine and ten o'clock, he was arrested in what was then called Beckman's forest, near a small brook, about half a mile from Tarrytown. He had taken the road that way as being more likely to meet with friends upon it, or to find safety on board a British vessel in that part of the river.

The following papers were found on the person of Andre :

"No. 1.—Artillery orders (then) recently published at West Point, directing the disposition of each corps in case of alarm. No. 2.—An estimate of the American force at West Point and its dependencies. No. 3.—An estimate of the number of men requisite to man the works. No. 4.—A return of the ordnance in the different forts, redoubts and batteries. No. 5.—Remarks on the works at West Point, describing the construction of each, and its strength or weakness. No. 6.—A report of a council of war lately held at headquarters, containing hints respecting the probable operations of the campaign, and which had been sent by Gen. Washington a few days before, requesting his opinion on the subjects to which it referred. These papers were all in the handwriting of Arnold, and bore his signature. In case of Andre's detection, the papers were to be destroyed."

No. 4 named the fortresses at West Point, and the requisite number of men to garrison them. They were Forts Arnold, Putnam, Wyillis, Webb ; and redoubts numbering from one to seven, and north and south redoubts—making in all at and contiguous to West Point four forts and nine strong batteries—requiring to man them all, 2,438 men. In this estimate artillerymen were not included.

When taken before Col. Jamieson by his captors, Andre, anxious for his own safety and that of his accomplice, requested Col. Jamieson to inform Arnold that Anderson (himself,) was taken, which solicitation was very imprudently complied with. A line was dispatched by Solomon Allen, which gave the traitor an opportunity to escape ; and he readily embraced it, leaving the spy to his fate.

At the time of his treason, Arnold was making his headquar-

ters at the Beverly, or Robinson house, as still called, a dwelling which belonged to Beverly Robinson, then an officer in the British service, situated about two miles below West Point, on the east side of the river. It was at his own quarters he had purposed to have held his interview with Andre, at an earlier date ; but circumstances prevented. Washington was to have breakfasted with Arnold on the morning of his flight ; but sending his aids with his compliments, and an apology to Mrs. Arnold, he rode down to inspect the redoubts on that side of the river. The messenger with Jamieson's note arrived while the company were at breakfast. Leaving the table abruptly, and with evident emotion, Arnold set out for West Point, saying that his immediate presence was demanded there. Washington had been to Hartford on business, and an express dispatched to him passed him, in consequence of his taking an unexpected route back, else he would have been apprised the evening before of Arnold's treason. Instead of going to West Point, Arnold proceeded to the river ; and entering his barge, ordered two men to row him on board the *Vulture*, then at anchor in Tappan bay, below King's Ferry. They did not like to comply with his request, but were stimulated to do so, by the promise of a liberal reward. Once on board the vessel, Arnold wished to detain the men as prisoners, but the captain, informed of what was passing, interfered, ordered the men to be paid what the traitor had promised them, and then liberated ; which order was promptly obeyed. He made his escape at 10 o'clock on Monday morning following the capture of Andre, and Washington was apprised of his treasonable conduct at 4 P.M. of the same day.

It seems not a little surprising that Col. Jamieson, after enjoining secrecy on the captors, from a belief that others were concerned, should himself take measures to notify one he could not fail, in his right mind, to suspect, even if he did not discover that the treasonable papers were all in his hand-writing. Col. Jamieson was probably bewildered ; for at first he actually ordered Maj. Andre sent to Arnold's headquarters. From the Journal of Maj. Tallmadge, who had command of a corps of cavalry in West Chester, I make the following extract :

"When I reached Lieut.-Col. Jamieson's quarters, late in the evening of the 23d, and had learned the circumstances of the

capture of the prisoner, I was very much surprised to learn that he was sent by that officer to Arnold's headquarters at West Point, accompanied by a letter of information respecting his capture. At the same time he dispatched an express to meet Gen. Washington, then on his way to West Point. I felt much impressed with the course which had been taken, and did not fail to so state the glaring inconsistency of this conduct to Col. Jamieson in a private and most friendly manner. He appeared greatly agitated when I suggested to him a measure, which I wished to pursue ; offering to take the whole responsibility on myself, and which, as he deemed it too perilous to permit, I will not further disclose." (The measure proposed by Major Tallmadge was, as he at a subsequent period informed his family, to proceed as speedily as possible with his troops to Arnold's headquarters, and arrest him on his own responsibility.)

"Failing in this purpose (continues the journal), I instantly set about a plan to remand the prisoner to our quarters, which I finally effected, although with reluctance on the part of Col. Jamieson. When the order was about to be despatched to the officer to bring the prisoner back, strange as it may seem, Col. Jamieson would persist in his purpose of letting the letter go to Gen. Arnold. The letter did go on, and the prisoner returned before the next morning. As soon as I saw Anderson, and especially after I saw him walk (as he did almost constantly) across the floor, I became impressed with the belief that he had been bred to arms. I very soon communicated my suspicion to Col. Jamieson, and requested him to notice his gait, and especially when he turned on his heel to retrace his course across the room. It was deemed best to remove the prisoner to Salem, and I was to escort him. I kept constantly in the room with the prisoner, who became very conversable, and extremely interesting. Indeed, he very pleasantly inquired why I watched him so narrowly. It was very manifest that his agitation and anxiety were great ; and after dinner on the 24th, perhaps by three o'clock P. M., he asked to be favored with a pen, ink and paper, which I readily granted, and he wrote the letter to Gen. Washington, Salem, 24th September, 1780, which is recorded in most of the histories of that eventful period. In this letter he disclosed his true character to be 'Maj. John Andre, Adjutant-General to the British Army.' When I received and read

the letter, for he handed it to me as soon as he had written it, my agitation was extreme, and my emotions wholly indescribable. If the letter of information had not gone to Gen. Arnold, I should not have hesitated for a moment in my purpose ; but this I knew must reach him before I could possibly get to West Point.

"I took on Maj. Andre, under a strong escort of cavalry, to West Point, and the next day I proceeded down the Hudson to King's Ferry, and landed at Haverstraw, on the west side of the Hudson, where a large escort of cavalry had been sent from the main army at Tappan, with which I conducted the prisoner to headquarters, where I reported proceedings to Gen. Washington, who ordered a Court Martial."

The part Joshua H. Smith had acted in the treasonable affair, left suspicions resting upon him ; on which account he was tried by court martial. The board consisted of Col. H. Jackson, as president, Lieut.-Col. Hait, Maj. Ball, and Captains Jacob Wright, Drew, Fry, Sandford, Fowle, Daniels, J. A. Wright, Marshall, Chase, and Tiffany ; conducted by John Lawrence, Judge Advocate General. The captors of Andre were among the witnesses called on the trial. In the absence of testimony to criminate him, after an examination, lasting two weeks, he was finally acquitted, though not without some suspicion of guilt. Arnold and Andre, however, both exonerated Smith from any knowledge of what was passing between them, the former by letter, and the latter when on his own trial.

Maj. Andre was tried at Tappan, September 29, 1780, and condemned to be hung as a spy. The board consisted of

Nathaniel Greene, M. Gen., President.

Sterling,	M. G.	H. Knox,	B. G.
La Fayette,	"	Jno. Glover,	"
R. Howe,	"	Jno. Patterson,	"
Steuben,	"	Edw. Hand,	"
Saml. H. Parsons, B. G.		J. Huntington,	"
James Clinton,	"	John Starke,	"

John Lawrence, Judge Adv. Gen.

Of this court it may justly be said, that an abler or more impartial one was never convened on a similar occasion. When the examination commenced, he was informed by the court, from whom he received every possible indulgence, that

he was at liberty to answer no questions unless he chose ; but he frankly confessed every thing material to his condemnation. He evinced great firmness on his trial, in the course of which he spoke of Capt. Hale. Said he, "I wish that in all that dignifies man, that adorns and elevates human nature, that I could be named with that accomplished, but unfortunate officer. His fate was wayward and untimely ; he was cut off yet younger than I now am." But, he argued, their cases were not parallel.

After his condemnation, Andre wrote to Gen. Washington requesting as a last favor that he might be shot, a request the commander would have granted, had he consulted only his own feelings, instead of the inflexible demands of justice. The execution was first ordered to take place at five o'clock P. M., on the first day of October, and a vast concourse of people then assembled, but it was postponed until the next day in consequence of the arrival of a *flag* from the enemy. Gen. Greene met Gen. Robertson at Dobb's Ferry, but as the latter could make no proposals calculated to save the spy, the conference soon ended.—*Journal of Maj. Tallmadge.*



Place where Andre was executed.

When led out on the morning of October 2d, he chose to walk to the place of execution, some two miles distant. The American army was drawn out to witness the sad spectacle, and as he passed through the files of soldiers bowing to those he knew, many a brave heart throbbed with emotion, and from many an eye, which had calmly glanced along the rifle's barrel in the hour of peril, now gushed the warm tears of pity.

A wagon containing his coffin, the latter painted black, fol-

lowed by a number of American officers of rank on horseback, behind which Andre marched in procession with Maj. Tallmadge on foot. About one-quarter of a mile from the village of Tappan, in Rockland county, stood a high gallows, made by setting up two crotches and laying a pole across the top. The wagon that contained his coffin was drawn under the gallows. Andre, after shaking hands with several friends, stepped into the wagon, and stood upon the coffin. Laying down his hat, he paced back and forth several times the length of his narrow house, with his hands upon his hips, casting his eyes upon the pole overhead and the surrounding scenery. He was dressed in a British uniform, sent to him after his arrest. It consisted of a rich scarlet coat trimmed with green, with vest and breeches of bright buff. His dying request to the spectators was, "Witness to the world that I die like a brave man!" The executioner, painted black, stepped into the wagon to adjust the halter, which had a hangman's knot at the end. "Keep off your black hands," said Andre, as he removed his cravat and unpinned the collar of his shirt. Seizing the rope, he placed the noose around his neck with the knot under the right ear, and drew it up snugly, then taking from his coat a handkerchief, he tied it over his eyes. An officer told the hangman his arms must be tied. Andre drew the handkerchief from his eyes, and taking out another, handed it to the executioner, replacing the one over his eyes. His arms were tied above the elbows, behind his back—and the rope made fast to the pole overhead. The wagon was then suddenly drawn from under him, and soon his spirit was in the presence of his God.—*Capt. Eben Williams.*

After hanging nearly half an hour, the body was taken down and laid upon the ground. His coat, vest, and breeches were taken off and handed to two dwarfish looking servants dressed in gaudy apparel, who were in attendance from New York, to one of whom Andre handed his watch while standing in the wagon. The body was wrapped in a shroud (as I have been informed by an eye witness), before it was placed in a coffin. The captors of Andre witnessed his execution. Very great sympathy was manifested for Andre at his death. Says *Maj. Tallmadge*:

"When I saw him swing under the gibbet, it seemed for a

time as if I could not support it. All the spectators appeared to be overwhelmed with the affecting spectacle, and many seemed to be suffused in tears. There did not appear to be one hardened, or indifferent spectator in all the multitude of persons assembled on that solemn occasion."

Champe's Adventure.—Sir Henry Clinton made some efforts to save Andre, but still greater were those made by Gen. Washington ; and "it is a singular fact, that while the former was hastening the death of Andre, the latter was exerting himself to ward off that calamity." So great was the desire of Gen. Washington to get Arnold and save Andre, that he sent one of his best soldiers into the camp of the enemy. Major Lee, who was entrusted by the commander with the attempt to arrest the traitor, selected John Champe, a sergeant of cavalry, for the enterprise. Champe was a native of Loudon county, Virginia ; a young man of much discernment and great personal bravery. The sergeant was to enter the enemy's lines as an American deserter—enlist into the British service under Arnold, and having matured his plans, was, with a trusty companion, to surprise and gag him late in the evening in his garden—bear him to a boat and cross to the Jersey shore from New York ; where Major Lee was to await his arrival with two spare horses. Champe approached the enemy, hotly pursued by a party of his countrymen, and as they supposed their former comrade a deserter, it is not surprising the enemy admitted him into communion. Having all things ready, he notified Lee when to meet him ; but fortunately for Arnold, on the afternoon of the very day on which the plan was to be consummated, that officer shifted his quarters, and the sergeant was transferred to another regiment. The scheme, of course proved abortive. Nothing but an unforeseen event saved Arnold from the just vengeance of his countrymen. The intrepid sergeant readily embraced the earliest opportunity to desert and return to the camp of Washington, who kindly received and rewarded him.—*Niles' Principles of the Revolution.*

Incident connected with the Attempt to Rescue Arnold.—Having matured his plan, Champe notified Major Lee on what night he would put it in force, and be at a certain point on the New Jersey shore. Major Lee, with a squad of trusty men and two spare horses, were at the place designated at the appointed time.

To favor the design, and succor Lee in case of pursuit, a body of 900 infantry were marched down from the American camp on the west side of the Hudson, to the vicinity of the British posts. They moved forward just at night-fall, and after a tedious march of some hours, the night being dark and rainy, they drew near the river not far from Hoboken. The troops were concealed in the woods beside the road, where they could distinctly hear the sentinels upon a British guard-ship anchored in the river, exclaim at each hour, "all's well!" When the troops gained this position, sentinels were posted in pairs at short intervals, with arms ready cocked, and were enjoined not to speak aloud on penalty of death. The whole corps were in readiness for immediate action.

Major Lee remained in his position until the break of day, when with a sad heart, he retraced his journey over the Bergen hills. The troops sent to his aid, regained their former position unmolested. While marching back after sunrise, the jaded men, not knowing the object of their unpleasant journey, swore lustily at being dragged through the mud so far for nothing. Gen. Heath was in command of the post from which the relief corps had marched, to whom returns were made of the fruitless proceeding. It was long after the event transpired, when the men learned that they had been sent to succor Lee, and why they had "marched down the hill and then marched up again." As Arnold changed his quarters on the day designated for his capture, the daring sergeant was transferred to another military station. Thus the well laid plan failed, owing to circumstances unlooked for; and it was several months ere the noble Champe found an opportunity to desert and join the Americans; and lest he might be captured and suffer as a deserter, Washington gave him a discharge from the service. When the sergeant reached the American camp, the corps to which he had belonged, especially the men who had pursued him in his flight, were surprised to see him welcomed by Lee and Washington; and hearing the true state of things, they were all ready to lionize him. The facts respecting the intended succor of Lee, are from *Daniel Spencer*, an old pensioner of Canajoharie, who was one of the 900 men sent out by Gen. Heath.

Capt. Nathan Hale, to whom Maj. Andre alluded on his trial, is not sufficiently well known to the American reader. He was

a son of Deacon Richard Hale, of South Coventry, Ct., and was born on the sixth day of June, 1756. He graduated at Yale College in September, 1773, with the first honors of the institution. He ardently espoused the cause of his suffering country at an early day, and when the news of the Lexington fight reached New London where he was then teaching an academy, he dismissed his school, and joining the company of Capt. Coit, as a volunteer, marched to the vicinity of Boston. In the fall of 1775, he received a Lieutenant's commission, and soon after a Captain's, in Col. Charles Webb's regiment. Early in the summer of 1776, Gen. Washington formed a select regiment of infantry for special service, under the command of Col. Knowlton, a brave officer who fell that season at Harlem Heights.

After the unfortunate engagement which took place on Long Island, August 27, 1776, the Americans under the prudent Washington, abandoned the island and retreated to New York, in the manner described in the journal of Maj. Tallmadge.

About this time an incident occurred as stated in the *Memoir of Capt. Hale*, which will serve to show the daring spirit of that hero.

Our troops were still wretchedly supplied with even the necessities of life; things without which the warmest zeal cannot long endure. There was much suffering and much repining. A British sloop, laden with provisions, was lying in the East river, under cover of the ship *Asia*, man-of-war, with 90 guns. Capt. Hale formed the bold project of capturing this sloop, and bringing her into the harbor of New York. He soon found hardy compeers for the enterprise. At dead of night the little band of adventurers rowed silently, in a small boat, to a point near the sloop, and there waited for the moon to go down. As soon as it was dark, and all still, save the watchman's voice from the deck of the *Asia*, they darted upon their prey, sprang aboard, hoisted sail, and brought her into port with the British tars in the hold, and without the loss of a man. This exploit was loudly applauded, and the daring leader distributed the goods of the prize to feed and clothe the hungry and naked soldiers."

The retreat of the Americans from Brooklyn, left the whole island in possession of the British. Anxious to obtain infor-

mation of their strength and intended future operations, Washington applied to Col. Knowlton to gain such information, who made the request known to his officers. Among others, he solicited a sergeant to undertake it, who had served in the French war, but he promptly refused, saying that he was ready to fight the British at any place or time, but did not feel willing to go among them to be hung up like a dog. Young Hale, inspired with a belief that the safety of his country demanded the desired information, at once volunteered his services for the enterprise; and in a citizen's dress and character of a school teacher, he proceeded to Norwalk, Conn., from whence he was conveyed to Huntington, L. I., in an armed sloop. He journeyed to Brooklyn, went through the enemy's lines, and after making a careful survey of their posts and strength, he crossed over to New York, where a part of the British army were then stationed; and having faithfully completed his charge, set out on his return to the American camp, then near the Harlem Heights—five or six miles from the city. When nearly out of danger as he supposed, he met a small party of the enemy, and one of their number, a refugee cousin who had espoused the cause of oppression, recognized and betrayed him. This relative was on a visit to Hale's father's only a year or two before. The party made the spy a captive, and hastened with him to the presence of Sir William Howe.

The proof of his object was so clear that he frankly acknowledged who he was, and what were his views. Howe at once gave orders for his execution. The order was executed on the morning of September 22d, in a most unfeeling and barbrous manner, by William Cunningham,* the British provost-marshal, than whom a greater villian never disgraced a human form. "A clergyman, whose attendance he requested, was refused him, a Bible for a few moments devotion, was not procured, although he wished it." Letters, which, on the morning of his execution, he wrote to his intended, and other

* He was a native of Dublin, Ireland. He was executed sometime after the war for a forgery committed in England. In his dying confession, he says: "I shudder to think of the murders I have been accessory to, both with and without orders from government, especially while in New York; during which time there were more than 2,000 prisoners starved in the different churches, by stopping their rations, which I sold. There were also 275 American prisoners and obnoxious persons executed, out of all which number there were only about one dozen public executions, which chiefly consisted of British and Hessian deserters."—*Niles' Principles of the Revolution.*

friends, were destroyed, and this very extraordinary reason given by the provost-marshal, "That the rebels should not know they had a man in their army who could die with such firmness." Unknown to all around, without a friend present to offer him the least consolation, thus fell as amiable and as worthy a young man as America could boast, with this, his dying observation: "He only lamented that he had but one life to lose for his country." Andre, in his defense, alluded to the death of Capt. Hale, and paid his character a just tribute. He closed his allusion to the fate of Hale by saying that their cases were not parallel. Let us see how far they differed:

Both, when taken, were in a citizen's dress, and that of Andre at least, not his own; both had been within the lines of the enemy in that disguise; Andre had assumed a false name, although it is not certain that Hale did; both had gone to learn the situation of the enemy's works, and Andre was taking measures to criminate another—and while neither the expectation of pecuniary reward or promotion influenced the action of Hale, it is believed one or both were in prospect for Andre. The one was the agent of a powerful king, the other the agent of an oppressed people, struggling to be free, who felt it his *duty*, not for gold or worldly honors, to peril his life. Andre was planning the easy capture of a strong fortress by becoming accessory to treason; Hale was endeavoring to learn the future operations of the enemy, but *not* through the treachery and crime of her officers. Andre was 29 years old when he suffered, and Hale but 22. If both were guilty of the same crime, under precisely the same circumstances, should not sympathy incline to the younger? for age is expected to bring with it *experience* divested of rashness. Contrast the treatment of the two officers after their arrest: The one is tried by court-martial, and every possible indulgence granted him, added to the sympathy of the whole American people; while the other, without the form of a trial, or the sympathy of a single Briton, without being granted the favor of Christian devotion, without permission to send a dying epistle to his father, is hurried out and executed, with the cold formality that would attend the execution of a rabid dog. Finally, let us contrast their dying words. Said Andre to the spectators, "Witness to the world that I die like a brave man!" Said Hale, "I only lament that

I have but one life to lose for my country !” The one implies a desire for *personal fame*, even in death ; while in the other, *self* is buried deep in the *love of country*. His blood, while yet warmed with the fire of youth, watered the roots of the tree of Liberty. It is said that the father of Capt. Hale was mentally deranged ever after the execution of his son.

Hale's Monument, South Coventry, Conn.—After a noble effort, in which the ladies of Coventry took a conspicuous and telling part, and the State Legislature assisted, a monument was erected to the memory of CAPT. NATHAN HALE, and completed in the summer of 1847. It stands in the Church Cemetery where his kindred repose. It was constructed of Quincy granite, is 45 feet high, and cost \$4,000. It does its projectors great credit, and posterity will award them its gratitude.

Removal of Andre's Remains.—In August, 1821, the remains of Andre were exhumed by royal mandate, under the direction of Mr. Buchanan, British Consul at New York, and removed to England to find a resting place in Westminster Abbey, where a monument had previously been erected to his memory, bearing the following inscription :

“Sacred to the memory of Major John Andre, who, raised by his merit at an early period of life to the rank of Adjutant General of the British forces in America, and employed in an important but hazardous enterprise, fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his king and country, on the 2d of October, A. D. 1780, universally beloved and esteemed by the army in which he served, and lamented even by his foes. His gracious sovereign, King George III., has caused this monument to be erected.” On the base of the structure is inscribed the following: “The remains of Major John Andre were on the 10th of August, 1821, removed from Tappan by James Buchanan, Esq., his majesty's consul at New York, under instruction from His Royal Highness, the Duke of York : and with permission of the Dean and Chapter, finally deposited in a grave contiguous to this monument, on the 28th of November, 1821.” It may be pertinent here to remark, that in Andre's written defense submitted to the court on his trial, he made this prediction : “If misfortune befalls me, I shall in time have all due honors paid to my memory. The martyr is bright in remembrance when the tribunal which condemned him is forgotten.”

A Monument at Andre's Grave.—In the fall of 1879, Cyrus W. Field, Esq., erected a monument on the site of Andre's grave at Tappan. A very commendable act this seemed, for an American thus to mark for all time, the place of execution and burial of a noted foeman. But the act of thus distinguishing the grave of one of our country's foes, was viewed differently in that neighborhood, and has led not only to much newspaper controversy, but to the violent destruction of the monument, and originated a speculation, that the remains of Andre were never interred at Tappan, but had been taken to New York, and from thence secretly conveyed to England. Such was not the case, however, and had it been, his own sister would have known the fact, and would not have memorialized the king for the removal of the remains of their kinsman in 1821, 41 years after his death. So much apparent zeal was put forth to favor the idea of no burial where executed, that I published an article in the *New York World* of October 12, 1879, which was corroborated by an article from F. W. Fish, in the same paper of October 20th, and which, I trust, fully satisfied the reader, that his first burial was at the place of his death.

I conversed with several who witnessed the execution, saw the open grave and Andre's remains in a coffin beside it, who could never have had a doubt of his then resting place. Indeed, when disinterred in 1821, quite a number of people, male and female, were present, who witnessed his death and burial but 40 years before. He was a man of small stature, and that was one of the first remarks made by the British minister when the lid of the coffin was removed, as the skeleton remained in tact. The grave was only about three feet deep. As I was assured by a continental Captain, he was in stature about the size of Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr, who were both under the medium standard of manhood. Buchanan sifted the dust in the coffin with his fingers to find the guilt buttons of Arnold's coat, supposing he had been buried in the uniform in which he suffered; but his coat, hat and pants were given to two dwarfish, gaudily dressed waiters, who were there from New York to receive them; as I was assured by an eye witness. Dr. Thacher in his military journal said of Andre at the time of his execution, which he witnessed: "He was dressed in his royal regimentals and boots, and his remains, in the same dress,

were placed in an ordinary coffin, and interred at the foot of the gallows." This is correct except that his regimentals were removed and given to English waiters in attendance, and his body wrapped in a shroud.

An Answer to Prayer.—It is stated in the *Christian Intelligencer* of January 20, 1881, that on board the *Vulture*, Andre had a secretary—then a member of John Wesley's religious society, whom he required to copy certain treasonable papers in this affair, who, as a duty did so; but who shocked at the nature of Andre's mission, after that officer left the *Vulture*, spent the remainder of the night in earnest prayer to the Almighty, to interpose to defeat the contemplated treason. This account is accredited to the Rev. Ebenezer F. Newell, a Methodist clergyman, who claimed to have received this story about the year 1800, from the secretary of Andre, whose name unfortunately is not stated. Mr. Newell believed it was in answer to the earnest prayer of this individual that the treason contemplated was thwarted by Divine interposition, and the country saved, since he was the only praying man cognizant of it: but it is well to remember that every praying soul in the land, was breathing a prayer that God would thwart the evil intentions of the enemy, and make us free.

Maj. Andre was no doubt a brave, accomplished, and at times, generous man; but sympathy, for which the American character has ever been distinguished, and for which I trust it ever will be, tended at the time of his death to throw around his name a fictitious coloring that would not stand the ordeal of scrutiny. Going to prove that fact, is the following article, which is an extract of a communication published in the *Philadelphia True American*, and copied by Niles in his *Register*, March 1, 1817:

"Andre was in Philadelphia with the English army, and was quartered at the house of Dr. Franklin, in which the doctor's furniture and valuable library had been left. When the British were preparing to evacuate the city, M. D. Simetre,* who was an intimate friend of Andre, called to take leave, and found him busily engaged in packing up and placing amongst his own baggage a number of the most valuable books belonging to Dr.

* Simetre was a native of Genoa, who had settled in Philadelphia, and was the person who laid the foundation of the valuable museum, once belonging to Mr. Paul.

Franklin. Shocked and surprised at the proceeding, he told him, in order that he might be influenced by the highly honorable conduct of Gen. Kniphausen, who had been quartered at Gen. Cadwallader's, that officer sent for the agent of the latter, gave him an inventory, which he had caused his steward to make out on his first taking possession, told him he would find everything in proper order, even to some bottles of wine in the cellar, and paid him rent for the time he occupied it. Not so with Andre; he quietly carried off his plunder. I have often thought his character owes many beams which play around it, to the fascination of Miss Seward's verse and description, of which he was by no means worthy, though there can be no doubt but he was a gallant soldier, and in some respects, an honest man."

It is also stated in a pamphlet publication of the proceedings, at the time a monument was erected to the memory of John Paulding, on the authority of Johnson's *Life of Gen. Greene*, that Maj. Andre was in Charleston, South Carolina, in the character of a spy, during the siege of that city by the British, and that he was probably instrumental, to a great extent, in involving the very man in captivity, whose fate he intimated in his letter to Washington avowing his real character, "the treatment he received might affect."

Gen. Greene was in command of the army at headquarters during Washington's visit to Hartford, to meet the French officers, and in a letter to him, dated two days before Andre's arrest, he thus writes from Tappan :

"Col. — communicated the last intelligence we have from New York ; since that I have not been able to obtain the least information of what is going on there, though we have people in from three different quarters. None of them returning, makes me suspect some secret expedition is in contemplation, the success of which depends upon its being kept a secret."

"Arnold knew the bearing of this post (West Point), upon the operations of the American army ; and afterwards avowed his confident expectation, that, had the enemy got possession of it, the contest must have ceased, and America been subdued."

Andre was not only pleased with poetry, but wrote it very well. His poetic wit generally flowed in a strain of sarcasm, and the American officers were usually the butt of it. His most celebrated poem of the kind was called the "Cow Chase,"

written a short time before his death, and in this he aimed a share of his wit at Gen. Wayne, one of the bravest of the brave. The doggerel ended with the following stanza :

"And now I've closed my epic strain,
I tremble as I show it,
Lest this same warrior-drover, Wayne,
Should ever catch the poet."

When Andre was delivered a prisoner at the village of Tappan, he found Gen. Wayne in command of a division of the army, the first Pennsylvania brigade, then stationed at that place. Thus we see that indirectly "the warrior-drover Wayne" did *catch* the poet.

As a reward for his treason, Arnold received from the British government, as is supposed, *ten thousand pounds*, and a commission in her service. He issued a proclamation to induce the American soldiers to desert; yet, as dark as their prospects were, English writers say there was not a solitary instance of desertion on his account. He was actively employed until the close of the war, exerting himself to injure his parent country. At the end of the war, he was engaged in commercial pursuits in the West Indies. He afterwards removed to England, where he was shunned and despised by all virtuous and honorable men. He died in London, in 1801.*

A Sarcastic Acrostic.—The following bitter invective is said to have been written by a brother of the traitor :

"Born for a curse to virtue and mankind,
Earth's darkest realm can't show so black a mind:
Night, sable night, thy crimes can never hide—
Each is so great it gluts historic tide.
Defunct, thy memory shall ever live,
In all the glare that infamy can give:
Curses of ages shall attend thy name,
Traitors alone shall glory in thy fame.
"Almighty vengeance waits to roll
Rivers of sulphur o'er thy treach'rous soul:
Nature looks back with conscious error sad,
On such a tarnished blot that she had made.
Let hell receive thee rivited in chains—
D—d to the focus of its hottest flames!"

* The following anecdote, given by one of his biographers, will show the estimation in which his character was held in the land of his adoption. On a certain occasion Lord Surry, rising to speak in the House of Commons, and perceiving Arnold in the gallery, sat down with precipitation, exclaiming, "I will not speak while that man" pointing in Arnold, "is in the house."

Monuments—Have been erected to all the captors of Maj. Andre. Paulding died February 18, 1818, and was buried at Peekskill, where a monument was raised to his memory by the city of New York, November 22, 1827. Van Wart died May 23, 1828, and June 11, 1829, the citizens of Westchester county placed a monument over his remains at Tarrytown. Williams, as shown, died August 2, 1831, and a monument was erected in Schoharie at the expense of the State in 1876. Thus has justice finally been done to the memory of all three of those patriotic militiamen.

While water is running from mountain to plain,
And our star-spangled banner floats over the main;
When myrtle and laurel in green life are drest,
We'll cherish thy mem'ry, *brave captors* at rest.

Wit Outwitted, or a Novel Device to Avoid Punishment.—War has its attendant vices, which appear in every variety of form. At some period of the war, Lieut. Armstrong, of the Connecticut line, kept a *mistress*, said to have been quite pretty, at least so thought a soldier, who, when a favorable opportunity presented, made known his partiality for her. Whether or not she possessed the affectionate spirit of the Parisian lady in the French Revolution of 1830—who said, “she could embrace all the patriots of France”—I cannot say, but certain it is she encouraged his addresses. On some occasion when the subaltern was from home and all things seemed propitious, the private visited the quarters of his superior to get his promised share of a harlot's love, lucky indeed to get nothing more.

Returning unexpectedly in the night, the Lieutenant was surprised to find his place in bed occupied by another. As the groom and maiden were reposing in each other's arms and those of Morpheus, the mortified officer who had supposed his castle less tenable, was highly offended and resolved to be revenged by getting his rival publicly flogged on the following day. That he might effect this with certainty, instead of waking the parties, he cautiously clipped off one of his ear-locks, to aid in identifying the guilty lover, and silently withdrew. The rules of etiquette in camp rendered the offense of the amorous soldier a serious one, no doubt exposing him to a castigation of an hundred lashes.

Reader, judge the surprise of the affectionate youth, when on the morrow—with love out of his noddle and reason in—he discovered that, like Samson of old, his hair had been shorn in his slumber. A confidential friend at once divined by whom and for what purpose the *keepsake* had been taken, and to render the guilty one less likely to be detected, three others of the company whose hair was of a similar color, suffered a corresponding lock to be shaven. The consequence was that when the troops were paraded in the morning, and the Lieutenant was expecting to identify “who’s been here when I’ve been gone!” and see him punished for assuming too many duties in his absence, lo! four men stood before him with the same mark of reprisal. Finding himself so wittingly trumped—for he could not possibly identify his proxy—he bit his lip with evident displeasure and said to them all, “What you know I know, and see that you tell it to no one else.”—*Elisha Bache, of the same corps.*

A Final Treaty with the Six Nations.—On the 2d of Dec., 1784, a treaty was held at Fort Stanwix, between Oliver Wolcott, Richard Butler and Arthur Lee, on the part of the U. S., and the chiefs of the Six Nations. Gov. George Clinton, Gen. La Fayette and other distinguished individuals were present. Cornplanter and Red Jacket were among the principal Indian speakers. The former took a reasonable view of the condition of things, but Red Jacket did not care to bury the hatchet, but to war for the territory they had lost by their adherence to the British Crown, and as a condition of peace, ceded to the United States. Cornplanter saw the folly of his people in waging war with the young republic; but the influence of Red Jacket inaugurated several years more of warfare on our western frontier. Nor was Brant pleased with all the conditions of the treaty. He did not like it that his son-in-law, Captain Aaron Hill, was detained as a hostage until the American prisoners were all given up by the Indians, and he so wrote to Col. James Monroe.

Gen. Washington, on the policy to be adopted toward the Indians, in a letter to James Dunne in Congress, said it would be bad policy to allow land speculators to monopolize the Indian territory. “He thought the first step towards manifesting a spirit of forgiveness to the misguided and deluded Indians

should be to require that all prisoners among them of whatever age or sex, should be delivered up ; that the Indians should be informed that by our treaty of peace with great Britain, their lands had become ceded to us, but that we would forgive them and still grant them a home, guaranteeing them their possession of the land, necessary for them, on condition of their good behavior."

Gen. Schuyler was of the opinion of Washington, that an attempt to expel the Indians from the territory of New York, would lead to a war with them. He thought such a result might also be looked for in Virginia and other States.—*Sparks, vol. 8, p. 477.*

In a letter, dated at Mt. Vernon, Dec. 5, 1784, said Washington to Chevalier de Lazerne : " We have lately held a treaty with the Six Nations at Fort Stanwix, advantageously it is said to the United States, though the issue is not pleasing to the State of New York. The commissioners were by the last accounts, proceeding by way of Fort Pitt to Cayahoga, to a meeting of the western tribes, who every now and then have bickerings with our settlers on the Ohio, in which lives and property have been lost, etc.—*Sparks, vol. 9, p. 76.*

An exciting Foot-race.—The business of this last treaty with the New York Indian Confederacy having been amicably concluded, and the multitude of whites and Indians been well feasted by the forethought of Gov. Clinton ; it was concluded to terminate the meeting by a foot-race, each member of the Six Nations furnishing a competitor. Gov. Clinton hung a buckskin sack containing \$250 in specie on a flag staff at the starting point, on the bank of the Mohawk, below the site of the fort, which was not rebuilt after its destruction in 1781 : and another flag was placed on a post over a mile distant, and near the former Arsenal buildings. The Mohawks, the Senecas, the Cayugas, the Tuscaroras, and Onondagas, had in turn each selected its swiftest man, whose physical development would have delighted a sculptor. As the race was to be run on the territory of the Oneida Nation, much interest was manifested in their selection. Powalus—Paul—a celebrated war chief, had himself been one of the fleetest men of the confederacy, and now had several noble sons grown to manhood, one of whom it was supposed would be placed on the course ; but to the sur-

prise of everyone, they were passed by and his youngest son a namesake, stood beside the athletic Mohawk, looking not unlike David before Goliath. That he should have been selected, a boy in his teens, when it was known that the Oneida's had so many strong and swift men, caused not only astonishment, but almost a smile of derision with five of the nations, but the Oneidas gave each other a sly wink, as much as to say, "let those laugh who win, we know what we're about."

The runners were to turn the western bound, and run to the place of starting. The course having been staked into quarter sections, a horseman was ready to accompany the competitors. They wore moccasins and were stripped nearly naked, each wearing a badge of distinction, that of little Paul, a white plume in his raven hair. All being in readiness they started at the tap of a drum, and rapidly for so long a race. Every eye was rivited upon the runners, and no doubt many bets were pending on the result. The Mohawk took the lead, the little Oneida bringing up the rear, evidently taking it easy. He passes over the ground with the agility of an antelope, while his competitors seem running at the top of their speed. The goal was turned by the runners almost in a body, the Mohawk just ahead, and the Oneida boy just at the rear. Before reaching the first quarter back, little Paul, having drawn on his reserved strength, which it was evident he had been husbanding, passed all but the Mohawk, who is now struggling as for life, but in vain. The boy passed him before he reaches the half-way stake, and his shrill whoop of triumph is heard at the flag staff, and is sent back with the cheer of a thousand voices. With his competitors the struggle is over, but the boy is flying, and ambition urges him onward with the speed of an arrow, and as he had distanced all his competitors, the Indians, without regard to nationality, with a joyous shout rush out to meet him, and actually carry him over the last 20 rods. Never was the result of a foot-race the cause of greater astonishment, or hailed with such universal satisfaction. Gov. Clinton on presenting little Paul with the prize, congratulated him in a very feeling manner. Thus terminated the last Indian foot-race of the Six Nations at Fort Stanwix, and never will a similar one be seen on the soil of the Empire State.

Alas! the poor Indian, the victim of the white man's avarice

and his fire-water. Who cannot drop a tear of pity over the poor Indian's grave? Do you say he was cruel and blood-thirsty? Who paid him to practice cruelty? Who nursed and kept in activity his cruel and untutored nature! The white man did it with his boasted virtues. For the details of this interesting foot-race, I am indebted to *Judge Anson S. Miller, De Redwood, Cal.*

Mr. Miller was the son of a pioneer settler near Rome, N. Y., and long ago removed to Rockford, Ill., where he became distinguished as a lawyer and jurist; but recently he removed to the golden State, to promote the health of his family. With a love for historical truth, he has done much to preserve the early history of the country and especially of Illinois, a history of which State he has for some time been engaged upon. He is one of the writer's most valued correspondents.

The Last of the Mohawk Nation at Fort Hunter.—Several Indian families remained about Fort Hunter after the war. John Krine and family lived about 20 rods south of the chapel parsonage. In the spring, believed of 1790, this couple set out to cross the creek on the ice near the chapel, to attend the funeral of an old white man named — Hall, when the squaw got into the water, and in trying to assist her, Krine fell in and both were drowned. They left three sons, John, Krine, and Isaac, the oldest being 16 years of age, they all became objects of charity. John, the oldest, went to live with Judge Harper; Krine went with Peter Martin, and Isaac, the youngest, lived with Col. John Newkirk. When the oldest grew to manhood he went to Canada, and sometime after he came back and took his brothers with him to their tribe, where they all remained. Another Indian called *Scale-low*—the Dutch of squint-eye—and his squaw also remained upon the glen side of the creek several years after the war, but they finally went off to Canada.—*Jeremiah Martin.*

A likely young Indian lived several years after the war with Cornelius Putman, of Cadaughrita,* but going to Johnstown with Mr. Putman for a load of boards, several guns were pointed at him in the street (by whom is unknown), when he got behind

* In an order drawn in 1773, by Bayn! Newkirk on Mistress Fonda, the wife of the Caughnawaga merchant, Major Jelles Fonda, for certain goods, and dated at this place, this name is written Cadaratie. The order is written in Low Dutch.

Mr. Putman for safety; and so frightened was he, that he mended up his clothes—took French leave for Canada, and never returned. Elijah Pye, a Stockbridge Indian of fair repute, lived about Fort Hunter, to be old, and died in the Mont. County Poor House, not far from 1840.—*Martin.*

Thus passed away the last of the veritable owners of the soil contiguous to one of the last two strong castles, of a Nation, which, for 200 years, to a great extent, had controlled the destiny of the red men in a circuit of thousands of miles.

A Gun Recovered.—Nicholas Hansen was at Niagara soon after the war, where he met a Mohawk sachem whom he knew. The latter told him to go on the hill back of where Abram V. Putman once lived, below Auriesville where were three pine trees together; and in a hollow between them tied to a crotch by a piece of deer-skin, he would find a good gun, which he could have. On his return he found the gun where indicated, which proved an excellent one for shooting ducks on a long range.—*Martin.*

A Canadian Military Journal.—The following paper which is a copy of the military exploits of a loyal emissary in the British Canadian service, was made at the close of the war by himself to aid him in procuring a bounty or promised pay for such services during the Revolution. I am indebted to *John Gebhard, Jr., Esq.*, for a copy of this memoranda. I may also here state that this same partisan officer was by Gov. Moore, appointed an ensign in the militia service of the colony of New York, October, 14, 1768.

“Journal of Adam Crysler, Lieutenant in the Six Nation, Indian department, commencing in March, 1777, at Schoharie.”

“I thought it my duty to get as many men and Indians for government as laid in my power, which will be seen as follows, and my proceedings.

“In March I had to maintain all the Indians which were at Schoharie, in all 25, until the 10th of August [Capt Crysler or Kreislar, as written in his early commission, as this man was usually called, resided on a knoll at the upper end of Vrooman's Land, at the long known Samuel Lawyer place]. In the meanwhile I recruited all the men for government that laid in my power, being in number 70. In June I received a letter from Capt. Brant, who desired me to remain at Schoharie, in readiness

till he came to me. On the ninth of August, Capt. McDonald joined us with 28 men from Charlotte creek ; and I found them in provisions for one day and night, and from thence (my residence) we went down the river (Schoharie) about four miles to the lower end of Vrooman's Land, where we remained one day and night, and where we were informed that the rebels had got a reinforcement, and we thought it proper to retreat, until we saw a convenient place to make a stand, which was at my house; from whence I detached 35 men to intercept the rebels at Breakabeen if they should take that route: in the meanwhile the rebels advanced (up the creek) until they came to the place where we laid in ambush waiting for them, when we gave them a volley, killed and wounded three men and nine of their light horse ; it being a great shower of rain that we could not pursue them, and our men being in two divisions.

"At the same time we were informed they were 400 strong, and we retreated back in the woods, which was the 10th of August, where we held a consultation, and concluded that, with the small number of men we had, it would be madness to re-attack their increasing numbers—which was already four to our one—but collect all together and proceed to Oswego to the army ; for which purpose Mr. David Brass (now Lieutenant in the corps of rangers) went in search of the 35 men which were detached to Breakabeen [four or five miles above his own house]. On his return he informed me they were all dispersed."

If the narrative of this event is a fair sample of the whole journal, the reader must take it with great allowance. He stated that he had 25 Indians with him, after which he recruited 70 men [tories], and that Capt. McDonald joined him with 28 men. This would give him an effective force of 123 men, and some more are believed to have swelled his numbers on that day, who sought their own homes. But he says he delegated 35 men up the river to intercept the rebels—he seems to have thought they might approach via Catskill. This would still leave him 88 men at his dwelling. Rumor told him, as he states, that Col. Harper was advancing 400 strong. I have elsewhere shown that Harper brought a company of cavalry from Albany—numbering 28 men all told—as they were counted by several witnesses. A small body of militia joined them at Mann's tavern on Foxescreek, and a small body at Middleburgh, making, as believed, from 75

to 100 men—80 perhaps being its greatest figure. Part of the Schoharie militia were, at this time, on duty in the northern army. Crysler states that his forces killed and wounded three men—meaning militia—and wounded nine of the cavalry. None of the militia were harmed, that I could learn, from those who were present, but Lieut. Wirt of the cavalry was killed, and two of his comrades wounded, one mortally. The troops dashed among the enemy gallantly, and put the whole crew to instant flight. The old people of Vrooman's Land have always stated the men under McDonald at nearly double the American force. The journal continues:

"Capt. McDonald and myself proceeded for to go to Oswego with 35 of my men and about 20 of his. The 4th days' march I fell sick and was obliged to stay behind at Butternutta, but sent my men on with Capt. McDonald (who are at present in Sir John Johnson's corps), in hopes of following him in a day or two, but was not able to proceed till I heard of Gen. St. Ledger's retreat; and the Indians thought proper that I should continue with them in the Indian country till I could get some intelligence of Gen. Burgoyne, whose ill fate put me again at a stand. At length I proceeded with about 100 Indians to Niagara, in the latter end of November, at which time I acquainted Col. Butler with my proceedings as above, upon which he promised me payment for the expenses I had been at, and allowed me 4s. per day from the time I came to Niagara; was here three weeks, when I received Col. Butler's orders to proceed to Tunadella [Unadilla], to watch the motions of the rebels, and to keep the Indians as much in favor of Government as laid in my power, where I continued all winter.

"In May, 1778, I received Col. Butler's orders to come to Canatasaga. Accordingly I did, and brought 19 men with me (who are with Col. Butler's Rangers at present), at which time he made me a Lieutenant [he seems to have acted without a commission up to this time]; and from there I went under the command of Col. Butler to Wayomen—Wyoming—where we had an engagement and killed about 460 of the enemy, and from there we went to Aughquagy—Oquago.

"In September, I went with a party of Rangers and Indians to Mr. Tunnickliff's [now Otsego county], and returned again to Aughquagy; and then I went under the command of Capt.

Caldwell to the Cook House; then returned to Aughquagy "I went under the command of Capt. Caldwell to the German Flats, and destroyed the whole settlement, and returned, until we came near Shemung (Chemung) to Capt. Butler, and encamped under his command.

"In November I went under the command of Capt. [Walter] Butler to Cherry Valley, and destroyed that whole settlement, and returned to Niagara in December, 1779 [should be 1778].

"In the spring [of 1779] I went to Canatasago under the command of Col. Butler. In July I went to the West branch of the Susquehannah, under the command of Capt. McDonald, with rangers and Indians, and killed 40 men and took 30 prisoners; destroyed that whole settlement and then returned to Col. Butler at Canatasago, and from thence went to the Shemung, where we found the whole army of the rebels [Sullivan's army], and was forced to retreat to Oyenyanke, where we attacked them again, and from thence we retreated to Niagara." I fail to locate this event of July, and think it greatly exaggerated.

"In October, 1779, on Col. Johnson's arrival at this place [Niagara], I was ordered by him to attend Capt. Brant with 80 Indians to go to the Three Rivers, by land, to meet Sir John Johnson. On our arrival there we sent a party to Oswego, who returned and brought us accounts that nobody was there, upon which we proceeded to Oswego, and from that to Niagara.

"On the 25th of May, 1780, I received Col. Johnson's instructions to proceed to the Indian country, and collect all the Indians that laid in my power, and join Capt. McDonald with a party of rangers to go to Schoharie: we proceeded as far as Oneida, where we had a consultation with the Oneidas, and brought off the Oneidas as far as Canosauago, where I turned back with seven Indians and proceeded to Turlough, where I took nine prisoners and returned to Niagara." The prisoners made at this time were Wm. Hynds, his wife and seven children, as I have elsewhere shown. The surprise took place, as one of the family assured the writer, July 5, 1780.

"June 7th, 1781, received Col. Johnson's instructions to proceed with a party of Aughquagas, etc., upon which I proceeded to Schoharie, where I had a skirmish with the rebels; took five scalps, two prisoners, and burnt some houses and barns—lost one man and one wounded, and from thence returned to Niagara."

I cannot locate this transaction, unless it was the murder of the Dietz family at Beaver-dam.

"September 28th, 1781, received Col. Johnson's instructions to proceed with a party of Aughquagas, etc., consisting of 28 men, to Schoharie. On November 10th, when we came to Schoharie, we killed one man near the [upper] fort [Isaac Vrooman], and drove off 50 head of horned cattle, a number of horses, and burnt two houses. On our retreat the rebels turned out with a party consisting of 30 men, in pursuit of us. They overtook us about four miles from the fort, and began to fire on us, upon which we returned the fire and killed one of their men [Richard Haggidorn], on which they retreated, and I went on with the cattle. The next morning the rebels turned out a second time with 150 men, and overtook us about 23 miles from the fort, upon which we had another skirmish and killed four of their men, and some wounded—they retreated; at the same time we lost all the cattle: upon which I had a consultation with the Indians, and they concluded not to pursue the rebels, since we were all safe and they too strong for us, but make the best of our way to Niagara, where we arrived the 11th of December, and have since that time done the duties ordered me with satisfaction and spirit." Two of the Americans were killed and one wounded—instead of four killed and others wounded, as the above statement affirms—as I have shown elsewhere.

It seems surprising that Capt. Crysler did not mention his last Schoharie invasion, which was made in the Foxescreek and Cobelskill valleys the 26th and 27th of July, 1782, the details of which I have elsewhere narrated.

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ERRATA.

It is almost impossible to get a work of any magnitude through the press free from all typographical errors. The reader will generally distinguish them as such. There are a few discovered which should be noted:

In Vol. I, on pages 429 and 430, for the name of Given read Girvan.

In Vol. II, on page 119, for Col. Mayon of Virginia read Col. Morgan. On page 260, near the bottom, for the enemy read the army.

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